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THE LATE ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

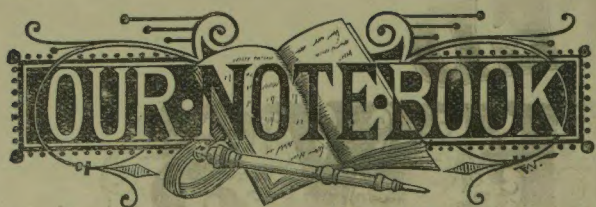


THE LATE MARSHAL SERRANO, DUKE DE LA TORRE, SPAIN.



THE WAR BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA: SURRENDER OF BULGARIAN SOLDIERS AT BREZENIK.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JOHN SCHONBERG.





It is all very well for Austria to intervene and stop (for a while) the fight between Servians and Bulgarians, but it is to be feared that humanity had little or nothing to do with the intervention. When a Great Power means to interfere in the quarrels of small Powers, it would be well if the interference were to take place before any blood had been shed. If it were justifiable to speak lightly about a matter involving the loss of so many lives, one would be inclined to say that it was about time the aggressive Serbia received the sound thrashing she would have obtained a while ago from the "unspeakable Turk" but for the interposition of Russia. The interposition of Austria, however, leaves Prince Alexander in an excellent situation, and may have been the best thing for him. Nobody expected him to be so successful in the field; and now, at the critical moment, he is prevented from tempting the fickle fortune of war any further. He is in the comfortable position of the schoolboy who, having unexpectedly had the advantage in the first few "rounds" with an antagonist generally considered his superior in physical strength, and in science too, is suddenly stopped by the authorities, bound over not to continue the contest, and so retires gracefully, with his blushing honours thick upon him.

Now that horse-racing on the flat is quite over, we are being treated to the usual statistics of the past season. We learn that, for the twelfth successive year, Mr. F. Archer heads the list of "winning jockeys" with 246 "wins" out of 667 "mounts." Only two other jockeys, Messrs. C. Wood and G. Barrett, with 155 and 112 "wins" respectively, out of 582 and 626 "mounts" respectively, have reached a "century" of victories. At the recognised rate of five guineas for a "win," and three guineas for a "lose," these three jockeys (besides many a fee of two guineas for riding "trials") would have made for the season 2493 guineas, 2056 guineas, and 2102 guineas, respectively. But nobody would think of offering such fees to such successors of Bellerophon; and in Mr. F. Archer's case the sum put down might, perhaps, be safely multiplied by five. Archbishops, field-marsals, admirals, gentlemen of the long robe, and all whom income tax may seem to concern, "will be pleased to accept of this intimation."

The lady who, under the pseudonym of "Ouida," instructs, from time to time, in our duties towards public buildings dumb animals, and newspaper critics, has now contributed a few words on "The New Franchise." This utterance takes the form of a colloquy, held in the market-place of Buckingham, between the shades of Hampden, Burke, and Disraeli. The special cause of Ouida's regret, as interpreted by the shade of the late Lord Beaconsfield, is the reduced weight of Bucks in Parliament—

No borough member, and two county less!  
To nearly sixty thousand rural souls  
A ratio of one voice at Westminster!

The turn of the sentiment is slightly elliptical, but the peculiar injustice to Buckinghamshire, and its rural souls, is more difficult to seize, since the most even-handed mathematical justice presided over the apportionment of representatives to population. In the poem, both Burke and Hampden are somewhat annoyed to find that the shade of Disraeli can "find solace in a sneer"; and that deceased statesman defends himself by explaining that he

Tried to force the race that never reads  
To read the future's menace in the past—

which, although it is a very pretty compliment to "Ouida"—who counts her polyglot readers by scores of thousands—is not so cheering to statesmen or writers who must content them with a single language.

The schoolmaster is getting more and more abroad, and the blessings of education are being further illustrated in most striking and most unexpected ways. Here is a poor pupil-teacher, Benjamin Johnson by name, and of Manchester by dwelling-place, who, instead of teaching the young idea how to shoot, comes down-stairs whilst his family are at breakfast and commences "shooting at them from two revolvers." Why? Only because "over-study brought on mental disease."

These are piping times for the schoolboy. When he is thrashed (most deservedly, no doubt) at school, he, by the agency of his parents and guardians, charges the schoolmaster who thrashed him with assault; and the schoolmaster is fined 40s. Had this fashion been in vogue forty years ago, there are some of us who might have made a small fortune (if the fines go to the schoolboy) before we arrived at years of discretion; at any rate, we might have perceptibly reduced the schoolmaster's salary, and brought him to the verge of starvation. What a consolation this would have been; and how sad it is to think that we were born out of due season, when we could be thrashed with the fist, the flat of the hand, the cane, the rod, the tawse, and the riding-whip—and no compensation! We ought to have a pension.

There will be bad times ahead of us if, in face of an imminent exhaustion of our coal-fields, we are left to the tender mercies of the gas monopolists. Hitherto, the apparently inexhaustible supply of mineral oil has in some measure kept in check the demands of the gas companies; but a distinguished geologist, appointed by the United States Government to report on the oil-wells of Pennsylvania, declares that the amount available is limited. In at least two States of the Union, where mineral oil has been found and worked, the production has been steadily decreasing, and the expert's opinion is that, at least, one half of the supply has been already exhausted.

November, the dreariest of months, is made still gloomier by the annual publication of the Wreck Register by the Board of Trade. For the year ending June, 1884, there were 3647 shipping disasters on our shores, with a loss of 661 lives. In the previous year 1020 lives were lost, but at the same time more vessels left our ports. There seems to have been an increase in the number of collisions; but apart from these the number of vessels totally wrecked from unseaworthiness or the incompetency of crews has slightly decreased. Science has done something to lessen the dangers of the sea, and an improvement in the education and conduct of our sailors may do more; but, on the other hand, science brings with it new dangers. The power and swiftness of our steamers, and the competition of trade, make captains apt to despise weather altogether; and the greatest of all sea dangers—a thick fog—is a worse enemy now than in the old days when steamers were unknown. We want more ports of refuge, more lighthouses, less of that reckless competition which sacrifices everything to speed, and we want, too, a far more liberal support of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Many are the lives saved yearly by the courageous seamen who man the 290 boats possessed by that society. There is not an institution in the kingdom that does a work more noble. Why should not the number of its boats be doubled?

We are glad that Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has been elected to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. He had, indeed, a worthy rival in Mr. Courthope, who was beaten by sixty votes; but the editor of *Pope* is comparatively young, and can afford to wait for his laurels; while Mr. Palgrave, who has given the country an unrivalled selection of English lyrics and has done good work in criticism besides, ranks with the sexagenarians. Mr. Palgrave has published more than one volume of original poetry, and readers who wish to judge of his poetical power may be counselled to avoid his poetical philosophy, which rings harshly in lyrics, and to read "Melusine," a really beautiful poem, bright in fancy and delicate in expression.

Some years ago, it will be remembered, a suburban poetess gave a ball at which the ladies, at least, appeared in what was said to be Greek costume; and since then there has been, more or less disguised, a disposition on the part of many of the sex to adopt a style of dress which was pronounced to be becoming, comfortable, and classical. Subsequent Greek dramatic revivals, where the costume of the actors and actresses was the attractive feature for many of the public, served to stimulate the newly developed fashion. Paris, even, and its milliners, male and female, caught the infection; and words like *peplum*, *chiton*, *diplois*, were bandied about in almost irreverential tones by the votaries of the new robes. But alas! for milliners, French and English, amateur and professional, they had promulgated their views without reference to Germany, which country, though of no account in matters of millinery, wields a powerful sceptre in art and archaeology. Dr. Hermann Boehlau has launched his thunderbolt from Weimar—dispelling many cherished illusions which had gathered round Greek dress—and rendering it incumbent on our classical reformers to modify many of their views, if they wish to be accurate. Happily (or not), Dr. Boehlau hides his knowledge under the cloak of a learned language. Nevertheless, his "Questiones de re Vestimenti, scripsit Boehlau," "the Prussian," should attract the attention of our dress reformers.

The *Quarterly Review*—usually a model of accurate typography—in its current number perpetrates a portentous error in endeavouring to record the title of a non-existent book. In a note at the end of a very entertaining article on the Abbé Fourmont's forgeries of Greek inscriptions, mention is made of a kindred spirit, a certain Demetrius Petrizzopulo, who not merely forged inscriptions, but cited apocryphal books in support of them. Among these was one described by the *Quarterly* as "Chardin's Mémoires Conservés sur la Santé (le Saut!) de Leucade. Amst., 1709." The title is correctly spelt in Petrizzopulo's book (p. 53), and he is so very kind as to indicate an imaginary page where the imaginary quotation may be found.

No more honest lover of horse-racing, no truer sportsman, than the late Mr. Stirling Crawford has been known to this generation; and the last tribute paid to his adherence to his favourite pastime by his mourning widow deserves a record. He died abroad; and, until the completion of a mausoleum at his beloved town of Newmarket, his embalmed remains have rested in the little French village where he breathed his last. Last week they were brought over, and his relict, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, obtained permission from the authorities of the Jockey Club for the hearse containing his body to be driven over the heath, where no vehicles are allowed, so that the popular sportsman took his last drive to his grave over the ground which, in his life-time, he had loved the best.

Dramatic authorship must be a great tax on the brain. No less than four successful French dramatists have, within the past two years, been bereft of their reason. Both composer and librettist of the comic opera "François le Bas Bleu" went mad within a year of each other; Bernicat died insane within the past few months; and now Ernest Dubreuil has had to be confined in Charenton Asylum on account of mental malady. Not only have dramatic authors to work as hard as journalists and novelists, but there is, in addition to their labours, a necessary element of excitement, under the strain of which the great minds have given way.

None of the many candidates who have been addressing constituencies lately seems to have behaved with the perfect frankness of the celebrated Yankee on a like occasion. "Sech, gentlemen," he is said to have concluded, "air my honest perillical opinions; and ef they don't suit—they kin be altered." Nothing could possibly have been more straightforward.

The "Attaché" whose reminiscences enliven the current number of *Blackwood* thus describes an interview with the Sultan:—"When his Turkish Majesty was informed who we were he gave a low grunt," which was interpreted by the Vizier into "Le Sultan, mon auguste maître, me charge de vous dire qu'il est charmé de faire la connaissance des Messieurs de l'Ambassade de l'Angleterre." "What a glorious language, I thought, in which a mere grunt expresses so much!" This pregnancy of the Turkish language had already been remarked by Molière. In "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," act four, scene six, Covielle, interpreting M. Jourdain's compliments to the mock Turk, is answered *Bel-men*, which he translates, "Il dit que vous allez vite avec lui vous préparer pour la cérémonie, afin de voir ensuite votre fille et de conclure le mariage." M. Jourdain's comment is the same as the Attaché's: "Tant de choses en deux mots!" "Oui," rejoins Covielle, "la langue Turque est comme cela, elle dit beaucoup en peu de paroles." But the most comic point in the dialogue must always be lost upon the audience, who cannot be made to understand that *bel-men* is really Turkish, and instead of Covielle's *multum in parvo*, means simply and literally "nothing at all." When Yakoub Beg ruled at Kashgar, travellers, M. Vambéry informs us, were stopped at the frontier, and asked whether they had any news from the countries through which they had passed. If they answered in the affirmative, they were sent up to the capital for examination, and detained for months; but if they discreetly replied *Bel-men*, they were dismissed without scrutiny.

Some time ago, an English magazine gave an account of the arguments of an ingenious French writer who asserted the mortality of ghosts, based on the alleged fact that no apparition was recorded a hundred years after death: just as Sir George Lewis disputed the existence of centenarians because none could be found in the Peerage. Sir George was certainly wrong; and the French writer clearly never heard of the appearance to William Clark, of Hennington, in Northamptonshire, about Christmas, 1674, of the spirit of a person murdered two hundred and sixty-seven years, nine weeks, and two days previously. The purpose of the apparition was to ensure the disinterment of a pot of gold buried in Southwark, which Clark happily accomplished in his presence and that of his heirs. The truth of the story cannot be doubted, for although, when the narrative was published, Clark had "gone homeward very well satisfied," it could still be "attested and justified by Will Stubbins, John Charlton, and John Stevens, to be spoken with any day at the Castle Inn, without Smithfield Barrs," who, let us hope, found many to hearken to their tale and imbibe mine host's liquor.

Horse-breeding and horse-keeping Americans, it seems, are beginning to realise the fact that "the trotter" is really a much less useful animal than the hunter, although the proportion of the latter to the former in the States is as 1 to 1000. The practical result of the constant breeding of "trotters" has been to leave the general stock composed of animals "not up to their weight either in size or bone—an evil which is aggravated by the heaviness of the roads." The farmers have found themselves forced, especially in the Eastern States, to purchase for draught purposes horses which had failed to develop trotting speed; and there is an absolute dearth of carriage horses, which in England owe so much of their beauty and value to the constant crossing of the hunter type. The requisites of a hunter are jumping, galloping, and staying; and whilst very many break down in one or both of the two former essentials, they not unfrequently retain their staying powers, which render them invaluable for carriage work, if not also as "hacks."

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers," is the advice of Charles Lamb; and Crabb Robinson, too, speaks of Woolman's Journal with enthusiasm. Who this worthy Quaker was, and what he did, has just been admirably described in "A Study for Young Men," by Thomas Green, M.A. By occupation a tailor, and with no advantages of education, this man may be said to have led what seemed like a forlorn hope while opposing slavery in the United States. A more disinterested man never lived. His one fear was wrong-doing; his one ambition was to do good; and if in some respects he was over scrupulous, the fault is not likely to be imitated by young men in our days. The Quaker who advised his son to get money, honestly if he could, but anyhow to get money, would no doubt have despised Woolman, whose contempt for worldly gains led him to reduce his business upon finding that it was growing "too cumbersome." Woolman did not swim with the tide, and easy-going folk may have found him a troublesome neighbour. He would not pay the war-tax, he would take no money for soldiers billeted in his house, he opposed inoculation, he saw visions and dreamt dreams, he objected to all luxury. Had he lived in our day he would have been probably a vegetarian, a total abstainer, possibly a spiritualist, and certainly an opposer of vaccination. Like the "Peculiar People," he also objected to doctors; but, in spite of crotchets—which, however pardonable, may lessen to some extent the reader's sympathy—we say with Lamb, "Get the writings of John Woolman."

Lovers of coincidences may be referred for a remarkable one to an unpromising quarter—the India Civil Service list. They will there find in the same year, and in immediate juxtaposition, the names of Messrs. Priest and Pope, of the Bengal Civil Service. Neither of these names has ever occurred before in the covenanted service of any Presidency, so far, at least, as the published official records extend. The chances against two ecclesiastical cognomina first occurring simultaneously and close together, their contact being determined by the order of merit in the final examinations, must have been almost infinite. Most remarkable of all, the appointments of these sacerdotal gentlemen took place in 1879—to us mystically, to future and sceptical ages perhaps mythically, prefiguring the unprecedented nomination of a Roman Catholic as Governor-General of India in the following year.



## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BIRMINGHAM.

On Friday and Saturday last week the Prince of Wales visited Birmingham, for the purpose of opening the new Art Gallery and Museum, and the new suburban branch Hospital at Gravelly-hill, munificently founded by Mr. John Jaffray—two institutions of great local benefit, which were the subjects of Illustrations in the last Number of this Journal. His Royal Highness also visited the Birmingham Dog Show, at Curzon Hall, and the annual Cattle Show, at Bingley Hall, of the Birmingham and Midland Counties Agricultural Society, before returning to London, on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Jaffray, whose Portrait we present, is the chief proprietor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and has long been highly esteemed for many acts of liberality and public spirit. The committee of the Birmingham General Hospital, of which he is a member, considered that the necessity of greater space for acute cases and of extending relief to chronic patients required the provision of a separate hospital, to which the latter class of cases might be removed and detained for a period sufficiently long to admit of remedial or curative treatment. The funds of the general hospital did not, however, admit of the desired extension of its operations; but this difficulty was happily removed by the generosity of Mr. Jaffray, by whom, at his sole cost, this building has been erected and, with the help of a few liberal friends, has been fitted up; it is now, with eight acres of freehold land, presented as a free gift to the governors of the Birmingham General Hospital, to be used as a branch hospital for the reception of patients suffering from chronic disease. By the exertions of the founder, aided by liberal contributions from friends of the charity, a large amount has been obtained towards the permanent endowment of the branch hospital, so as to prevent the cost of maintenance from unduly pressing upon the resources of the parent institution.

The Prince arrived by special train from London, on Friday afternoon, and was received at the Birmingham railway station by Mr. Jaffray, Lord Leigh, the Mayor (Alderman Martineau), who wore his chain of office, and other persons. A guard of honour of the 1st Warwickshire Volunteers, with their band, under the command of Colonel Swynfen Jervis, were drawn up on the platform, and presented arms. The band played the National Anthem, and the spectators, of whom there were about two thousand, rose and cheered the Prince. His Royal Highness was conducted to a carriage drawn by four horses and preceded by outriders. Lord Suffield, Mr. Jaffray, and the Mayor occupied seats in the same carriage. Other members of the Royal party filled two carriages, which led the way. The rear of the procession was formed by an escort of the 15th Hussars. The carriages drove along Worcester-street, New-street, Corporation-street, and Aston-road to the site of the hospital at Gravelly-hill, Erdington-road. The route was lined on either side with rows of spectators, who cheered loudly and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. No attempt was made at systematic decoration, but there was an abundant supply of flowers, flags, and streamers. The crowd became dense as the carriages approached the hospital, and the cheering was renewed as the Prince passed under the triumphal-arch giving admission to the grounds. Here a large marquee had been erected for the accommodation of spectators. The approach to the hospital was guarded by the Salty Battalion of Volunteers. His Royal Highness was received in the entrance-hall by Mr. Alfred Baker, chairman of the hospital committee, Lord Brooke, president of the hospital, Mr. Jaffray, the founder, and other gentlemen. After personal presentations, including members of Mr. Jaffray's family, the Prince received at the hands of Mr. Baker a richly ornamented gold key, with a short address. The Prince then proceeded to inspect the building, which was decorated with mirrors, flowers, plants, and draperies. After visiting the wards and corridors, his Royal Highness entered the reception-room on the first floor of the left wing of the building, where a numerous company were assembled. There were present the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, Lord and Lady Windsor, Lord and Lady Lyttelton, Sir F. and Lady Peel, the Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe, the Bishop of Worcester, Major Cooke Collis, (Aide-de-camp to General Willis, C.B.), Colonel Feilden, commanding the 6th (Warwickshire) Military District, and the architect, Mr. Yeoville Thomason. The Prince having taken his seat on the dais, Lord Brooke read the address of the committee of the Birmingham General Hospital to his Royal Highness, who returned a suitable reply, with hearty praise and thanks to Mr. Jaffray. A Masonic address was presented by Lord Leigh, as Grand Master of the Freemasons of Warwickshire. The Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe handed a key brooch, mounted with the hospital initials in diamonds, to the Prince, asking him to present it to Mrs. Jaffray, as a gift from the committee of the General Hospital as a memorial of the humanity and liberality of her husband. This act was gracefully performed by his Royal Highness, and the proceedings were closed with prayer by the Bishop of Winchester.

On Friday night the Prince was the guest of the Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe, at Perry Hall, and went next day to open the new Municipal Art Gallery, which has been erected by the Corporation of Birmingham at a cost of £100,000, and which we described last week. It should have been stated, as another instance of personal munificence among the citizens of Birmingham, that Messrs. Richard and George Tangye have given, in all, the sum of £21,000 for art purposes in Birmingham—viz., £10,000 to the new Art Gallery, for the purchase of works of art; and £11,000 to the building and furnishing of the new School of Art. They have also given a very fine and valuable collection of choice old Wedgwood, exhibited in a special gallery, which has been arranged by Mr. F. Rathbone, a well-known authority on the subject, who has written a special illustrated catalogue, containing an essay on Wedgwood's life and work.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Suffield, the Hon. A. C. G. Calthorpe and Mrs. Calthorpe, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, Lord Brooke and Lady Windsor, first visited the Cattle Show and the Dog Show, and then went to the Townhall, to receive an address from the Corporation of Birmingham. The carriages were met, on entering the town, at Soho-hill, by the Mayor and Mayoress and the Town Clerk; and there were crowds of people, heartily cheering, everywhere in the streets, which were adorned with triumphal arches, trophies and banners on Venetian masts, and a various display of flags and garlands. The interior of the Townhall was tastefully decorated and illuminated with the electric light. Among those on the dais were Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, Lord Wrottesley, Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, the Bishops of Worcester and Lichfield, the Earls of Clarendon, Aylesford, and Bradford, Lords Norton, Windsor, Calthorpe, Brooke, and Lewisham, Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and other persons of note. The address from the Corporation was read by the Recorder, and the Prince of Wales replied to it, with thanks for such a welcome. A procession was then formed, which conducted his Royal Highness, by a covered gangway, to the new Art-Gallery, where Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the curator, presented him with a bound copy of the catalogue, and

assisted the Mayor in showing him the collection. His Royal Highness then, at the Mayor's request, declared the Art-Gallery and Museum to be opened. After this, the Mayor entertained the Prince, with a company of a hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, at a luncheon in the banquetting-room of the Council-house. His health having been proposed at table, the Prince spoke, referring to his former visit, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, to Birmingham, eleven years ago, when they were most cordially received by his right honourable friend (Mr. Joseph Chamberlain), who was then Mayor. The toast of "Success to the Museum and Art Gallery, and School of Art," was proposed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who claimed for Birmingham the merits of having enlarged the capacity of municipal life, having done much for the intellectual culture and artistic training of the people, which he did not deny was "part of that great Socialistic movement that filled some timid minds with needless apprehensions." He stated that now there were nearly 1500 students in the Birmingham Schools of Art, and their number was increasing. Among the other speakers on this subject were Sir P. Cunliffe Owen and Alderman Kenrick, M.P.; but the proceedings, when the Prince left, were interrupted by a sad disaster. Mr. P. D. Bennett, of Edgbaston, who, with others, had gone out upon the roof of a balcony, fell through a skylight, and was killed. His Royal Highness started on his return to London at four o'clock, his visit to Birmingham having been a pleasant and successful affair.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health. The Queen and Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Edward Warre, D.D., Head Master of Eton and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Rev. Dr. Warre preached the sermon. The Queen and the Duchess of Edinburgh visited Princess Christian in the afternoon at Cumberland Lodge. On Monday morning her Majesty went out, accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh; and the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Henry of Battenberg went out shooting. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Augustus and Lady Paget and the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe (Lord Steward) arrived at the castle in the evening, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Hon. Lady Biddulph, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and Commander C. Le Strange, R.N., also were invited. On Tuesday morning the Duke and her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, attended by Miss Colville, and Commander C. Le Strange, R.N., left the castle. The Queen went out, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. On Wednesday the Queen held an investiture of orders of knighthood. Her Majesty has telegraphed to the Viceroy of India her congratulations on the conspicuous success which has attended the expedition against the King of Burmah. Mr. Bassano, of Old Bond-street, London, has had the honour of photographing her Majesty and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught.

The Court went into mourning last Saturday for the late King of Spain. The ladies wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers, and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments. The gentlemen wear black Court dress, with black swords and buckles. The Court to change the mourning on Saturday, Dec. 12 next. The ladies to wear black dresses, with coloured ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments, or grey or white dresses, with black ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments. The gentlemen to continue the same mourning. And on Saturday, Dec. 19 next, the Court to go out of mourning.

The Prince of Wales visited Birmingham at the close of last week. An account of the Prince's proceedings there is given in another column. The Prince, attended by Colonel Ellis, arrived at Sandringham on Monday, as did Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Cambridge. Prince Albert Victor, who went there for the Princess of Wales's birthday on Tuesday, returned to Aldershot on Wednesday. The forty-first anniversary of the birthday of the Princess was celebrated with the usual honours. The Prince has been elected Grand Mark Master of the Grand Lodge of Mark Masons of England.

Princess Christian, who has recently been suffering from a severe cold, is a little better, but is still confined to her apartments.

Viscount Bangor has been chosen to be a Representative Peer of Ireland, in the room of the late Earl of Erne.

The Hon. William Annand has been appointed Agent-General in London for Nova Scotia.

Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has been elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, in room of the late Principal Shairp.

The Order of the Garter, vacant by the death of the Duke of Abercorn, has been conferred on the Marquis of Abergavenny.

The Queen has bought the study from life of a "Reclining figure, with fan," by Marion Ryder Henn, Queen's Scholar at the Female School of Art.

The Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George has been conferred on Sir Julian Pauncefote, K.C.M.G., C.B., Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The annual council of all the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature was held at the Royal Courts of Justice on Wednesday afternoon, when the Lord Chancellor presided.

Viscount Wolseley and the Marquis of Headfort were, on Saturday last, invested with the ribbon and badge of the Order of St. Patrick by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Norfolk; and the Rev. Sir George Cornwall Bart., and the Rev. T. Syer have been appointed Deputy Lieutenants for the county of Hereford.

Mr. Philip W. Currie, C.B., Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath; and Mr. William Thomas Lewis, engineer and colliery manager, of Cardiff, has been knighted.

Sir Richard Baggallay has resigned the office of Lord Justice of Appeal, and will be succeeded by Sir Henry Charles Lopes, one of the Justices of the High Court. Sir John Gorst, Q.C., M.P., has accepted the Judgeship vacated by Sir H. C. Lopes.

On Monday night the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland was held in Edinburgh, when Colonel Sir Archibald Campbell was re-elected Grand Master, Lord Haddington Deputy Grand Master, and Lord Kintore Substitute Grand Master. The festival of St. Andrew was afterwards celebrated. It was mentioned that during the year there had been 4333 entrants to the Order, and sixteen charters had been granted to new lodges. The total income was £4084.

## THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

The death of Alfonso XII., King of Spain, has occasioned in every nation of Europe feelings of sincere regret, and expressions both of regard for his character and sympathy with his friends and subjects, not unmingled with serious concern for the prospects of that country. This young Sovereign, son of the deposed Queen Isabella II., was born Nov. 28, 1857, so that he had not quite reached the age of twenty-eight, and as he was proclaimed King on Dec. 30, 1874, and assumed the Government on Jan. 9 following, his reign has not lasted quite eleven years. He inherited a position beset with hostility, for his mother, Queen Isabella, had found her title to the throne disputed from the first. Her father, Ferdinand VII., revoked the Salic law, and by virtue of his decree Isabella, his daughter, was preferred to her uncle, the Count de Montemolin, who called himself Charles VI., and in whose favour the first Carlist risings occurred thirty-seven, thirty, and twenty-five years ago. Civil war broke out as soon as Isabella was proclaimed, with her mother, the late Queen Christina, as Regent. The Cortes declared Isabella to have attained her majority when she was thirteen, and three years later she was married to her cousin, Don Francisco D'Assisi, who has been exiled since the revolution of 1868, and now lives at Epinay. Her sister married the Duc de Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe, a match which was arranged by the French King, with the assistance of M. Guizot, and which nearly led to a war between France and England in 1846. The Duke's third daughter married King Alfonso, but died a few months after her wedding. His eldest son aspired to the Spanish throne after the abdication of Queen Isabella. Indeed, the history of Spain since the death of Ferdinand VII., in 1833, has been a history of abdications, revolutions, and pretenders. As for the late King Alfonso, the circumstances of his accession, if so it may be called, were peculiar. His mother had abdicated in his favour in 1870, when he was only thirteen. But Marshal Prim, just before his assassination, offered the crown to Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, second son of the late King Victor Emmanuel. Amadeo's brief reign was not a success, and he in his turn abdicated less than three years afterwards. Alfonso, as a Spaniard, was received with acclamation, and soon after his arrival the Royalist troops put down what had seemed the interminable Carlist insurrection. Early in 1876 Don Carlos proclaimed his inability to contend further against the superior numbers at the command of his cousin, and has since lived in a private station abroad. Alfonso XII. was married on Jan. 23, 1878, to his cousin, Princess Marie de las Mercedes, youngest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier and the Infanta Louise, his mother's sister. But in six months the young and amiable Queen left her husband a widow. On Nov. 29, 1879, he was wedded for the second time, his bride being the Archduchess Marie Christina of Austria. Of this marriage there are two daughters, the eldest—the Infanta Dona Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of Asturias—only five years of age, the youngest little over two. Spain is thus once more left to a Regency during the long minority of a female Sovereign.

## THE LATE MARSHAL SERRANO.

Marshal Serrano, the Duke de la Torre, who died last week at Madrid, was born in 1810, the son of a Spanish General. He entered the Army when young, and obtained promotion during the civil wars which followed the death of Ferdinand VII. In 1845 he was appointed Lieutenant-General and a Senator, and afterwards was Minister of War and Captain-General of Granada. In February, 1854, he was implicated in a rising in Saragossa, and was exiled from Spain. He returned when the Revolution took place in July in that year. In 1857 he was sent as Ambassador to Paris. He was appointed Governor-General of Cuba, and had the title of Duke de la Torre conferred upon him. In the Revolution of 1868, when Queen Isabella was driven from Spain, he played a prominent part. In 1872 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army acting against the Carlists. He has continued until recently a prominent person in Spanish politics, and in 1882 became the leader of a new political party. In 1883 he went as Ambassador to Paris.

## WAR BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA.

There is now some hope of an immediate termination of this unhappy conflict between two of the Christian nations inhabiting the Balkan peninsula, which acquired political independence, so far as concerns the Turkish Empire, by the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878. Our Special Artist, Mr. J. Schönberg, who arrived in Serbia during the brief campaign, has already furnished Sketches, one of which represents an incident of the combat at Brezenik, where a company of Bulgarian soldiers of the Drusinske battalion, after bravely defending an earthwork attacked by five times the number of Servians, having lost their sole officer and two corporals, were obliged to surrender, putting down their rifles and holding up their hands with fingers outspread, as a token that they had ceased fighting. They were taken as prisoners of war to Belgrade. A view of the Dragoman Pass, on the frontier of Bulgaria, and a Sketch of the retreat of the Servian troops by that route after their defeat by Prince Alexander, will also be found in this week's publication.

It was on the 20th ult. that the Servians proceeded to attack the Bulgarian right wing, to the north on the road from Sofia to Pirot, between Slivnitsa and Dragoman, with the view of reconquering the eastern portion of the range of rocky heights which they had lost on Wednesday, the 18th. Four Bulgarian battalions, however, not only baffled them there, but took in their turn the whole spur, stormed Dragoman and the defile of the road, and succeeded in outflanking the Servian left wing.

The battle at Pirot, on Friday week, the 27th ult., was hotly contested from six or seven in the morning to three in the afternoon. The Servians occupied fortified positions on the heights to the right and left of the town, their lines extending in the direction of Nish. Four Servian divisions were brought into action, the Bulgarians attacking in three columns. After a sanguinary engagement, the Servians abandoned their positions on the left. The fight was prolonged on the right, but eventually the Bulgarians, charging the enemy with the bayonet, forced him to retire in disorder. Pirot is now occupied by the Bulgarian troops, who succeeded in driving the Servians out of the town, and advanced some distance beyond. The Servian army has taken up its position at Bela Palanka, where King Milan arrived the same evening. The head-quarters of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, with an army of fifty thousand men, are at the frontier village of Tsaribrod.

In obedience to an express order from King Milan, which was delayed in transmission to General Leshjanin, the bombardment of Widdin was suspended on Monday evening. It seems that in several places around Widdin and Trn isolated skirmishes took place between Servian and Bulgarian detachments even after the proclamation of the armistice. The Servians are stated to have had the best of it in these encounters. All fighting, however, has for the present ceased, and the armistice is being strictly observed along the whole line.





1. Key of the Jaffray Hospital.  
2. Opening the Jaffray Hospital.

3. Lord Brooke reading the Address.  
4. Declaring the Art Gallery and Museum open.

5. At the Dog-Show.  
6. At the Cattle-Show.





THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA: RETREAT OF SERBIAN TROOPS FROM THE DRAGOMAN PASS.



## "THE EUMENIDES" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Since that lovely spring day when, under the blue sky and surrounded by peaceful mountains, I saw the peasants and wood-carvers of Ober Ammergau perform "The Passion of Our Lord," I have not witnessed any dramatic performance at once so impressive and beautiful as the representation of "The Eumenides" of Æschylus by the students of the University of Cambridge. The same earnestness, the same intellectual activity, the same marvellous attention to detail in order to produce both harmony and effect, the same subordination of person and evident love of the subject animated the Cambridge scholars as had before inspired the religious peasantry. The pursuit of Orestes by the Furies—that last chapter of the glorious and inspiring trilogy of Æschylus—is at first sight the most difficult of Greek plays for representation. But the initial difficulty only aroused the players to greater effort. Trained to perfection by that earnest and faithful student of the drama, Mr. John Waller Clarke, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the young students who represented the chorus of grim female fiends can be compared to the best choral effects produced by the Saxe-Meiningen players. Individual effort was never directed to a better purpose, and nothing more interesting of its kind has ever been seen by the intelligent playgoer. Add to this, excellence of acting and this beautiful result of patient study, the lovely and impressive music of Mr. Villiers Stanford, composed for this play, and it will be seen what a feast of pleasure has been prepared for winter visitors at the old University town. There will be another occasion for discussing in greater detail the obvious merits of this meritorious undertaking; but meanwhile, in addition to the united action of the representatives of the Furies, who are, of course, the leading feature of the tragedy, a hearty word of praise may be awarded to Mr. Platts, of Trinity, for his striking and impressive rendering of the shrouded shade of Clytemnestra; to Mr. D. N. Pollock, of King's, for his noble performance of Apollo; and to Miss J. E. Case, lately of Girton, who appeared as Pallas-Athena, and whose mastery of Greek would have been considered a miracle in a girl some twenty years ago. It may be that the strong-minded Minerva was not so gentle and persuasive as Miss Case made her to be, but her popularity with the audience was beyond question. Thanks to Mr. Clarke, Mr. John O'Connor, who painted the scenery and proscenium, and Mr. Stanford, the director of the music, the play went without a fault. It is a thing that may be seen and studied again and again with pleasure and profit, for the whole spirit and beauty and calm severity of Greek art have been preserved by players, singers, actors, and musicians alike. C. S.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, editor of the *Nation*, has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin; and Sir G. J. Harland, Bart., re-elected Mayor of Belfast.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening—the Marquis of Lorne in the chair—Mr. W. Montague Kerr read a paper describing his journey from the Cape to Lake Nyassa overland.

According to the Registrar-General's report, 2422 births and 1610 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 239 and the deaths 122 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 62 from measles, 12 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 47 from whooping-cough, 14 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, and 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

**THE BRIGHTON SEASON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from Principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.**—A First-Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—First-Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.**—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavillion.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.** VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS.

From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares—1st, 34s., 2nd, 25s., 3rd, 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful paddle-steamers with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.** Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 2, Regent-circuit, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circuit Office. (By order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,** and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE.** completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 57, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT.** Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, the New Play, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, **HOODMAN BLIND.** Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett: Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices: Private Boxes, £1 1s. to 29s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 2s. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. John Colbce. MORNING PERFORMANCE OF **HOODMAN BLIND** EVERY SATURDAY AT TWO.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD. LAST NIGHTS OF **DARK DAYS**, by J. Conroy and Hugh Conway. EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree, Mr. C. Surden, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. E. Maurice, Mr. J. B. Durham, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Barrymore, Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, and Miss Lingard. Booking-office open daily, Ten till Five. No fees.

**SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.** ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Agricultural Implements, Roots, &c., OPEN MONDAY, DEC. 7, at Two o'clock. Close at 8 p.m. Admission Five Shillings. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 8, 9, 10, and 11, open at 8 a.m., close 9 p.m. Admission One Shilling.—R. VESNER, Secretary, Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

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## MARRIAGES.

On the 14th ult., at All Saints' Church, Toronto, Canada, by the Rev. Canon E. Harcourt Vernon, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. A. Baldwin, Incumbent, and the Rev. E. Murphy, Incumbent of Innisfil, Herbert E. Harcourt Vernon, to Mary Adelaide, second daughter of the Hon. G. W. Allan, of Moss Park, Toronto, Senator of the Dominion of Canada.

On the 26th ult., at Holy Trinity, Anerley, Surrey, by the Rev. Samuel Hutchinson, Vicar of Christ Church, Penge, Walter Robert Knipple, Civil Engineer, of Whitefarland, Greenock, and of Westminster and Greenwich, to Mercy, of Windermere, Anerley, Surrey, widow of the late Thomas Bowden. No cards.

## DEATHS.

On the 21th ult., of heart disease, Lulu, dearly beloved wife of Hubert Herkomer, aged 33. Friends kindly accept this only intimation.

On the 28th ult., at his residence, 18, Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, Walter Angus Bethune, of Dunrobin, Tasmania, aged 90 years.

On the 21st ult., at his residence, Longueville Manor, Thomas Shmon, H.M. Receiver-General for Jersey. Relatives and friends are requested to receive this, the only intimation. New York papers please copy.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1885-6, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

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## THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO, 1885-6.

These International Meetings (First Series) will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 15, and be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday up to Jan. 14, 1886. Special prizes are added to each of the events.

## GRAND INTERNATIONAL MEETING.

Saturday, Jan. 16: Grand Poule d'Essai. 2000f.  
Tuesday, Jan. 19: Prix d'Ouverture. 3000f. and an object of Art.  
Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22 and 23: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art of 5000f. and 20,000f.

Monday, Jan. 25: Prix de Monte Carlo (Grand Handicap). An object of Art and 3000f.  
Thursday, Jan. 28: Prix de Consolation (Handicap). An object of Art and 1000f.  
Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29 and 30: Second Universal Championship (Triennial). A good Gun and 5000f.

Besides, the Stand will be opened every Monday and Friday from Jan. 10 until Feb. 28 for Pools and Matches.

A Second Series of Meetings will take place immediately after the GRAND CONTOURS, and be continued until March 10, every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday. Thursday and Friday, March 11 and 12: The Grand Prix de Cloture. An object of Art and 3000f., will be followed by a Third Series of Meetings until April. For full particulars, address M. A. BLONDIN, Secretary, Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

## SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel du Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

## THE HEALTH OF THE RIVIERA.

As regards Nice, reports are again in its favour, and to the effect that the intestinal affections and gastro-enteritis have entirely disappeared during the last fifteen days. The effects of the tropical heat and the abuse of water, melons, peaches, &c., were very visible. Those effects no longer exist. Very copious rains have lately fallen, which have cleared off animal and vegetable decomposition; and it appears that all danger, even to the most sensitive, has passed away. Dr. Wakefield, of Nice, says that there has been no case there for more than a month; and visitors are daily arriving.

We have also been informed that Monte Carlo, Monaco, La Turbie, &c., remain free from anything to disturb public health.

Very favourable accounts have been received as to the sanitary state of Mentone. It appears from an official document issued by the Mayor of this town that the public health is all that can be desired; it has remained entirely unaffected by the epidemic which visited Toulon and Marseilles; and in the worst years of 1855 and 1856, when all Europe was more or less suffering from this scourge, Mentone was entirely free from it. On reference to a comparative state of the mortality of this town for the months of July, August, September, and October, it appears there were 105 deaths in 1884, 106 in 1884, and only 118 in 1885.

Cannes has been free from any alarming epidemic; the sanitary conditions cause the health to be all that can be desired, and an unusually good season is expected.

We may add that at Saint Raphael, near Cannes, and at Hyères, the hygienic state of the towns is all that is desirable; and at Marseilles there has been no epidemic for several weeks, and confidence is entirely restored.

## INTERNATIONAL COOKERY AND FOOD EXHIBITION, 1885.—ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

MONDAY, DEC. 7, to SATURDAY, DEC. 19. Food in Process of Manufacture, Preparation, and Decoration. Ready for Use and Uncooked. Preserved Foods. Charcuterie. Utensils used in the Preparation of Food. Labour-saving goods. Cossaque, Bonbon, and Confectionery Making. Coffee Roasting, Grinding, and Sampling. Tea Tasting. Presents and Tit-bits for the Christmas Season. Articles of Utility and Fancy Goods for Home Decoration. Dining-room Accessories. Kitchen Requisites, Cookery Literature, a Perfect Dining-room, a Model Kitchen. Lectures, Demonstrations, and Competitions twice daily, in the Lecture Hall.

The VIENNESE LADY ORCHESTRA and selections from the unrivalled and high-class variety entertainments will be continued on the great Central Stage EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING during the INTERNATIONAL COOKERY AND FOOD EXHIBITION.

On DEC. 9 and 10, GREAT ARTISTIC COOKERY EXPOSITION, under distinguished patronage.

Admission, One Shilling (Wednesday, up to Six p.m., 2s. 6d.; after Six, 1s., as usual). Open, 10.30 a.m. daily. Close, 11.30 p.m.

## THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The electoral campaign of November-December will be memorable for its changes of fortune. At the outset, the Conservatives (supported indubitably by many wavering Liberals) manifestly had the best of the battle, and, to the chagrin of their opponents, secured signal victories among the metropolitan constituencies. Towards the close of last week, the Liberals rallied, made a gallant stand, and, stimulated probably by the triumph of Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, even carried the war into the enemy's camp. By Monday, the Liberals (not counting the Parnellites) were a score ahead of the Ministerialists. The Conservative Party may well have plumed itself, however, upon the series of marked successes in the boroughs—a result testifying eloquently, in the first place, to the thoroughness of the Conservative organisation, and to the supreme skill with which the Marquis of Salisbury persuaded various influential sections of the community to support with enthusiasm the "Constitutional" Party.

The majority by which Mr. Gladstone was re-elected member for Midlothian yesterday week was far and away larger than that which he secured when opposed by the present Duke of Buccleuch, as the Earl of Dalkeith, in 1880. Then the ex-Premier and Lord Dalkeith obtained respectively 1579 and 1363 votes—a majority of 211 only for Mr. Gladstone. On Nov. 27 last, the Liberal Leader scored 7879 against Mr. C. Dalrymple's 3248—a majority of 4631 for the veteran statesman. The Marquis of Hartington had a very tough fight, and spoke most assiduously in the Rossendale division of Lancashire; and certainly deserved his victory. His Lordship was returned by 6060 votes against the 4243 of Mr. W. F. Eecroyd, the Conservative "Fair Trader." Mr. Gladstone could not escape from Edinburgh on Saturday before he had addressed two more meetings, at which he defended the policy of the late Government with regard to the Transvaal, and, attributing the Conservative successes in the boroughs to the Irish vote, looked hopefully to the counties to vote for the side which had brought in the county franchise. There ensued the customary railway ovations on the return of the right hon. gentleman to Hawarden Castle on Saturday night. On Monday Mr. Gladstone did Lord R. Grosvenor, Liberal "Whip," the service to make another brief speech in support of his candidature for the County of Flint. The Irish Vote and the "Fair Trade imposture" were again stigmatised as being instrumental in bringing about the Liberal losses.

But factors more important than those Mr. Gladstone referred to were at work to stem the tide of victory in the Counties. It was reported on Tuesday that fourteen County successes were achieved by the Conservatives against seven Liberal wins. Yet up to midnight on Tuesday, by which time 411 members had been elected, victory still inclined to the Liberal Opposition, the return being:—Liberals, 196; Conservatives, 177; Parnellites, 36; Independents, 2.

The general features of the new House—in which, it is pretty plain, the Liberal Leaders are wisely preparing to act as a vigilant Opposition—will differ little from the old one. As *Punch's* inimitable Parliamentary caricaturist indicates this week, "Familiar Faces" will abound. Presuming the present Ministry remain in power, with the benevolent assistance of Mr. Parnell's formidable phalanx of Irish Home-Rulers, there will be seen on the Treasury bench the neat and natty figure of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (the chosen of West Bristol), supported by the beaming and confident Secretary for India (Lord Randolph Churchill forsakes Woodstock for South Paddington) on one side, and on the other by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster. The complacent Home Secretary, Sir Richard Cross, re-enters for the Newton division of Lancashire. As the first member for the Strand, and one of the ablest of administrators, Mr. W. H. Smith may well comport himself with becoming pride near the Leader of the House, flanked by Lord John Manners and Colonel Stanley. Lord George Hamilton will also rejoin his colleagues as First Lord of the Admiralty; whilst the Ministerial host will be swollen by Baron Henry De Worms (the elect of East Toxteth, Liverpool), Mr. W. T. Marriott, and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett (in for one of the Sheffield divisions). With respect to the clear-headed legal luminary of the "Fourth Party," Sir John Gorst, it is stated that the Solicitor-General accepts the Judgeship in the Queen's Bench rendered vacant by the transfer of Mr. Justice Lopes to the Court of Appeal in place of Sir Richard Baggally, resigned. In that event, Mr. Edward Clarke or Mr. Grantham is to be the new Solicitor-General. As members for the City of London, Alderman Sir R. Fowler and Mr. J. G. Hubbard will be among the most steadfast backers of the Government.

The front Opposition bench will miss Mr. Childers, Lord Kensington, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, unless certain constituencies can be prevailed upon to be kinder than Pontefract, Hornsey, and Reading. Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the Opposition, will face Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and will be supported by Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. The right hon. gentleman would be materially strengthened if he could also persuade Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Goschen to resume their seats in the front rank of the Party.

There can be no foretelling on which side Mr. Parnell, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and their numerous body of Irish followers will elect to sit. But as regards the legitimate right and left wings, prominent on the Ministerial side are bound to be Mr. Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, who enters the House for the first time as member for Westminster; and Mr. Howard Vincent, who has shown a marked capacity for administration, and is one of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's colleagues at Sheffield. Whether these budding statesmen will carry sufficient rhetorical weight to emulate the example of Lord Randolph Churchill, and reconstitute the "Fourth Party," remains to be seen. They cannot have the help of Sir H. Drummond Wolff, for that high Plenipotentiary has not been returned for Portsmouth, and will quit Egypt, *on dit*, for the Governorship of Madras. Nor will Mr. Newdegate, as a ! be present to do battle against Mr. Bradlaugh and all his works. So that, on the first day of the Session, at least, the unorthodox member for Northampton may be expected to take his seat next his faithful colleague, Mr. Henry Labouchere, near whom will again be seated that staunch Radical, Mr. Dillwyn. Mr. Joseph Cowen and Mr. John Morley are again returned for Newcastle-on-Tyne. A promising son of Mr. John Bright, Mr. W. L. Bright, makes his début as member for Stoke-on-Trent. A brother of Mr. Chamberlain (Mr. R.) sits for West Islington; and Mr. Jesse Collings reappears as champion of the agricultural labourers. As for the working-class contingent, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Burt will be joined by Mr. George Howell and Mr. W. R. Cremer, the former returned for Bethnal-green and the latter for Shoreditch; and by Mr. J. Leicester, member for West Ham.

The new Parliament is to meet, according to the *Globe*, on Jan. 12, for the swearing-in of members and election of Speaker. "We shall meet, but we shall miss" Mr. Briggs, Mr. Arthur Arnold, Mr. Jacob Bright, Lord Henry Lennox, Mr. J. K. Cross, Mr. Firth, Mr. John Holms, Mr. Waddy, and many another familiar figure.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 1.

In the political world all interest is centred in the proceedings of the Committee of thirty-three appointed to examine the details of the Tonquin Expedition. This Committee has been sitting daily during the past week, examining documents, hearing the testimony of Ministers and officials of all kinds, including General Brière de l'Isle, who has created a painful impression by the severe accusations which he has thought proper to bring against his subordinates, especially against Colonel Herbinger. At present there is a slight revulsion of public feeling, and while a few days ago everybody seemed to be in favour of the evacuation of Tonquin, now everybody appears to be impressed with the necessity of strictly maintaining the honour of the French flag in the East.

It is astonishing how many collaborators are required to put together a grand opera in four acts. "Le Cid," which was produced at the Opera last night with great splendour of scenery and costume, is the result of the combined efforts of at least six men—namely, Guillem De Castro, the author of the Spanish romance; Corneille, who made the scenario; D'Ennery, who has adapted this scenario; MM. Louis Gallet and Edouard Blau, who have ventured to compete with Corneille in verse; and M. Massenet, who has written the music. Then we have X, who composed the ballets, and Y, who designed the costumes, and Z, who organised the processions. To tell the plain truth, this "Cid," about which we have heard so much, which is puffed so warmly in the French press, and which has cost so much money and so much effort, is a disappointment. It is a conventional grand opera in the old style, much inferior to "Les Huguenots," to "Guillaume Tell," and to the "Prophète." M. Massenet sings the same airs as the great composers of the past, only far less brilliantly. His opera is a production that has no particular raison d'être, no beginning and no end, no dramatic interest; it is simply a pretext for the presentation of accessories, ballets, scenery, singers, arias, and what not. Certainly, M. Massenet has displayed immense talent and great surety of hand in writing the many charming fragments intercalated in the opera; but the work, as a whole, neither captivates the mind nor touches the heart; one's general feeling is that "Le Cid" is terribly long, rather noisy, and very gorgeous. However, musical amateurs will be able to judge for themselves, as the score has been already published and put on sale by Hartmann, of Paris. The public last night seemed to find "Le Cid" melancholy and monotonous, on the whole; and, with all due allowance for hasty judgment, it cannot certainly be said that the opera is a success; the utmost we can say of "Le Cid" is that it forms a fine spectacle, and that it is admirably performed.

The Christmas publications are beginning to invade the booksellers' windows, driving into the background the ordinary yellow-covered novels. The publications of the firm of A. Quantin are particularly noteworthy as specimens of colour-printing, the more so as they are not costly éditions de luxe, intended for collectors, but current volumes and children's albums. These albums, varying in price from three-halfpence to a shilling each, are most artistic productions; and the results of M. Quantin's new colour-printing processes are very satisfactory. They are simply facsimile water-colour paintings, by an ingenious and gay band of artists, and utterly different from the coloured images that have hitherto illustrated children's books. This series of alphabets and albums comprises everything that can amuse a child, from the days of alphabet-learning to the days when nursery books are abandoned. Two delightful books, which are charming enough to be given to grown-up persons, are "La Journée de Bébé" and "Les Bébés du Jardins de Paris," full of coloured sketches from nature, by MM. Grigny and Bouisset. Then comes an edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," with gay water-colour illustrations by Poirson, which is certainly the best thing that has yet been done in chromotypography. Another important volume published by Quantin is "L'Angleterre, L'Irlande, et L'Ecosse," by P. Villars, a large octavo, with 600 illustrations, in black and white, by French artists. These illustrations are all facsimiles of drawings executed by the photo-engraving process. To show to what a degree of cheapness the process has been brought, I may mention that this volume of 680 pages, printed on fine paper, is sold for 30f. From the technical point of view, the interesting point in these publications by M. Quantin is the kind of illustration employed. Since the invention of printing, each epoch has had its characteristic note in illustration. In the sixteenth century, wood-cutting was the fashion. In the seventeenth, copper-plate engraving. In the eighteenth, etchings. During the Restoration and the Empire, wood-cutting again came into favour in France; and now, during the past ten years, the perfection of direct processes of reproduction seems to announce a new era. Heliogravure, engraving in relief, phototypic have been succeeded by chromotypography, the faithful reproduction of colour, and not a merely limited production, as chromolithography was. The publications of the firm of Quantin above noticed are the most successful, and at the same time the cheapest, specimens of fine colour-printing that have yet been produced in France, and I have not yet seen anything to equal them in England.

The question of titles of nobility is once more the order of the day. The Deputy M. Beauquier has given notice that he will introduce a bill for the suppression of Article 239 of the Penal Code, which protects the ownership of titles; while General Legerot has issued an order prohibiting, in the army corps which he commands, the use of nobiliary appellations "in the relations of service or in correspondence."—M. Henri Bouley, President of the Academy of Science, died yesterday, at the age of seventy-one. For more than thirty years M. Bouley occupied the clinical chair at the Alfort Veterinary School, which he left only to succeed Claude Bernard in the chair of comparative pathology at the Jardin des Plantes. He was a warm advocate from the beginning of all Pasteur's theories, and supported them both by word and by writing.—Telephonic service now exists between Paris and Rheims, a distance of 135 miles. The new line was opened for public service to-day. The instruments employed are Ader or Arsouval, with Van Rysselberghe's anti-inductors.—Mr. J. M. Crawford, for many years correspondent of the *Daily News*, died in Paris, on Nov. 24, at the age of seventy. Mr. Crawford was a laborious and conscientious journalist, and universally respected both by the French with whom he came into relations, and by his colleagues of the foreign press, who elected him to be syndic of their association.

T. C.

The death of the King of Spain, on Wednesday week, was quickly followed by that of Marshal Serrano on the following day. Portraits and memoirs of both are given on another page. The remains of King Alfonso were yesterday week removed from El Pardo to the Royal Palace in Madrid. The scene in the capital was most impressive, and general grief was displayed. On Saturday at noon, after a funeral service had been performed in the Royal chapel at Madrid over the remains of the late King, they were conveyed by train to the Escorial,

where they were lowered into the vaults reserved for Royal sepulture.—The Ministry have resigned, and Señor Sagasta has undertaken to form a Cabinet. He has received assurances of support from Señor Canovas del Castillo.

The Dutch Chamber has rejected the bill for increasing the number of deputies. The Chamber is still composed of forty-three Liberals and forty-three Reactionaries.

Intelligence has been received by telegraph from Copenhagen that Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein Glücksburg, brother of the King of Denmark, died on Friday, last week, aged seventy-one. He was the son of Duke William and the Duchess Louisa, daughter of the late Landgrave Charles of Hesse. He married, in 1841, Princess Adelaide, daughter of the late George, Prince of Schaumburg Lippe, and has left two sons and four daughters. He is succeeded in his dukedom by his eldest son, Prince Frederick Ferdinand.

In Monday's sitting of the Greek Chamber of Deputies, M. Delyannis, the Premier, unexpectedly requested a vote of confidence in the Government, which was adopted by 117 votes against 12. Most of the Opposition deputies left the Chamber before the division was taken.

An armistice between Bulgaria and Serbia has been agreed upon, and the questions between the Governments will now be discussed at length. Bulgaria demands an indemnity of 80,000,000f. Some details are given in another part of this Paper.

Mr. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States of America, died on the 25th ult., from a sudden attack of illness.

The seventh session of the Council of the North-West Territories of Canada was recently opened. In his inaugural speech, the Lieutenant-Governor stated that, in spite of the rising in spring, the volume of wheat production had not been diminished; so that there would be some five million bushels for export, the average of first-class wheat far exceeding that of former years. The municipal ordinance has been found to work satisfactorily, and new measures would be introduced relating to procedure in cases of appeal, and other matters of local importance. The speech concluded with congratulations to the people of the Territories upon the satisfactory completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Dominion, and also upon the cordiality displayed towards the inhabitants and the loyalty invoked by the recent visit of Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General.

Despatches have been received from the Chief Commissioner at Rangoon stating that King Theebaw has surrendered unconditionally. The army have laid down their arms, and the forts of Ava, with their twenty-eight guns, have been surrendered. Particulars are given in another column.

It is announced from Calcutta that a rebellion has broken out in Nepal. The Maharajah has been taken prisoner, and the Prime Minister murdered.

According to a Reuter despatch from Teheran, Ayoub Khan has finally made his submission, and the Persian authorities have decreased the number of his guards.

The Treasurer for the Colony of Victoria has introduced into the House of Assembly a bill for a loan of eight millions, of which six are to be applied to the construction of railways already authorised. The issue of the loan will be spread over some years.

## SUCCESS IN BURMAH: SURRENDER OF MANDALAY.

The British Indian expedition to Upper Burmah, commanded by General Prendergast, has achieved a speedy victory. On the 27th ult. (yesterday week) King Theebaw agreed to surrender, with his army, his forts and guns, and his capital city of Mandalay, the British flotilla having that day arrived at Ava, on the river thirty miles below Mandalay, and the Ava forts and guns having surrendered to avoid the threatened attack. This news reached London on Monday last, and it is considered to amount to the actual attainment of the objects of the military expedition. A later telegram from Mandalay states that the British troops have entered that town without meeting with any resistance. All the Europeans were found to be safe. Lord Dufferin telegraphs to the India Office that he has instructed the British agents in Upper Burmah to administer the country provisionally in her Majesty's name. It is stated that Colonel Sladen, who accompanied General Prendergast's expedition, will administer (pro tem.) the duties of British Resident Commissioner at Mandalay, a position equivalent to that of Governor of Upper Burmah. In view of the annexation of Upper Burmah, four Deputy Commissioners and four Assistant Commissioners have been appointed. Mr. Archibald Ross Colquhoun's name appears as one of the Deputy Commissioners. Arrangements are said already to have been made for the construction of railways and roads.

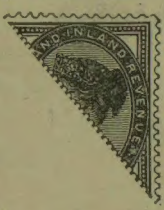
The capture of the Minhla forts and stockades, on the 17th ult., has already been mentioned. The expedition continued its advance up the Irrawaddy, though impeded by the low water in that river, till it reached Pagán, where a Burmese earthwork or battery was stormed by the Naval Brigade, the 2nd Hampshire Regiment, and the Madras Sappers. Two days later, on the 24th ult., the town of Myin-Gyan was captured, the enemy's forces being driven out by the cannonade from the gun-boats. Two of the British were severely wounded, and five slightly wounded; there was, indeed, little or no real fighting.

## PROPOSED DIAGONALLY-PERFORATED POSTAGE-STAMPS.

An ingenious suggestion is made by Mr. C. B. Harness,



managing director of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street. He proposes that the ordinary penny postage-stamp should be perforated diagonally (as shown in our illustration), and that either



triangle should be available for use as a halfpenny stamp. The necessity of carrying two sorts of stamps would thus be obviated. Should the improvement be adopted, both halves of the perforated stamp ought to be defaced at the Post Office.

Our Portrait of the late King of Spain is from a photograph by Fernando Lebas, of Madrid; and that of Mr. John Jaffray, of Birmingham, from one by Mr. H. J. Whitlock.

A correspondent courteously informs us that the picture of the House of Commons presented by the Emperor of Austria to the National Portrait Gallery, of which we published an Engraving last week, is no longer at South Kensington. When the rest of the National Portraits were transferred, on loan, to the Bethnal-green Museum, this picture and one of the "Conference of 1604, held in Old Somerset House," were reserved, and deposited in the National Gallery, Trafalgar-square, where they may now be seen.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Miss Eweretta Lawrence and her play, "On Change," appear to lead a very wandering existence. The merit of this new version of the German "Ultimo" was discussed at a *matinée* at the Strand; thence the play and players were transported to King William-street, Strand, at Mr. Toole's hospitable theatre; they are now back at the Strand again; and in a few weeks' time will be sent over the way to the Opera Comique, taken by Mr. W. Duck, now that the new opera, "The Fay o' Fire," has suddenly gone out and left the theatre in darkness. However, wherever this farcical comedy may be found, it cannot fail to amuse, as played by Mr. W. Morris, Mr. William Farren, and a well-selected company. Miss Lawrence has set a good example, and will earn the gratitude of early playgoers by preceding the play of the evening with a little drama that has some sense in it, and is fairly well acted. Half the so-called disturbances on first nights are caused by the irritability engendered by rubbishy farces of indifferent merit, and ill-acted into the bargain. Time was when the best actors and actresses in a company did not consider they were insulted by playing the people in or out. Many a good farce was seen at the Haymarket and Adelphi when Buckstone and Webster were in power. But nowadays, the young gentleman actor and the young lady actress are far too grand to play before eight o'clock in the evening, when they have digested their dinners. The public must wait for them; your modern actor is no longer the servant of the public.

All the card houses appear to be toppling down at the same instant; and before Christmas we shall be in the midst of a general process of reconstruction. The long-promised play by Mr. Maurice Barrymore, called "Najesda," is almost ready at the Haymarket. It has already been produced in America, and is described as a very weird and powerful work, with a fine and difficult leading character for a first-class actress. Madame Modjeska "created" Najesda in New York, but she will not play here. The services of Miss Emily Righi have been secured, a Viennese, who has resided long and acted often, in the States. Mrs. Maurice Barrymore, the clever daughter of Mrs. Drew, one of the best actresses in America, will also appear as a Yankee girl of a somewhat pronounced type. A new play, with two new actresses, ought surely to cause some excitement in the theatrical world.

Meanwhile, "Mayfair" at the St. James's, the Olympic melodrama, the fantastic opera at the Opera Comique, the burlesques and operas at the Avenue, Gaiety, Novelty, &c., will all require a little medical assistance to help them over Christmas and the dreaded pantomime season, though nowadays there is only one pantomime—that at Drury-Lane—that can very seriously interfere with the ordinary business of the theatres.

Very excellent accounts come from the Adelphi concerning "Harbour Lights," the nautical melodrama written by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, and set down for Boxing Night. Mr. William Terriss, who has been a sailor, by-the-way, and travelled half over the world, will make his first appearance at the Adelphi. Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Millward, and others, will be usefully employed.

It is sometimes considered that "an entertainment" is outside criticism in the matter of the art of acting. That this is not the case may be proved by a visit to the German Reeds at St. George's Hall, where the new author, Mr. J. Malcolm Watson, has made his second success. "In Cupid's Court" is quite as clever, well-constructed, and amusing as a "A Pretty Bequest," and has been equally well received by the patrons of this decorous and established little playhouse, where people "make believe" that they never see plays, and don't visit theatres, whereas there is not the slightest difference between the plays here and elsewhere, except that they are vaudeville comedies interspersed with songs, are more carefully written than such plays usually are, except at the Savoy, and are far better acted and rehearsed than at most established theatres. Mr. Watson has evidently got the dramatic faculty, and it will not be surprising to find him making a name some day. He is not the first successful author who graduated at German Reeds; Robertson and Gilbert, amongst many other famous people, won their spurs there years ago. The new comedietta is a pretty pastoral: rural and rollicking; flavoured with a suspicion of the electioneering element; full of true comedy; and with several striking and well-contrasted characters. Mr. Alfred Reed carries off the honours as a rustic loud maddened with jealousy, whose political faith is hazy, but whose heart is sound. This village Caliban finds his Miranda, who makes love to him in the most demonstrative fashion, but does not lead him far from the bright eyes of his village love, who sorely tortures him. Mr. Reed's dialect—a cross between Wiltshire and Dorsetshire—is excellent, and it is a thoroughly amusing performance. Equally good in its way is the irritable, pettish Radical candidate of Mr. Charles Allen: a clever sketch of character, never overdrawn or overdone. Miss Fanny Holland, whose fair face time so lightly brushes with his wings, is as good as ever; and the pair of lovers are represented by Miss Clara Merivale and Mr. North Home. A little more animation in singing and acting would not come amiss from the young tenor. He is singularly apathetic when a charming young lady, to whom he is supposed to be engaged, rests her head upon his shoulder, and murmurs melodious nothings into his inattentive ear. But this is the way with tenors. They are so accustomed to be made love to that it seems to weary them. *Toujours pécuniaire*, they seem to sigh, as the blushing soprano creeps into their arms. But Mr. North Home has such a good actress by his side in Miss Clara Merivale that he should consider the propriety of waking up. Mr. Corney Grain's "Election Notes" is quite the best thing of the kind he has given us for some time. It keeps his audience in roars of laughter, and the folk troop out to their trams and trains with that talkative content which seems to say, "Now, wasn't it all delightful? I shall come again, and bring dear Mamma and Aunt Mary!" That is the best of all advertisements—a cheerful and contented house.

C. S.

A new east window, completed on the birthday of the Prince of Wales, has been fixed in Sandringham Church. It is filled by Clayton and Bell with stained glass of elaborate design, representing the "Crucifixion." The same artists have also recently produced a window in the church at Trumpington, near Cambridge, in memory of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., the late Postmaster-General.

Several codes have recently been devised by which persons sending telegrams may economise by using code-words expressing whole phrases. Without entering into the question whether these codes would not have been more opportune if issued before, rather than after, the reduction of charges, we content ourselves by directing attention to the "Magnet Telegraph Code," published by Messrs. Diprose and Bateman, as being a good thing of the kind. It is constructed upon a simple and methodical plan; and, as stated in the brief preface, any person ought to be able to work it with ease after having once read through the key. Besides expressing a phrase by a word, it can, by the aid of prefixes and affixes, vary and enlarge the scope of its code-words to a great extent.





THE WAR BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA: THE DRAGOMAN PASS.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. JOHN SCHONBERG.



## OBITUARY.

## THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

The most noble Sir Edward Adolphus St. Maur, twelfth Duke of Somerset, K.G., and Baron Seymour of Hache, in the Peerage of England, Earl St. Maur, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, died on the 28th ult. He was born Dec. 20, 1804, the eldest son of Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Archibald, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and succeeded to the honours and representation of the great historic house of Seymour at the death of his father, on Aug. 15, 1855. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and, as Lord Seymour, sat as M.P. for Totnes from 1834 to 1855. From 1835 to 1839 he held office as a Lord of the Treasury, from 1839 to 1841 as Secretary to the Board of Control, Chief Commissioner of Works from 1851 to 1852, and as First Lord of the Admiralty from 1859 to 1866. His Grace married, June 10, 1830, Jane Georgiana, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and by her (who died Dec. 14, 1884) had issue, two sons and three daughters: the sons were Edward Adolphus Ferdinand, Earl St. Maur, summoned to the House of Lords in his father's Barony in 1863, who died, unmarried, Sept. 30, 1869, aged thirty-four; and Lord Edward Percy St. Maur, who died, unmarried, Dec. 20, 1865, aged twenty-four. The Duke's daughters were Lady Jane Hermione Graham, of Netherby, Lady Ulrica Frederica Jane Thynne, and Lady Helen Guendolen Ramsden. By his Grace's death the Earldom of St. Maur, conferred on him in 1863, becomes extinct, but the hereditary honours devolve on his brother, Lord Archibald, as thirteenth Duke, who was born Dec. 30, 1810, and is unmarried.

## SIR EDWARD BLACKETT, BART.

Sir Edward Blackett, sixth Baronet, of Matfen Hall, Northumberland, J.P. and D.L., died on the 23rd ult., at his seat near Newcastle. He was born Feb. 23, 1805, son and heir of Sir William, the fifth Baronet, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford. Early in life, he was Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards. He succeeded his father Oct. 27, 1816. He married, first, May 1, 1830, Julia, daughter of Sir Charles Monck, Bart., of Belsay Castle; secondly, Oct. 16, 1851, Francis Vere, widow of Mr. William Henry Ord, M.P., and daughter of Sir William Loraine, Bart.; thirdly, June 15, 1875, Isabella Helen, daughter of Mr. John Richardson, of Kirklands, county Roxburgh; and fourthly, Aug. 5, 1880, Alethea Rianette Anne, daughter of General Scott. By his first wife (who died June 25, 1846) he leaves three sons and three daughters. Of the former, the eldest, now Sir Edward William Blackett, seventh Baronet, Major-General (retired), Lieutenant-Colonel Reserve of Officers, Knight of the Legion of Honour, was born March 22, 1831, and married, Nov. 23, 1871, the Hon. Julia Frances, youngest daughter of Kenelm, seventeenth Lord Somerville, by whom he has issue.

## SIR WILLIAM ROSE.

Sir William Rose, K.C.B., of Leiston Old Abbey, Suffolk, Clerk of the Parliaments, died on the 19th ult. He was born July 19, 1808, a younger son of the Right Hon. Sir George Henry Rose, G.C.H., M.P., of Sandhills, Hants, at one time Envoy Extraordinary at Berlin, and brother of the late Lord Strathnairn. The office of Clerk of the Parliaments was held, not only by the deceased gentleman, but also by his father and grandfather. The latter, the well-remembered George Rose, was the friend and colleague of William Pitt. Sir William was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and acted as Deputy-Clerk of the Parliaments from 1848 to 1873, when he was promoted to the office of full Clerk. The decoration of K.C.B. he received in 1866. He married, March 15, 1856, the Hon. Sophia Thellusson, daughter of John, second Lord Rendlesham.

## SIR W. M. COGHLAN.

General Sir William Marcus Coghlan, K.C.B., Royal Artillery, J.P. and D.L., died on the 26th ult., at his residence at Ramsgate, in his eighty-third year. He was son of Captain Jeremiah Coghlan, R.N., C.B., was educated at Addiscombe, and entered the Indian Artillery in 1820. His commission of General bears date 1877. He served with distinction in Scinde, Afghanistan, the siege of Ghuznee, at Cabul and Candahar, and at the capture of Khelat. He commanded a column of troops against the Arabs in 1858, and carried the fort of Sheik Othman by storm. He married, in 1832, Mary Jane, daughter of Captain John Marshall, R.N. The decoration of Knight Commander of the Bath was conferred on him in 1864.

## MR. TRISTRAM KENNEDY.

Mr. Tristram Kennedy, formerly M.P. for the county of Louth, died on the 20th ult., at Charleville, Weston-super-Mare, in his eighty-first year. He was seventh son of the Rev. John Pitt Kennedy, Rector of Donagh and Balteagh, by Mary, his wife, only child of Major Thomas Carey, of Lough Ash, in the county of Tyrone. He sat in Parliament for the county of Louth from 1852 to 1857, and again from 1866 to 1868. He married Helen, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, of Cossington, and leaves issue. Of Mr. Tristram Kennedy's brothers, the eldest, Mr. Pitt Kennedy, of Lough Ash, was a Commissioner of Bankruptcy; the fourth, Colonel John Pitt Kennedy, was Military Secretary in India to Sir Charles Napier; and the eighth, Dr. Evory Kennedy, of Belgard Castle, in the county of Dublin, a distinguished physician, was at one time President of the College of Physicians of Ireland.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General Sir Henry Ferguson Davie, Bart., of Creedy Park, Crediton, on the 1st inst. His memoir will be given next week.

Lady Anne Legge, daughter of the third Earl of Dartmouth, on the 23rd ult., at Holmwood Lodge, Dorking, aged eighty-eight.

Mr. Richard Laycock, of Hallgarth House, in the county of Durham, at his residence near Wintates, on the 19th ult., aged eighty-two. He was a colliery owner, and a magistrate for the county of Durham.

Helen Jane, Dowager Lady Dancer, widow of Sir Thomas Bernard Dancer, sixth Baronet, of Modreeny, and only child of Mr. John Johnstone, of Ballee, in the county of Down, at Bath, on the 5th ult., aged sixty.

Frances Louisa, Lady Somerville, widow of Kenelm, seventeenth and last Lord Somerville, and daughter of Mr. J. Hayman, on the 18th ult., at 24, Granville-place, Portman-square, in her eighty-second year.

Major-General Frederick William Graham, late Bengal Staff Corps, on the 12th ult. He served with credit in the Burmese War, 1852-3, and throughout the Indian Mutiny; was wounded at Lucknow; frequently mentioned in despatches. Medal with two clasps.

The Hon. John Smith, LL.D., C.M.G., formerly Professor of Chemistry in the University of Sydney, and for fifteen years practical Minister of Education for the colony of New South Wales; a member, since 1874, of the Legislative Council, and President of the Royal Society.

Louisa Lady Rolle, of Bicton Park, Devon, on the 20th ult., at her seat near Exeter, in her ninety-first year. She was the daughter of Robert, Lord Clinton, and widow of John, Lord Rolle, who died over forty years ago. Lady Rolle was chiefly instrumental in founding the Bishopric of Truro, her contribution to the fund being a donation of £40,000.

Mr. Ludovic Walter Campbell, of Carse and Drimmachlach, Argyllshire, on the 18th ult., at Gibraltar, in his forty-second year. Son of the late Dugald Campbell, an officer in the 72nd Highlanders, by Helen Sutherland, his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Ludovic Colquhoun, of Luss.

The Rev. Thomas Pearse, B.D., Rector of Fittleton, Wilts, on the 25th ult., aged sixty-nine. He was formerly Fellow and Vice-President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and was presented to this living (in the gift of his college) in 1855. He held also the offices of Rural Dean and Diocesan Inspector of Schools, and was greatly beloved alike by rich and poor.

General James Edwin Williams, late of the Madras Army, recently at Glentworth, near Cheltenham, aged eighty-two. His first commission was in 1820, and his first service in the Burmese War of 1825. He commanded the Madras force at Mhow, 1850-1, was Brigadier at Jaulnah, in 1852, and had the command of the Southern division of the Madras Army, 1864-5. He attained the rank of General in 1870.

Dr. Thomas Andrews, LL.D., F.R.S., for many years Vice-President of Queen's College, Belfast, and Professor of Chemistry there, on the 26th ult., in his seventy-first year. He was distinguished for scientific attainments, and was chosen President of the British Association at its meeting in Glasgow, 1876. Dr. Andrews was author of "Studium Generale," a chapter on contemporary history; "The University of London"; and "The Church in Ireland," another chapter on contemporary history.

## MUSIC.

Last week's Saturday afternoon Popular Concert included the appearance of Signor Bottesini and Miss Fanny Davies. The gentleman displayed his marvellous executive skill as a contrabassist in two movements from his own concerto in F sharp minor. Miss Davies's great success at the first Crystal Palace Concert of the new series, and at a recent Monday evening Popular Concert, has already been recorded by us. On Saturday her cultivated powers as a classical pianiste were again displayed, with the same result as before. Mr. Maas was the vocalist.

Last week's "London Ballad Concert" (the first of the twentieth season) drew a large audience, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. Many songs and ballads, old and new, were excellently rendered by Madame Trebelli, Misses M. Davies, Damian, and E. Rees; Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Poli, and Mr. Maybrick. Among the newer productions were Maude Vallerie White's "Bonnie Lesley" and Stephen Adams's "The Soldier's Good-bye," assigned, respectively, to Miss M. Davies and Mr. Maybrick. The good part-singing of Mr. Venables' choir, and brilliant violin-playing by Madame Norman-Néruda, and pianoforte solos by M. De Pachmann, formed agreeable features of the evening.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon included the first performance there of a concerto of Handel's for the harp, with accompaniments for two flutes and stringed instruments. The work, although not of very special importance, was an interesting revival. The harp part was very finely played by Mr. E. Lockwood. The other instrumental pieces call for no comment. Miss Amy Sherwin contributed vocal pieces with much success.

The Scotch ballad concert given at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening was a great success. A long selection of vocal music of a national character was effectively rendered by Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Santley, and other eminent vocalists, and the Glasgow Select Choir, conducted by Mr. J. M. Craig. Another celebration of St. Andrew's Day took place on the evening of the day itself (Monday) at the Royal Albert Hall. Mr. Sims Reeves sang with his usual success, and effective vocal performances were also given by other eminent artists.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts closed their season on Monday night with a special performance, for the benefit of M. Rivière, the conductor. In celebration of St. Andrew's Day, the programme was partly of a national character.

M. Gounod's great oratorio, "Mors et Vita" (first produced at the Birmingham Festival last August), was given at the second of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening. The earliest hearings of the work, after its production at Birmingham, were at concerts of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on the 4th and 14th of last month. The great impression produced on each occasion was recorded at the time. In last Tuesday's performance the solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The performance (very ably conducted by Mr. Mackenzie) was a remarkably fine one in all its details, and served to prove that the work deserves all the encomiums bestowed upon it on previous occasions. There was a very large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave the third of their vocal recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday.

The third (and last but one) of the series of Brinsmead Symphony Concerts takes place this (Saturday) evening, when the programme will include M. Saint-Saëns' septuor for solo trumpet, pianoforte, and stringed instruments.

A site near Charing-cross is said to be provisionally secured for the erection of a new concert-hall, intended to hold about 4000 people, and designed for the performance of high-class orchestral and choral music, at moderate charges of admission.

Miss Philp, the well-known song composer, died last week. She was much esteemed personally as well as professionally. A brief memoir of her is given on page 582.

"Hoodman Blind" was performed for the hundredth time at the Princess's Theatre last Saturday night. This play, it may be added, was remarkably well received at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on Monday last.

The new Japanese Village, which has been erected at Albert-gate, Hyde Park, on the site of the village which was some months ago destroyed by fire, was opened on Wednesday. The space covered by the new village is twice as large as that which was occupied by its predecessor.

## DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill* is a fair average number. "Court Royal" provides us with the usual stock of sensations, culminating in the sudden and mysterious indisposition of the Duke. "Rainbow Gold" is concluded in very satisfactory style. The Psychological Society is responsible for "Dolly's Dream," a tale of "Telepathy," very well told. The new star in Andromeda occasions a disquisition on the occult causes of stellar conflagrations. "Superfine English" is a not unneeded protest against the pedantry of purists in language. If even a barbarism can fight its way in, it is better to let it remain. We do not think, however, that this is yet the case with the atrocious vulgarism of "predicate" in the sense of "predict"; and the disuse of "talented" is a proof that an intruder, even when apparently established, may yet be expelled.

The *English Illustrated* is great in illustration, as befits a Christmas number. Three lovely heads by Burne Jones, Watts, and Sir F. Leighton, charmingly engraved, are alone worth the cost of the number. "Sir Roger De Coverley" is illustrated with spirit, though we cannot think the artist's conception of Sir Roger himself very satisfactory; and Mr. Furniss's sketches of eminent members of the House of Lords are most lifelike, if little flattering to our hereditary legislators. The literary interest of the number is summed up in two tales—Mrs. Oliphant's "Dr. Barrère," a powerful story by an experienced hand; and Miss Clementina Black's "Captain Lackland," a miniature romance of the eighteenth century, written, like "Esmond," in a style delicately savouring of the epoch, and in every point of view a true work of art.

The most important contribution to an off number of *Blackwood* is a record, by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, of the unsuccessful attempt of Russia in 1861 to obtain possession of the Japanese island of "Trusina," as a convenient harbour in the North Pacific; which attempt, Mr. Oliphant is confident, will be repeated. "The Crack of Doom" continues very entertaining. The publication of Lady Martin's work on Shakspeare's female characters suggests a eulogy of the actress, too indiscriminating to merit the name of criticism.

Mr. Black's "White Heather" attains a satisfactory conclusion in *Longmans' Magazine*, where Mr. Theodore Bent turns his experience of the Cyclades to account in a powerful sketch of a female missionary's uneasy mother-in-law. This old witch would have appreciated the love of keepsakes as expounded by Mr. Grant Allen, who, with misplaced ingenuity, as it seems to us, traces the origin of mourning rings and the like to barbaric superstitions connected with the dead. "Poor Dick Warrington" is a pathetic tale. The "early essayist" discussed by Mr. Watts is the Spaniard Menia, who had very sound ideas on the subject of gravitation.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a somewhat oracular article on the "Coming Contests of the World," which may be summed up in the prediction that Russia, excluded from the Balkan Peninsula by Germany, will press upon us in India, wherefore we must keep Egypt. Mr. Caillard's paper on the "Bulgarian Imbroglio" is interesting as a contribution from the Turkish point of view; but, being written at Constantinople, is by no means up to date. There is a gratifying agreement between Lord Castletown and Mr. Rathbone as to the causes and cure of Irish disaffection. Their remedies will hardly secure a hearing at present; but, when Mr. Parnell's methods have failed, their turn may come. Mr. Child's portrait of the American press is unflattering. "Vamadeva Shastin's" style is more like Mr. Traill's than anything that we should have expected from "a Hindu with somewhat conservative and old-fashioned Brahmanic ideas." Mr. Macdonell points out what might be the function of a genuine caucus, but fails to distinguish between this extremely rare form of the article and the little knots that usually control it.

The *Nineteenth Century* contains numerous articles, but only two of any considerable interest. Professor Huxley directly traverses all the statements and all the implications of Mr. Gladstone's recent essay on the geology of Genesis; and Professor Seeley prescribes modern history and modern languages as remedies for our "insular ignorance." A third Professor, Mr. Max Müller, keeps the torn banner of the solar myth flying, and calls Mr. Gladstone to order from a different point of view to Professor Huxley's. Prince Kropotkin's plea for the teaching of geography, Mr. Yves Guyot's optimistic view of the French elections, and Miss Constance Fletcher's elegant essay on Leopardi, are all interesting; but, as a whole, the number wants weight.

Mr. Henry James's and Mrs. Oliphant's novels are ably continued in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has also very interesting papers on "Life in St. Petersburg" and "Southern Colleges and Schools," the latter giving a most favourable account of Jefferson's great legacy to his State, the University of Virginia. The Christmas number of *Harper* is exceedingly readable, full of good illustrations to good contributions. Mr. G. H. Boughton, so popular as an artist, succeeds well in what we take to be his first literary venture, "Wyven Moat." "Esther Feveler" is another good story, and "The Garrothers," is a very amusing farce.

"A Girton Girl" is concluded in *Temple Bar*, where "Mitre Court" is very effectively continued. There are three good biographical papers on very dissimilar characters—Auber, the composer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the Rev. John Russell, "the hunting parson." Ghosts are decidedly in the fashion. They have two tales to themselves in the *Argosy*—one susceptible of a natural explanation, the other not.

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

Mr. W. Stott has been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists.

The Company of Goldsmiths have given £100 to the missionary work of the Religious Tract Society.

A fine specimen of the white-tailed eagle has been shot on the Duke of Edinburgh's estate near Ashford, Kent.

At the meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers on Tuesday, a proposal was discussed for throwing open a view of the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral by removing the buildings on the east side of St. Paul's-churchyard. Notice of motion on the subject was given for the next meeting.

Upwards of two hundred discharged prisoners, all of whom had been convicted of felony, were on Tuesday night treated to supper by the St. Giles's Christian Mission, Little Wild-street. A meeting was afterwards held, Lord Coleridge presiding, at which his Lordship, Mr. Howard Vincent, Mr. Justice North, and others addressed those assembled.

Professor Huxley presided on Monday, for the last time, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society. He sketched the work done by the Fellows in their various investigations during the past year. The last twelve months, he said, exhibited no slackening in the accelerated speed with which the physical sciences had been growing during several decades. He believed that in the twentieth century the interpenetration of science with the common affairs of life, so marked a feature of our time, would be immeasurably closer. Professor Stokes was elected president for the ensuing year, and Lord Rayleigh one of the secretaries.





ON THE CASTLE AT SCUTARI, ALBANIA.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



ON THE CASTLE AT SCUTARI.

So far, the disturbances in the Balkans have caused but little stir in Scutari, for news travels slowly in Albania; and all accounts of the fighting and its political significance either come to Scutari from the Italian newspapers, or filter, in contradictory and embroidered rumours, through the tribes of the interior. The Sultan has an imposing force stationed in North Albania, in case the Montenegrins should consider the moment a favourable one for rectifying the frontier without the aid of Commissioners. In the case of Montenegro, this is no unnecessary precaution, for in that Principality every man is a soldier, and Prince Nicolas has but to raise his standard for the Black Mountaineers to flock to him from every stony upland village. As for the Albanians, they are always ready; and enter upon or terminate their little border wars without the ceremony of asking Turkish leave. In the old days, when Montenegro and Albania were but names on the map to the generality of foreigners, a bazaar quarrel or a blood-feud often set the marches in a blaze; and the Montenegrin habit of making a "tchéta," or raid, upon the rich Albanian lowlands caused the loss of many lives on both sides. As a matter of course, when the Black Mountaineer had exhausted the scanty subsistence afforded by his native rocks, he descended to the plains, and endeavoured to supply his wants by robbing his Albanian neighbour. These "tchéts," and the conflicts resulting from them, were quite distinct from the Turko-Montenegrin wars, and were looked upon by both Slav and Albanian as the natural results of living near the frontier. Sometimes, too, on bazaar-day, when the Montenegrins came across the lake in their "londras" to attend the market at Scutari, a dispute over a bargain led to high words, and high words to the arbitrament of the pistol and yataghan, ever ready in the belt; and, if the Montenegrins were in any number, the bazaar quickly became a battle-field and every shop a fortress. On one occasion, at Podgoritz, some years ago, an Albanian having been shot by a Montenegrin, the relatives of the murdered man announced their intention of shooting every Montenegrin who came to the bazaar; and a sanguinary fight ensued, in which many were killed, and which was the cause of a desultory border war, lasting several months.

On the Castle at Scutari, as represented in our Artist's drawing, the victims of some such border foray are sitting, looking out over the broad still lake, to the mountains of Montenegro, far away in the evening mist. The sun has just set; and on the minaret of the mosque, in the bazaar below, the Muezzin is chanting the summons to the faithful for the evening prayer. Upon the Castle parapet stands a Montenegrin lady, straining her eyes towards the slowly-fading mountains, where her husband mourns her captivity; beside her sits a young girl, in a despondent attitude, turning away from the sight of the home she may not visit. Near them stands, in chains, a peasant, or small farmer, of the Black Mountains; he also is looking towards the crags that he rashly left to join in the incursion on Albanian territory, and is mourning the hard fate that has put him in fetters. Below them, an Albanian mountaineer sits calmly upon the steps leading down to the ancient fortress. With his cherished rifle laid across his knees, he is leisurely blowing rings of white smoke from his cigarette into the still air. He gives but little heed to the captives, for they are unarmed; two are women, and one is in fetters; and there is no way of escape, save down the steps he guards, unless they plunge over the parapet, and down the beetling

crag which hangs above the bazaar and river—a plunge to certain death. So the Albanian guard sits and smokes, reflecting that he knows not whether some day he and the Montenegrin may not exchange places, and the guard become the prisoner, as the hand of Fate is over us all. All is calm and still. The day is dying out from the cloudless sky, and no breeze ruffles the glassy surface of the lake, shut in by its walls of sterile rock and barren mountain; while on the distant horizon the rounded slopes of the Granitza and the flat top of the Lovtchin, sacred to St. Peter of Montenegro, fade slowly into the mists of the coming night.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

In the Supplement to this week's Number will be found an interesting letter from Mr. Alfred Rimmel, jun., (son of Mr. Alfred Rimmel, of Chester, whose artistic delineations of our old towns and country places are widely appreciated), describing his observations on the banks of the Irrawaddy, where he is engaged as an officer of the steam-boat company. We have also received from Mr. Rimmel the photographs and sketches reproduced in our Engravings on another page, the subjects of which are more particularly explained in further extracts from letters written by him about six weeks ago; but it should be understood that the burning of Bahmo, an event of which he was a witness, took place at an earlier date of the reign of King Theebaw. The following passages of his writing may be sufficient for the present occasion:—

"I have told you of Mandalay. On a recent trip there I went with some of our officers to see the sights. Perhaps the most wonderful is the Great Bell, of which I send a Sketch. Its size is appalling; two of us crept underneath, and when we stood up it seemed as if we were under a chancel roof. Our chief engineer took the dimensions, and worked them out. They gave the weight as eighty-nine tons, which would make it next to the great bell at Moscow, the largest in the world. The great bell of St. Paul's, in London, is only five tons. They say, probably with truth, that this monstrous bell was cast where it now stands. I could not get any data about its age, which must be very great; but it must always have been well cared for, as there are large lumps of gold and silver let into it. Of Mandalay, you will probably have read much. It is a walled city, with great gates, and it is built in the form of a square.

"I spoke in my last about being at the taking and burning of Bahmo, and now I send a Sketch of the conflagration. There is a sand-bank on which the refugees encamped, until they found refuge on the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's steamship Kah-Byoo, which carried them safely into British territory. I send a few extracts from our log on the memorable occasion. A double watch of Europeans was set on board the steamer. We saw Bahmo burning throughout the night. Our captain had doubts about the safety of the European missionaries and the company's agent; he decided to leave me in charge of Flat No. 3, with a hundred and fifty refugees on board, and to proceed to Bahmo. These fugitives were mostly women and children. On Friday the communication with missionaries was impossible, and the steamer returned, and made fast alongside Flat No. 3. At eight o'clock in the evening a watch was set, as the night before, but the burning and cannonading continued again through the night. The next day, as coal was running short, the captain decided to return, carrying six or seven hundred refugees. We gave them free

passages, as most of them were utterly destitute. After coaling below, Captain Turndrop decided to go back and rescue the remaining missionaries and British subjects, which was done, under a hot fire. On landing we obtained permission to pass the Burmese lines, our commander carrying the Union Jack. We found everyone friendly to the English, and the desire to be under English rule seems to be universal. Indeed, when the English troops come, King Theebaw will find, as Macbeth did, that 'the tyrant's people do on both sides fight.'

"We sometimes see horrible sights on the Irrawaddy when we have passed the British frontier, though I have thought of the gibbetings which disgraced England until even recent days. The mode of execution is crucifixion; and I send a Sketch of a sickening sight I have just seen. It is very common here, but it may possibly be of service as giving a truer picture of the actual scenes at a crucifixion than we have been accustomed to. Italian and Flemish art have thrown a halo over this horrible mode of execution; and foliated crosses have been great ornaments to mediæval buildings. But here is a crucified malefactor, or a supposed one. He would seem to have been condemned for robbery, and this, I think, is always punished with crucifixion and with the breaking of legs. On such crosses as those of the thieves on Calvary, that we see portrayed in pictures, the latter operation would amount to no more than breaking the bone with a mallet or axe; but when the whole frame is so violently rent asunder, death must at once ensue. The conventional figures of the crosses are at variance with the actual facts, as the dislocation would require some such structure as the one I saw. This is only one figure out of a ghastly row of twelve on the banks of the river. The chief engineer has photographed it. The victim was a handsome man, with fine features; he just raised his head as the steamer paddled past—the last he would ever see. If we had attempted to rescue him, though he was almost in the last throes, our fate might have been as bad. There were vultures waiting sullenly by the cross, and they would hardly have to wait long. The culprit, according to his offence, is crucified in different ways. Murder, theft, or killing a bullock are equally capital crimes. In some cases, the legs are broken, and the man is left to die. In others, the victims are smeared with honey, and ants eat them alive. Those who are best off are those used as targets for the King's soldiers. There is no doubt that a few marines and an English regiment, if supported by artillery, would work a great deliverance. I was at the taking of Bahmo, and we rescued six hundred British subjects in our steamer. There is sometimes a row of men who are crucified side by side; some with their legs broken, and others not. Such cruel sights sadden a voyage of exceeding beauty, and it seems impossible to become callous to them. I shall hardly ever forget the dying look, almost of appeal, from the handsome old man, as we paddled past his cross."

After having cost upwards of £200,000, and extended over two years and a half, the strike in the Sunderland engineering trade has terminated in a compromise.

The steamer Parthia, 2035 tons, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on Monday with 764 emigrants.

Mr. John Gerrard, Q.C., has been appointed Law Adviser to Dublin Castle, a position which was in abeyance during Lord Spencer's term of office.

THE GENERAL ELECTION!!! 1885.

MENTAL and MORAL CONDITION.  
PREDISPOSING and EXCITING CAUSES.  
THE GAME of POLITICS.  
A HIDDEN DANGER.

"ELECTION FEVER."—This suggested addition to the nosological table may seem fanciful, but it is the simple expression of a fact. The brain is not merely the organ of mind, but the centre and focus of the nervous system. When the mind—that is, the brain—is inordinately excited, the nervous centres generally are thrown into a state of super-excitation, and the whole organism is in disorder. A General Election, like other popular turmoils, leaves its wrecks to drift to asylums. Besides these distinctly mind cases, however, there are body wrecks, and it is neither a far-fetched nor a chimerical idea that there may be such a malady as "Election Fever." It would be well for those who are just now suffering from disturbances caused by the excitement of the General Election of 1885 to bear this in mind, and to take measures with a view to cooling down as rapidly as possible. The game of politics, as played by professional or quasi-professional partisans, is exciting, but there is not probably any very great danger of the professional politician becoming distraught or falling into a state of fever; with all his apparent engrossment and energy, he is at heart cool and safe. It is the gambling adventurer in politics or the local Party zealot who is most likely to suffer. To such we say, look to the health of mind and body, and take prompt and effectual measures to secure relief from strain, worry, and distress, or exhaustion of any kind.—Lancet.

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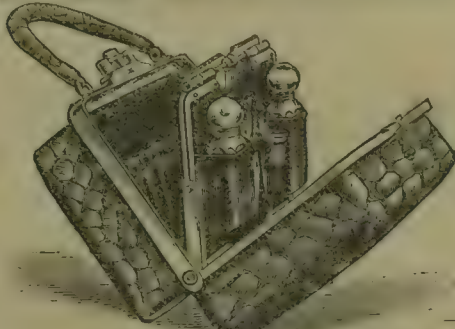
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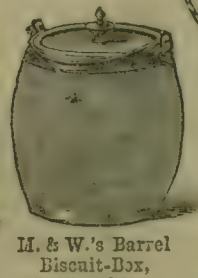
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## SIR RALPH GOSSET.

Sir Ralph AMen Gosset, late Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, died on the 27th ult. He had only retired from his office at the end of last Session, when all parties combined in bearing testimony to the exemplary manner in which he had uniformly discharged his duties. As Assistant Serjeant, Deputy Serjeant, and Serjeant, he was in the service of the House of Commons for half a century. He was only son of the late Sir William Gosset, C.B., K.C.H., sometime M.P. for Truro, and Under-Secretary for Ireland, and descended from a French family which settled in Jersey. He married, in 1835, Arabella Sarah, daughter of Sir Thomas Butler Bart., and leaves issue.

The death is announced of Miss Elizabeth Philp, the well-known composer and professor of singing, who died, after a long and painful illness, at her residence, 67, Gloucester-crescent, Regent's Park, on Thursday last. Upwards of 150 compositions have emanated from this lady's pen, including English, French, Italian, and German songs and ballads, many of which have attained a world-wide reputation. Miss Philp was born at Falmouth, in 1827, and received her education in Bristol, the latter years of which were under the care of Miss Mary Carpenter, the eminent philanthropist. Removing to London in 1848, with her parents, she pursued her musical studies under Garcia and other distinguished masters, and subsequently became a student at the Paris Conservatoire; she afterwards resided at Cologne, where she was a pupil of Madame Marchesi, and studied harmony under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. About thirty years ago Miss Philp's first song was published—"Tell Me the Summer Stars"—by Edwin Arnold; which was soon followed by others, selected from the poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Browning, Charles Kingsley, and other writers: "The Poacher's Widow," by the last-named author, being one of her most successful compositions. "What is Love?" (the words and music of which are by Miss Philp) and "Lillie's Good-Night" are frequently heard in the concert-room. Included in her literary productions is a brochure entitled "How to Sing an English Ballad," which has reached numerous editions. The funeral took place at Highgate Cemetery on Monday, the coffin being completely veiled from view by the innumerable floral tributes of affection placed on it by loving hands.



THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR RALPH GOSSET,  
AS SERJEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Sketch from memory, by Harry Furniss.

## THE LATE LIEUT. DURY.

At the storming of Minhla by the forces of the Burmah Expedition under General Prendergast, on the 17th ult., Lieutenant Dury, of the 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers, attached to the 11th Bengal Infantry, was the only officer killed, while gallantly leading on his men. Robert Ashton Theodore Dury was the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Dury, of Bonsal Leys, Derbyshire, formerly of the 10th Hussars. His family shows a long line of soldiers. His great-great-grandfather was General Alexander Dury, some time commanding the Grenadier Guards, who was killed when commanding the rear-guard of the British troops at the battle of St. Cas, in September, 1758. His son, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Dury, received a commission in the same regiment (Grenadier Guards) when a boy, and left it as Lieutenant-Colonel, having served in Holland with his regiment. A son of this officer, Captain Alexander Dury, was in the Royal Artillery, and died in that regiment when a Captain. Another son was Ensign Francis Dury, who was killed in the American War, obstinately defending the colours of the 19th, in which regiment he was an Ensign. Lieutenant Alexander Dury, a Lieutenant in the 67th Regiment, died in that regiment from the effects of yellow fever, contracted while serving with his regiment in the West Indies. An elder brother of the late Lieutenant Dury is Major Alexander William Dury, late of the 4th King's Own and 54th Regiments, who is at present on temporary half-pay from illness caused by long service in India. The General Alexander Dury above mentioned had a brother also in the service, General Theodore Dury. This family was originally a French one, and had a large property in Picardy, besides the Château de Beauregard, near Paris; but had to leave that country and seek an abode in England as Protestant refugees at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Major M'Hardy, R.E., is appointed a Prison Commissioner for Scotland.

Professor Huxley writes to the *Times* to say that his long connection with the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines at South Kensington is not at an end. At the request of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, he retains the positions of Dean and Honorary Professor of Biology in that institution. It is stated that a pension of £300 per annum has been offered to Professor Huxley, in recognition of his eminent scientific services.

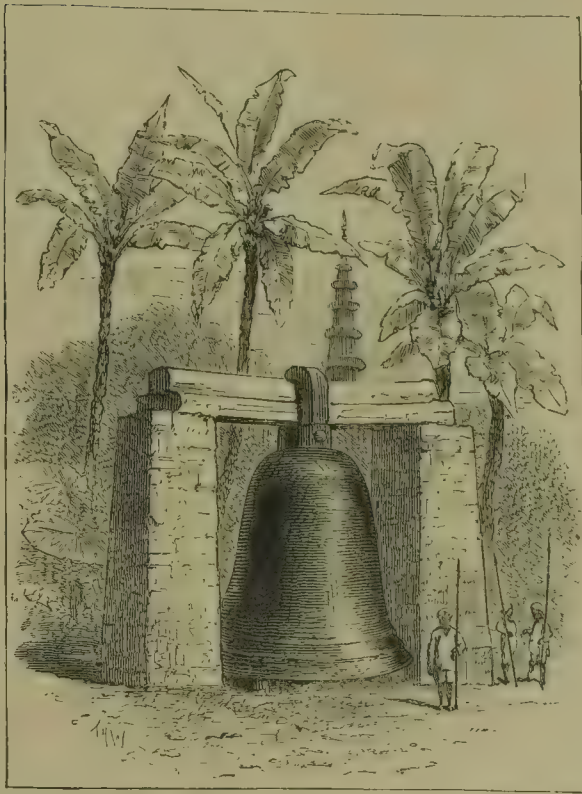


FLEET-STREET IN ELECTION TIME: THE RUSH FOR NEWSPAPERS.





THE LATE LIEUTENANT DURY,  
KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON MINHIA, BURMAH, NOV. 17.



THE GREAT BELL AT MANDALAY, BURMAH.



MR. JAFFRAY, OF BIRMINGHAM,  
DONOR OF THE JAFFRAY HOSPITAL.

#### FLEET-STREET IN ELECTION TIME.

The general anxiety to know the results of the elections last week for the metropolitan and provincial boroughs of England, was curiously shown by the crowds of people gathering at all hours, but especially in the evening, in front of the offices of several of the daily newspapers, where written papers were displayed in the windows, setting forth the numbers at the close of the poll in almost every contested place. At the corner of Whitefriars-street, the advertisement office of the *Daily News*, and, lower down Fleet-street, the

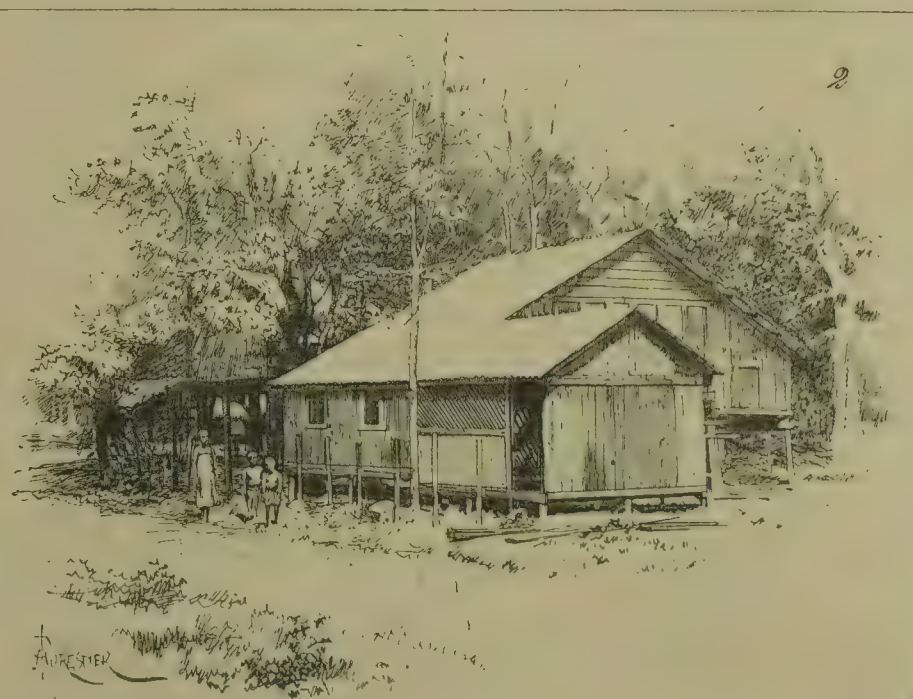
offices of the *Daily Chronicle*, and those of the *Daily Telegraph*, nearly opposite, displayed conspicuous placards in large handwriting, which were steadfastly perused by successive congregations of eager political partisans, who filled the whole width of the side-pavement, rather impeding the course of ordinary foot-passengers. The patient but firm expostulations of the policeman were too little heeded, especially when discussions arose upon the merits, or the derelictions and supposed misdeeds, of the Liberal Administration, a topic which seemed to excite unreasoning fury in minds of a violent temper. Loud-voiced orators, staggering on the kerb-

stone, were heard in the manifold hubbub of a mingled hotch-potch of controversy; but it was scarcely worth while to listen to these tumultuous commentaries in a thronged public thoroughfare of the most populous city in the world.

Lord Iddesleigh presided on Monday night at the anniversary dinner of the Scottish Corporation, and spoke highly of the value of the institution, which had continued its long career of usefulness amid the strife of parties. Among the guests was the Maharajah of Johore.



1. A Crucified Prisoner.



2. Native House at Mandalay.



3. Road near Mandalay.



4. Burning of Bahmo.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH, BY AN OFFICER OF THE IRRAWADDY FLOTILLA COMPANY.



CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 2.

Largely increased supplies of money available for short purposes have further broken down the rates of discount, until 2 to 2½ per cent has come to be the working rate, as compared with an official standard of 3 per cent. The Bank of England authorities are said to be again exerting themselves to remedy this inconvenient position, but it is open to question whether anything useful can at present be done in that way. The effect upon the exchanges of these low rates is, of course, adverse, and gold is again leaving us, while Consols, and kindred securities, are in demand, to the advantage of their prices. To some extent, foreign securities have also improved, but Spanish bonds have naturally fallen, in connection with the lamentable death of the young King. Already Spain has been kept back to the extent of many decades by internal strife, and thus frittered away her unrivalled natural resources; and it is impossible not to regard as more than probable that another period of contention will soon be entered upon. The American market has been quieter, and a moderate reaction has taken place in prices. This is very wholesome on every account, and is not against the prevalent belief that we are on the eve of an active and prosperous period.

Branch offices have been opened in Liverpool and Sydney by the Alliance Marine Insurance Company, an institution which dates from 1824.

Another private banking incident of the week is, that Messrs. T. and C. Simonds and Co., of Reading and neighbour-

hood, have resolved to register under the Joint-Stock Acts. The firm dates from 1814.

As soon as Parliamentary sanction has been obtained for the payment of interest out of capital during construction, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons will issue the capital involved in the Manchester Canal scheme.

A proposal from Baron Hirsch to advance to the Turkish Government one million sterling upon the security of the receipts of certain railways, after the manner adopted in regard to the Smyrna and Cassaba Railway, has been rejected, as involving exorbitant conditions.

For the first time, it is believed, in the history of the Stock Exchange, the returns made this year of the number of members and of authorised clerks show a decrease. Last year there were 2573 members and 1443 authorised clerks—that is, clerks able to deal in “the house” on behalf of their principals. This year the respective numbers are 2564 and 1438.

Messrs. Martin and Co., bankers, of Liverpool-street, have, it appears, decided to open branches in Chislehurst and Sidcup, where one or two of the partners have important connections. Messrs. Martin's bank must be about the oldest in London, if not in England; and the present management is marked by a degree of vigour and freedom from obsolete ways which is far from common in such cases.

On the 10th inst., the shareholders of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway will meet to receive a report from the committee which is acting on their behalf. That report has been issued in advance, and it calls for the most careful con-

sideration. By a little financial aid, and yet a little more patience, it seems as if the property could be pulled through. The floating debt is only 400,000 dolrs., and that should be paid off, and some provision made for future requirements. With the better business now in prospect, leasing terms, at present refused, may soon come to be obtainable.

The important advance in Hudson's Bay shares, which has been going on for some time now, derives very little encouragement from the report, which has just been issued, in anticipation of the meeting to be held on the 15th inst. But the fact is, that what is now taking place in Stock Exchange prices is not due to actual experience to date, but to a belief that the worst is now over, and that we are once more on the way to a time of prosperity and development, more particularly as regards land and railway matters. On the same ground, Canada North-West Land shares have risen from 2½ to 3½ within the past few days; but, as the price is still below par (3), the movement may likely enough continue for some time yet.

Arrangements are being made for the opening of the Mersey Tunnel early in January, when the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present.

The Court of Appeal has decided, on an appeal from a decision of Vice-Chancellor Bacon, that Lord Henry Scott is not a mere annuitant on the Clitheroe estate, but has the powers of a tenant for life, under the will of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

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The sun has set by the old church tower,  
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But my story is very short, lass,  
And maybe you've heard it before!  
'Tis only this, that I love thee,  
And none could love thee more."  
But she turned her head at the words he said,  
And he heard her softly say—  
"There's someone else who loves me, lad,  
Many a mile away!"

"Then good-by to my happy dream, lass,  
'Tis little that I can say,  
For the light of my life is darkened,  
Now hope has flown away.  
'Tis little I have to offer,  
But I ask one gift of thee;  
A tress of thy golden hair, lass,  
To take far over the sea."  
But she turned her head at the words he said,  
And he heard her softly say—  
"What should I say to someone, lad,  
Many a mile away?"

"Then wish me a last 'God speed,' lass,  
'Tis little enough to say;  
For never again will thou and I  
Meet in the same old way;  
'Twas little I had to offer thee,  
But just the love of my life,  
Yet I wish 'God speed' to somebody else,  
To him, and his bonnie wife."  
Then she turned her head at the words he said,  
And she laid her face on his breast,  
"Thou' there's someone else who loves me, lad,  
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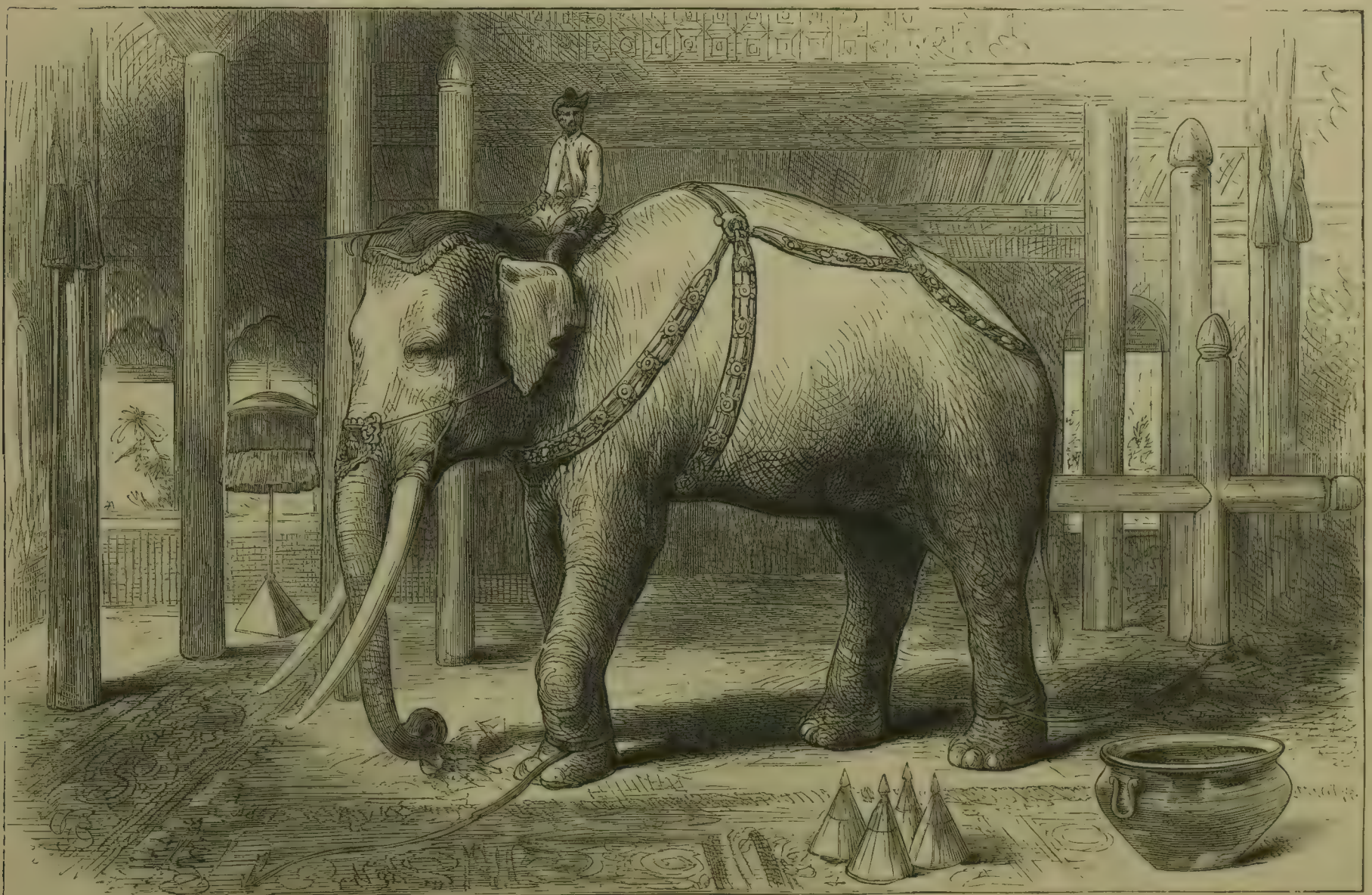
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## SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The following descriptive notes of observations made in trips from Rangoon to Mandalay, on the river Irrawaddy, were written in October by Mr. Alfred E. Rimmer, an officer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, which is employed in taking up the troops of the British Expedition:—

"I send, at your request, a few reminiscences of my recent trips between Mandalay and Bahmo. The country is delightful, and the climate very healthy. The steamer of the Irrawaddy Navigation Company, in which I am now chief officer, is a stern-paddle one; and she tows two large flat barges, one on each side. She is magnificently fitted up, and will carry fifteen hundred passengers. The great difficulty of the river is its shallowness in parts, and its swift current of five knots an hour. Sometimes we have to drive the steamer over bars which touch her bottom, and remind me very much of Mark Twain's Mississippi pilot. This steamer was herself aground for eight months last year; the swift current silted her up, and formed a rich loamy bank round her, on which the men raised a fine crop of vegetables, equal to anything in the Chester market; but now the Kah-Byoo-Fu (that is her name) is afloat, and as sound as ever. Her fittings are decidedly finer than any of the St. Lawrence steamers. The way we manage when a steamer grounds is to run out anchors, and keep heaving, and poke the sand under the steamer's bottom with bamboos, when the five-knot current soon washes the sand from under her. This you must do at once, and keep heaving, or else, on the following morning, you would be apt to find yourself on an island, and the river perhaps a quarter of a mile away.

"One of the Burmese Ministers came on board the steamer, and asked if some ladies of high rank could be accommodated as far as Mandalay. Of course, the permission was at once accorded; but, though they came in gorgeous silks and satins, the decks wanted much cleaning up after their departure; and betel-juce is apt to stain. We think the King is very much of a puppet in the hands of unscrupulous Ministers, who incite him to his extravagances. A 'white elephant' has been caught, and there have been palace rejoicings for a month. I went to see it, and it was as great a fraud as Barnum's 'white elephant.' There were a few muddy patches on its skin, and some white hairs, probably from age; but the King is wild with joy. His Majesty has found a new way to get rich. He happened to see some Indian bank-notes, and he thought he had discovered a fine way to replenish his empty exchequer. So he sent to France; and very excellent plates have been sent out; and now he will coin money to his foolish heart's content. He has a number of French and Italian employes (Englishmen will not work for him), and they dread the new currency, for they are awfully in arrears of pay.

"I rejoice greatly to think that Upper Burmah will have escaped its terrible thralldom when you are eating your Christmas dinner—for thralldom it indeed is. Eight thousand troops have been sent for, and this means the end of King Theebaw and his shocking career. His soldiers are not anything near as good as the Chinese. Of course, the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company will have the carrying of the British and Indian troops. They are building two magnificent steamers, either of which would carry troops enough to dispose of the King; and all his demands on the Trading Company—'extortions'—would be perhaps a better word.

"By the time you receive this I have no doubt that we shall be conveying troops up to Mandalay. It is a wonderful place. I suppose that its description and surroundings will be familiar to everyone, from books of geography; but few can realise its magnificence. The walls are of brick, and outside them is a grass plot running completely round, and surrounded by a moat of very great width. This is full of enormous fish, which, I believe, are sacred; and they come quietly to be fed from the hand. The officers of the company have races on the grass plots; and, for seamen, stick on wonderfully well. The Burmese pony is a curiosity, and should be introduced into English hunting-fields. It will go at anything, and if it comes to grief it will gather itself up again and go cheerfully at the next fence, however unpromising. It is not used as a draught animal or beast of burden, but nearly every Burmese has one, however poor he may be.

"I could tell you much more of the country, its people and its productions. The vegetables they grow are the same that we are familiar with in Europe, but there are, of course, many more. It seems strange according to our calendar, but the fruit, which are ripe on Christmas Day are mangoes, bananas, custard-apples, grapes, pears, apples, guavas, pines, walnuts, chestnuts, and many others for which we have no English name. The shooting is excellent; we sometimes see flocks of geese and ducks on the sandbanks; and, if we are anchored and shoot one, the others would fly round and give many more chances. I often get a nice bag of snipe, which both look and taste like the English snipe; and in the woods we can get guinea-fowl, a bird which in its wild state is almost the finest of winged game. There are also leopards and cheetahs, and occasionally large tigers, but I have not come across any yet. The fish, like those of all tropical rivers, are coarse and bony. Alligators or crocodiles are plentiful, but, as far as I can see, they are impervious to bullets—one only wakes them. Still, in the season of flood, when the country is mostly under water, they are very troublesome, and even go into the fields and take away cattle. I notice that they generally prefer the brackish water at the delta of the river. This is the land of orchids; and, as I write, the cabin is decorated with them; some, I fancy, would be of great value in England. It is said that Mr. Chamberlain gives a high price for orchids. I can get plenty for a piece of brown Windsor soap, or some scent; and the kindly native girls are so pleased to be spoken to in their own language, which I found no difficulty in acquiring, that they would bring beautiful specimens, strange to me, for hardly any consideration but thanks. King Theebaw the other day chartered one of our fastest steamers to bring a cargo of durians, or custard-apples. They are about the size of a man's head, and covered with spikes like a hedgehog. There is a repulsive odour about them, but they are very delicious when opened. They do not grow beyond 15 deg. north, and the latitude of Mandalay is 26 deg. 3 min. north."

We present Illustrations of the King's "Sacred White Elephant," which has been described on former occasions, and to which reference is made above; and the employment of working elephants in the removal of teak, which valuable kind of timber, superior to oak for ship-building, is one of the most important products of Burmah. It is sent down the river from the forests beyond the British frontier, to Rangoon and Moulmein, whence it is mostly exported to British India; and the recent dispute between King Theebaw and the British Commercial Company in his dominions had reference to the cutting of teak.

Mandalay, the Royal city and capital of Upper Burmah, founded twenty-eight years ago, with a population of 100,000, situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, is 350 miles above our frontier, and 250 below Bahmo. The city and sheltered suburbs measure four miles square. The city is three miles from the banks of the river, and is entirely commanded by the hill, on the top of which is the pagoda. The city proper is within a broad moat, on which King Theebaw has two

state barges, and there are five bridges across it. Next to the moat is a high brick loopholed wall, one mile square, on which are forty-eight pagodas, and which is backed by an earth embankment to within 6 ft. of the top. In the centre of the city is the palace, occupying a space of a quarter of a mile square, and surrounded by a high stockade and inner wall, with four entrances, and another inner stockade and wall. In the palace yard are the late King's tomb, the Mint, High Court, Tower, with bell and drum, and the celestial elephant. All the buildings, including the palace itself, but excluding the Mint, are gilded, and are of wood or bamboo. Outside the city are the Royal Monastery, the Royal Merit House, with the laws written on marble slabs, and the Yankeentoung Pagoda, to which the late King made a canal of five miles. He intended that it should surpass the celebrated Mengoon pagoda and bell, eight miles up the river. In the suburbs, besides the French Bishop and three or four priests and sisters, who look after the Roman Catholic cathedral and convent, and the well-known Italian Consul, Signor Andreino, there are thirty-nine European foreigners. Of these, twenty-three are Italians, chiefly employed by the King, four are French, two Swiss, one German, two English, and seven ladies, three of the latter being maids-of-honour to Queen Soo-Payah-Lat. On the banks of the river the King has generally at anchor one ocean steamer, two gun-boats, carrying eight guns each, and eight small steamers, all carrying the white flag and gold dragon; but there are no other defences. In Mandalay, the roads are broad and level, and in wet weather almost impassable. The garrison consists of about 1000 men, who wear a band of white muslin round their heads. The English Residency is very much as it was in October, 1879, when Messrs. St. Barbe and Phayre, with seven others, and a Sepoy guard of thirty, suddenly left for Thayetmyo. Of course, the buildings, including the church, and the school at which the present King was educated, under the Rev. Dr. Marks, have gone a good deal to ruin, although there is a Burmese guard. The alabaster font which our Queen presented lies in three pieces on the floor of the church. However, all will now be rectified. The ruby-mines and jade-stone quarries are higher up the river.

## THE LAY OF THE REJECTED ONE.

(OLD STYLE.)

BY THE LATE ALARIC A. WATTS.

My seat is gone! No more are mine  
An M.P.'s hopes and fears;  
That bench on which I'd hoped to shine,  
The hope of many years,  
I am forbidden now to see;  
Gone now each pledge and vow;  
I'm insignificant—but free;—  
I'm not a Member now.

No journals now, in columns dense,  
Will print my last night's speech,  
And make my nonsense into sense  
Of privilege a breach;  
Nor may I more,—delightful task—  
With grave portentous brow,  
My little puzzling questions ask;—  
I'm not a Member now.

Should creditors my way beset,  
Or bailiffs fell advance,  
No forty days have I to get,  
From Westminster to France:  
My privilege is gone, and when,  
With less obsequious brow,  
They call—I'm but as other men;—  
I'm not a Member now.

I dream no El Dorado dreams  
Of shares foredoomed to rise:  
Promoters in their golden schemes  
My aid no longer prize:  
No rights assailed can I protect,  
No claims advance, I throw;  
My little perquisites are checked;—  
I'm not a Member now.

No public dinners as of yore  
Refresh mine inward man;  
To Lord Mayors' feasts I go no more,  
I dine where'er I can:  
The Companies their hearts have shut,  
I mourn each altered brow;  
They'd doubtless still invite me, but;—  
I'm not a Member now.

The country editor-in-chief,  
Who vowed I'd made a hit  
Which, to the best of his belief,  
Was unsurpassed by Pitt,  
Or Fox, or Burke, or Sheridan,  
Won't now the fact allow;  
He, too, has grown an altered man;—  
I'm not a Member now.

Zet not all evil is my lot,  
No sour's without a sweet;  
Some crumbs of comfort still I've got,  
Though I have lost my seat;  
When scoff and jibe and jeer go round,  
False cheer and groan and crow,  
I'm safe at home in slumbers sound;—  
I'm not a Member now.

No Treasury Whip again will send  
His circulars to me;  
Such "calls" I've no call to attend,  
From such vile drudgery free,  
My rump-steak and my pint of port  
At home the Fates allow,  
House or no House, in peace; in short,  
I'm not a Member now.

No sturdy knaves my rest invade  
For places for their sons,  
All in a row each morn arrayed—  
Most merciless of duns.  
I've 'scaped the countless lies a day,—  
I'll here the fact avow,—  
I used to tell those beasts of prey;—  
I'm not a Member now.

I am no more a public man  
By public cares oppressed;  
Free from the blessing and the ban  
Of warring crowds I rest.  
Who screams "Free Trade!"—What is't to me,  
Who growls "God speed the plough!"  
I'm insignificant, but free—  
I'm not a Member now.

## NEW BOOKS.

In two large volumes Mr. Alfred O. Legge has undertaken the defence of Richard III., under the title of the *The Unpopular King* (Ward and Downey). The research of the writer, and the energy with which he conducts his argument do him high credit. The interest of the book is considerable, and it is impossible to read it without enlarging to a great extent one's knowledge of an important period. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that every student of the later Plantagenet period must refer to these pages. It does not follow that the student will accept all Mr. Legge's conclusions or the most important of them. If he succeeds in proving that Richard was not deformed—a truth for which actors will not thank him—he stops a great deal short of proving that he was guiltless of the worst crime that has been laid to his charge—the murder of the two young Princes. There is not, he says, a particle of trustworthy or even plausible evidence to incriminate Richard, and adds, that his ignorance of their fate can hardly be questioned. Mr. Legge confesses that the executions of Rivers, Gray, and Hastings were crimes which leave a deadly blot upon the character of Richard; yet, considering the age and the man, surely neither of these executions was the "facynerous and detestable act" provoked by "diabolical temptation," which, in his address to his army before Bosworth Field, he professed to have expiated "with strict penance and salt tears." That he was a man of extraordinary powers, needs no saying; but ambition, "by which crime fell the angels," led Richard to wade to the crown through slaughter. Mr. Legge's only explanation of Richard's "determined silence" in the face of the general report that the Princes had been murdered, is his fear of Ratcliffe and Catesby, creatures who, "however steeped in crime and intrigue, had been the executors of their Sovereign's will, and the confidants of his most secret purposes." The defence is a strange one truly. That he kept creatures steeped in crime, and was silent from fear of them, appears to be a strong confirmation of his guilt. Moreover, one is a little startled to read of Richard's Christian virtues, and that he had a strong tincture of religion and a punctilious regard for morality. No doubt, there are striking contrasts in his stormy character, and Mr. Legge is able to give several instances of the King's generous actions; but they do but serve to prove that he was a man, though a bad one, and not a monster. At the same time, we admit readily that the portrait drawn of him by the chroniclers may be exaggerated, and that some features in it would have been different if he had won the battle of Bosworth.

Books descriptive of the hunter's life among the larger game of India will always have an attraction for "home-keeping" readers. *India and Tiger-Hunting*, by Colonel Julius Barras—Series 1 and 2—(Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.), abounds with adventures of the most startling kind. They seem to have been committed to print because, when the author related them to friends, few, if any, of the listeners believed a syllable of what they had heard. This, says Colonel Barras, "was considerably mortifying, when I had carefully avoided even the most trivial exaggeration for the sake of heightening the effect." Certainly, some of these exciting tales are a little trying to one's faith, and we can but congratulate the writer on being alive to tell them. However, it must be remembered that twenty-eight years of a soldier's life in India afford time for a large amount of hazardous sport, and that what has been done through this long period is brought together and compressed within two small volumes. Colonel Barras has hunted the tiger, not from a seat in the howdah, but as a mahout seated on the elephant's neck. He seems to have studied the character of elephants with great care, and states that he has never heard of anyone besides himself "who cared enough for them to take upon himself the duties of mahout by driving them in pursuit of the wounded tigers and shooting the quarry, when come up with, from between the ears of the elephant." He considers that, for intelligence, the elephant is next to man in the animal kingdom; and observes that, while this royal beast will submit to severe punishment when he deserves it, any injury inflicted in malice or from thoughtlessness is never forgotten. The mahouts believe they understand all that is said in their presence, and can tell if their keepers are dishonest, and keep back any part of their daily ration of cakes. About one hundred pounds a month is the cost of tiger-hunting, so that the amusement is an expensive one. The danger has its charms, and when the sportsman is safe from the tiger he is sometimes in peril from his elephant. For one animal, which, according to his keeper, was a beast void of religion, who hated the English, Colonel Barras felt an unaccountable attraction. He tried to make friends with it, and, as he thought, had succeeded. One day, however, after returning the Colonel's salute, and receiving sweets from him, the animal suddenly gave a shout of rage, made a sweep at Colonel Barras with his tusks, and sent him flying into the dust, while the under keeper was hurled in another direction, and had to be carried to the hospital with broken ribs. "Fortunately," says the writer, "I was not hurt, as owing to my actually leaning on the elephant's tusk when he swooped at me, the force of the blow was lost, and I was only tossed in the air. His feet being manacled he thought he could not trample on me, and these animals are very chary of using their trunks for fighting purposes." Colonel Barras, though his talk is chiefly of tigers, had "interviews" with panthers, bears, and hyenas. To our thinking, however, his observations upon the elephant form the most interesting portion of the volumes.

Having listened to Colonel Barras's experiences in the noble sport of tiger-hunting, the reader may be recommended to take up *Reminiscences of Sport in India*, by Major-General E. F. Burton (Allan and Co.). As a sportsman, he may be said to cover a wider ground, for General Burton shoots game of all sorts, from panthers to pea-fowl, and hunted wild elephants in the days when that sport, instead of being prohibited, was encouraged by the reward of sixty rupees for every elephant killed. He relates how on one morning he shot four elephants in one wood; of adventures with bears, too, and leopards many stories are told; and, as becomes an Indian sportsman, General Burton has some terrific encounters with tigers; and in writing of man-eating tigers, he mentions that leopards and panthers are sometimes equally destructive. One leopard, for example, infested a tract of country forty miles from Nagpore for more than two years, and destroyed over a hundred women and children. In 1881, 2757 persons are said to have been killed by wild animals in India, while the cattle destroyed were above 41,000. Snakes are far more destructive to human life; and, according to the returns of 1882, 19,519 persons died from that cause. General Burton's "Reminiscences" are by no means confined to sport. He has much to say of the country and the people, of the Sepoys, and of the position occupied by our Government in India.

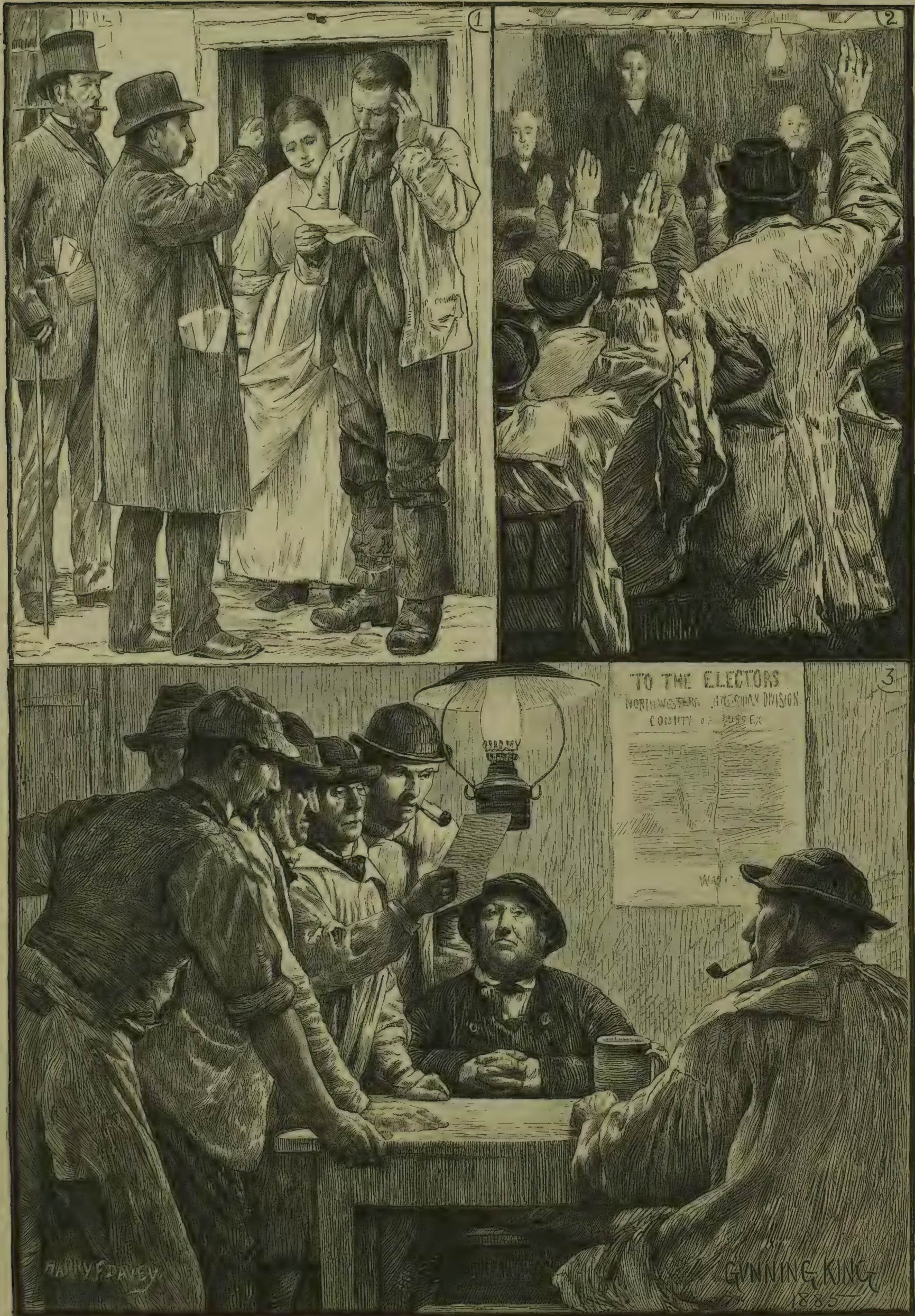
Mr. Hugh Cowie, Q.C., Recorder of Maldon and Saffron-Walden, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Durham, has been elected a member of the committee of the Inns of Court Bar Library, Royal Courts of Justice, in succession to Sir Arthur Collins, recently appointed Chief Justice of Madras.



THE MOFFATS.

the men and women who achieve great enterprises are gifted with strong faith and persistent purpose. They will not know of such a word as failure; and in proportion to the difficulties encountered does their courage seem to rise. We had a fine proof of this in the life of Livingstone, the African missionary and explorer; and now we have another illustration of the truth in *The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat, by their Son, John S. Moffat* (Fisher Unwin). These lives were one in purpose; and if Mrs. Moffat's position is necessarily less striking than that of her husband, her life was not less courageous and self-denying. Both of these good missionaries are a little old-fashioned in the Puritan phraseology they employ, but all they said, as well as all they did, bears the stamp of sincerity. Robert Moffat, like so many other notable Scotchmen, and like his own famous son-in-law, Livingstone, was the child of poor and God-fearing parents. He began life as a gardener, and at an early age obtained a position of trust. But having resolved to be a missionary, he had the good fortune to win the love of his master's daughter, whose views and feelings were like his own. To South Africa he went alone; but after a weary waiting time Mary Smith followed him, and at Cape Town became Mrs. Moffat. Their destination was Kuruman. Seven weeks of ox-waggon travelling carried them 600 miles, a journey that can now be accomplished by railway in two days. In the course of it they had to cross the Orange River, which, when swollen by rains, was a difficult feat; and we are told that, on one occasion, Mary Moffat was delayed from crossing the stream for a whole month. "It would then," says the biographer, "have been considered a wild and fantastic dream if a vision could have been presented of the splendid iron bridge which now spans the river, and is in railway communication not only with Port Elizabeth but with Cape Town." It was in all respects a hard time for missionaries, and one of their trials was the want of postal communication. A missionary at Griqua Town, for example, had to wait five years for a letter. Patience, indeed, seemed of all virtues that which was most needed by the peaceful invaders of a land sunk at that time in the most abject superstition. For years there was little sign of good being done, and constant dangers were incurred by tribal wars and by the hideous cruelties of savage warfare. Out of evil, however, came good, for the counsel and energy of the missionaries saved the people they dwelt amongst from destruction, and from that time their position was established. Still there were constant dangers to be encountered, and labours as incessant as they were arduous. More than once they were forced to fly for their lives, and, apart from direct missionary labour, every common necessity had to be provided by their hands. "You may form some idea," Mary Moffat writes, "of what missionaries have to put their hands to when I tell you that Robert was a fortnight, every day up to the middle in water, cutting thatch for the house." Far more arduous was his labour in studying a language that had no written character. Before Moffat left Africa he had translated the whole Bible and several other books in the Sechwana language, an achievement which was only to be accomplished by living alone for long periods among the natives. Meanwhile the whole aspect of the missionary station became changed, and the people proved their sincerity by the most practical of good works. When Moffat had translated some portions of the New Testament he found on reaching Grahamstown that there was no possibility of getting anything printed there, so with his MS. in his pocket he rode on horseback to Cape Town, a distance of 400 miles. No printing office, however, could undertake the work, but the Government printing office was placed at his disposal, and Moffat had to learn how to do the work himself. Ultimately, when the whole work of translation was accomplished, it was found necessary to visit England. It is impossible in a short review to convey any clear impression of the varied interest of a biography like this. Hardships of every kind were braved by the missionaries, and dangers were but lightly regarded. Then there was the separation from children or their death, and daily trials in addition such as we who live at home at ease can have no conception of. Sometimes the natives, although eager to be taught, were far from hospitable, and we read how, when travelling on one occasion, the people thronged to listen to Moffat but gave him nothing to eat, so that he was compelled to fast for nearly two days. Then, after a fifty-mile ride in rain which wetted him to the skin, he reached a hut, but as it was full of people could not change his clothes. So the missionary dried himself as well as he could by the fire, and slept with his underclothes "like a dish-clout." In the morning, another ride of fifty-five miles in a heavy storm of rain brought him home, and he adds that he took no cold from the exposure. In Moffat's own narrative of "Missionary Labours in Southern Africa," published in 1842, there are several lion stories; and in those early years lions, which are now driven further into the interior, were a constant danger. In the present volume we read that a young daughter of Moffat's was once in great danger from this cause. She went to visit her sister, Mrs. Livingstone, a journey of 200 miles, with two or three native attendants only. "Danger from man there was none. Even heathen Bechuanas were so far amenable to the Christian influences which had been permeating the country that any member of the mission families, or, indeed, any European, would have been as safe as in London, if not safer; but the country swarmed with lions." The journey was made in safety; but, on returning to Kuruman, something had been lost, and two of the men, taking the only gun in the waggon, went to look for it. At sunset, the driver unyoked the oxen, lighted a fire, and put on the kettle, while the girl rested by it. "A sudden rush was heard, the oxen galloped past the waggon, and right away, except one, which fell with a lion on his back, not fifty yards from where Miss Moffat was sitting. It did not take her long, with her maid, to jump into the waggon, where the man also took refuge. Darkness closed in, and for hours the lion could be heard tearing and crunching to his heart's content." In the morning, totally unprotected, they were forced to walk back the way they came, every moment expecting that a lion would dash out upon them. On the track they met the two men, who had been also beset by a lion, and forced to spend the night in a tree. We cannot follow the Moffats' noble career, which is throughout full of interest. For fifty years they had laboured in Bechuanaland, and more than forty of those years had been spent in the house where most of their children were born. It was, therefore, more like leaving home than coming to it when they returned to England in 1870. Mary Moffat did not live long after her arrival in this country, but Dr. Moffat died, as our readers may remember, little more than two years ago. The memorable story is told by his son with judgment and good feeling. The volume does not call for criticism, but we may express a wish that, when the second edition is published, the newspaper account of the funeral will be omitted. The world will not care to read the long list of persons who attended on the occasion, and the name of Moffat is too well known to need any commonplace testimony of this kind to his worth.





1. The Rural Voter.

2. Taking the sense of the meeting.

3. The Result of the Poll,

THE GENERAL ELECTION.





POLITICS IN THE NURSERY: THE M.P.'S DAUGHTER ADDRESSING THE ELECTORS.



## THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OILS.

The hopeful anticipations which had been formed of this year's exhibition have been scarcely fulfilled; and, with the exception of Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. Dendy Sadler, and Mr. Yeend King, there are few who add much to their already achieved reputation; whilst not a few show that the hopes for their persistent advance have a shifting foundation. In the West Gallery, Mr. F. D. Millet's "Amanuensis" (7) represents a young girl seated at a bureau writing, whilst her old father, in a buff coat and breeches, dictates from his easy-chair, before the fire. There is no less grace in the girl's simple attitude than ease in the old man's—with his pipe in one hand and glass in the other, he looks almost like a convivial Cowper dictating some of his humorous and quaint criticisms on the world in which he mingled so little. The wainscotted room, with the books scattered about in delightful confusion, contrasting with the orderly arrangement of the girl's bureau; the little feminine knick-knacks which appear on her side of the room, are rendered with exquisite skill, and are nevertheless kept in the subordinate position they should occupy in reality. Of still greater success is the same artist's larger picture in the central gallery—"The Grand-daughter" (450), a young girl, apparently an invalid, lying on a sofa of humble, old-fashioned shape. Beside her is a table covered with a white cloth, on which are her simple books, a few flowers in a brown jug, and the scarcely tasted orange. The old grandfather is quietly opening the door at the top of the stairs, and cautiously entering the young girl's room; and into his face and figure the artist has thrown plenty of expression, but in this the girl herself is wanting, conveying no idea of the invalid who makes her grandfather so anxious. The details of every little tint are scrupulously observed, but Mr. Millet has such a correct eye, is such a consummate judge of the value of tones and shades, that the most complete harmony reigns throughout the room. The shawl on the girl's couch, the sampler on the wall, the old-fashioned chair, and the simple drugget—all fall into their proper places; and neither strives to arrest the spectator's especial notice, although all deserve it. Mr. John Scott still keeps to his idealistic treatment of birds and ladies with wings. Of these, "The Ambassador" (285), a lady caressing a magpie which has brought her a lovely necklace, is the more interesting; but Mr. H. J. Stock's "Hesperus" (342) is an even greater attempt to treat real figures ideally. Mr. Dendy Sadler has managed, though not completely, to get away from the "monks of old"—and he finds in huntsmen an agreeable variety. Of these, "A-hunting we'll go" (541)—three weather-beaten, red-coated men drinking at a country inn, is the most fresh and full of movement. "The Prisoner of State" (131), an old statesman, attended by his daughter, taking the air on the castle battlements, is not so successful; and although in the red-coated warders and yellow-garbed jester Mr. Sadler finds more congenial subjects, the more important figures want dignity and character, and the view from the castle seems somewhat destitute of perspective. Mr. Napier Hemy's "Chart" (13) represents the interior of the cabin of a small yacht: the owner is carefully marking out their course along the Cornish coast—an amusement in which neither his wife nor friend seems to find much interest; and we must confess to sharing their feelings, although the technical skill displayed in the work and the effect of the light through the doorway are well managed. Mr. Napier Hemy has taken to dark tones and shadows

this year, as testified by his "Custom House at Falmouth" (302) and "H.M.S. Ganges" (616), of which the latter is the more successful. Among other sea-pieces we should mention Mr. Walter Langley's "Sunny South" (17), a bit of blue sea off the Devonshire or Cornish coast; Mr. Herbert Dalziel's "Men Must Work" (24), a fleet of fishing-boats stretching away over a green-grey sea; Mr. Alex. Harrison's "Wave" (41), very translucent and true; Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Entrance to St. Sampson's, Guernsey" (134) and "Fowey Harbour" (530), in both of which the varying aspects of the moving and sleeping sea are well rendered; Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Sound of Sleat" (632), a bold bit of Scotch sea-loch scenery, broad in treatment and rich in colour; and last, but not least, the late Mr. Mogford's "Coming Storm" (348), with its rocky headlands and tumbling sea, making us more than ever regret that one of our most sympathetic painters of Cornish scenery is no more.

The landscapes of the year are not particularly strong. Mr. David Murray, who improves in delicacy each year, sends "The Mill-Stream" (378), a pleasant little reminiscence of country life; "Solitude" (505), a somewhat grim rendering of the subject; and "A Roadside Calvary" (320), delightful in colour and very delicate in treatment, but wanting in balance. Mr. Joseph Knight's most successful work is a grass-covered craggy headland, "Two Thousand Feet above the Sea" (556), rich in colour and finely drawn, but rather overdone with those swamp-browns into which the artist too frequently leads his admirers. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's two works, "The River of Gold" (215) and "The River of Silver" (502), represent the Thames below Greenwich by sunset and in evening grey; but for ideal treatment of the Thames, we must turn to Mr. C. J. Lewis's "Old Battersea Bridge" (171), with its varied lights tinging a London haze. Among other careful or promising works we may mention Mr. Claude Hayes's "Autumn" (112), with its rich tints; Mr. E. G. Warren's "Pastoral Surrey" (124), a clever imitation of Mr. Vicat Cole's effects; Mr. G. Montbard's "Borders of the Forest" (143), a really pathetic landscape, with its hoary, branchless trees, stagnant pool, and decaying boat, beautiful in its old age, but telling the story of the past; Mr. E. Hargitt's "Dorsetshire Moor" (161), of which the beauty is marred by the heavy, solid cloud; Mr. Edwin Bale's "Skylark" (347); Mr. Webb's "Near Shoreham" (522), in both of which the far distances are well rendered; Mr. A. Williams's "Evening on Redhill-common" (365); Mr. Mole's "Sherwood Forest" (696); and Mr. Yeend King's "Ferryman's Daughter" (389), where the figure plays a very subordinate part in a landscape conceived in the best spirit of modern French art, and most gracefully poetising nature.

In figure subjects the Institute, as usual, is well supplied; and though few reach a very high level of excellence, there are many which merit attention. Mr. Solomon Solomon's "Home Scene" (78) is not very easy to interpret, but the cleverness of its execution is undeniable: on a settee in front is seated a gentleman, and beside him, leaning back, is a lady with an album in her lap, gazing at her companion. Behind, a still younger lady, with less expression, is singing, whilst an elderly gentleman stands behind her; but whether his eyes are on the music or the musician, or the pair in the foreground, it is difficult to say. His "Bacchante" (707), a dark-fleshed girl with a blue scarf, is powerful, though somewhat harsh and unpleasing. Mr. Walter Crane is as provoking as ever: there are few artists who can design more charming work, and apparently few with

half his talent who could not achieve something better than his "Laura" (718), in her long white pinafore, and her meaningless face; but both this and his "Fiametta" (761), another specimen of unlinked "sweetness long drawn out," would be doubtless effective when applied to merely decorative work. Mr. Frank Dicey is very happily represented by specimens of both his old and new fancy—the former in "The World Forgetting" (638), a young pair who have found something to talk about even more interesting than lawn-tennis—a work as simple in sentiment as it is careful in execution; whilst his later style, in which he has already made his mark, is represented by "After the Day's Run" (339), two figures in the "gun" room, just returned from a successful day's sport. Mr. Dicey's French delicacy of treatment has never been shown to better advantage than in rendering this thoroughly English phase of country life. His "Peonies" (437) have been unfortunately hung so high that it is impossible to speak of their real merits; but, seen from below, they form a superb bunch of colour kept well in tone by the dark amber curtain against which they stand. Miss J. Dealey's "Dutch Bargain" (101) is a humorous scene between two little Friesland children, where the elder attempts to palm off on the younger an ugly, broken, ill-clothed doll, in exchange for one which seems to have been a very recent acquisition. The expression of the children's faces and attitudes is excellent, and the whole setting of the scene—on the bank of some South Holland canal—natural. Happily, Miss Dealey's eye is better than her ear; otherwise, she could scarcely have misquoted the lines she attaches to her picture with so little regard to rhythm. Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Poverty" (48) is a clever rendering of two ill-clad children lying against a grey wall, and should be contrasted with Mr. George Clausen's "Little Haymakers" (498), another realistic study, where the fault seems to be that the faces are too smooth for such rough workers. We have only space to mention by name "Their Eden" (54), by the late Mr. Everton Sainsbury; "Windmills" (23), by Mr. John R. Reid; "Gone" (118), by Mr. Arthur Hacker; "Broken Faith" (208), by Mr. Canon Woodville, an episode of the Seven Years' War; a portrait (253) and "Songs Without Words" (268), by Mr. A. G. Cope; "Driving a Bargain" (280) and "Fresh Cut" (350), by Mr. Yeend King; "Old Cronies" (294), by Mr. Seymour Lucas, a trooper and parrot; "Dreamland" (316), by Mr. David Carr; "A Modest Quencher" (329), by Mr. Frank Dadd; "A Study" (390), by Mr. H. H. La Thangue; "Three Maskers" (406), by Mr. Melton Fisher; "Master F. Bonham Carter" (510), by Mr. C. L. Kennedy; "Oliver Twist" (550), by Mr. Francis Barraud; an amusing but somewhat coarse and hard rendering of "Mr. Horatio Sparkins" (647) (see "Sketches by Boz"), by Mr. Frederick Barnard; and Mr. Burton Barber's delicious "Song Without Words" (667), a fox-terrier in agony, because his child mistress will play to him and to her doll a solo on the piano.

At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland in Dublin last week, a letter was read from the Prince of Wales inclosing a cheque for twenty-one guineas, with a suggestion that it should form a prize for the Irish tenant-farmer class.

Mr. G. W. Morrison, Town Clerk of Leeds, is to be knighted, in commendation of the fact that he was the originator of the Municipal Corporations Jubilee, recently commemorated; and Dr. A. K. Rolit, late Mayor of Hull, is to be knighted, in recognition of his municipal and public services.

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## RECENT TESTIMONY.

THE Talented and Beautiful Mrs. LANGTRY writes of her experience of the AMMONIAPHONE as follows:—

"Nov. 16, 1885.  
"I find the Ammoniaphone gives a richness and roundness to the voice, and is invaluable in cases of hoarseness."

"LILLIE LANGTRY."

## MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

DR. A. S. KENNEDY, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., writes as follows:—

"The two Ammoniaphones that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the Ammoniaphone most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the Ammoniaphone at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices."

DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, in writing to the *Lancet*, says:—

"Peroxide of hydrogen (one of the principal ingredients of the Ammoniaphone) relieves the paroxysms of whooping-cough, and cuts short the disease more effectually than any other medicine; affords great relief in chronic bronchitis with dyspnoea, and in phthisis operates favourably in the early stage by improving digestion, and giving increased activity to the chalybeate remedies; while in the advanced stages it affords great relief to the dyspnoea and oppression, acting, indeed, in this respect like opium, without its narcotic effects."

PROFESSOR SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, in a lecture delivered at the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, described the Ammoniaphone in almost prophetic language. He said:—"The future conquests for them, and for the coming race of physicians, were probably to be gained by researches in pathological chemistry and therapeutics. A most extensive field for new investigations in this line lies temptingly open for the young and ambitious physician in the almost innumerable series of new chemical compounds which modern chemistry has evolved. Among this world of new compounds will probably be yet detached therapeutic agents more direct, more swift, and yet more sure in their action than any which our present pharmacopoeia can boast of. It may be also that the day will yet come when OUR PATIENTS WILL BE ASKED TO BREATHE, OR INSPIRE, MOST OF THEIR MEDICINES INSTEAD OF SWALLOWING THEM."

The AMMONIAPHONE (Harness' Patent) will be sent, free by post, to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or Cheque (crossed "London and County Bank") for 21s., and payable to C. B. HARNESSE, THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.

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MADAME ADELINA PATTI writes:—

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"Sir, Mr. Gladstone has received your letter of the 9th, and desires me to thank you for your kind offer to re-charge his AMMONIAPHONE. When exhausted, he will bear it in mind. I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
H. W. PRIMROSE."

REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN writes:—

"33, Lansdowne-road, Bedford.  
"Will you kindly recharge my Ammoniaphone? I have derived much benefit from its use; it certainly does clear the voice in a remarkable way, and enables me to get through my work, preaching two or three times a day, and sometimes oftener, with much less trouble and fatigue."

MADAME ROSE HERSEE, the distinguished English Operatic Soprano, writes:—  
"Lee Place, 102, Lee High-road, Lewisham, S.E."

"April 4, 1885.  
"Dear Sirs,—Although at one time strongly prejudiced against Dr. Carter Moffat's Ammoniaphone, I am bound by a sense of justice to say that I have found it a most valuable invention. Recently, it enabled me to conquer a prolonged hoarseness, which threatened to prevent my fulfilment of an operatic engagement. I have also tried its effects on some of my pupils, with striking success."

REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A., Queen's House, Chesham, Bucks., writes:—

"Aug. 1, 1885.  
"I have much pleasure in stating that I have derived benefit from the use of the Ammoniaphone in incipient sore throat; and Mrs. Hawes has used it with much effect, and found it impart strength and endurance to her voice."

AND THE PUBLIC IS UNANIMOUS

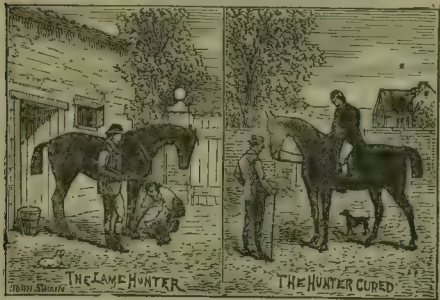
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FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.  
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.  
FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CAPPED HOCKS.  
FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.

**SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.**

**ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.**  
From Major J. M. Browne, Master of South Staffordshire Hounds

"Fosseway, Lichfield, Oct. 17, 1879.  
"Sirs,—I find Elliman's Embrocation exceedingly good for sprains and cuts in horses, and also for cuts in hounds' feet. I shall strongly recommend it to all my friends.—Yours faithfully,  
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"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in the stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.  
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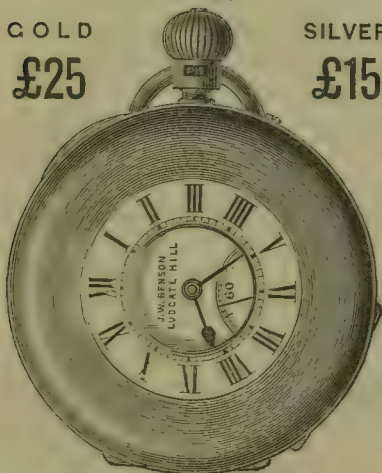


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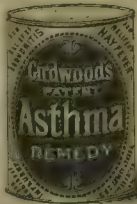
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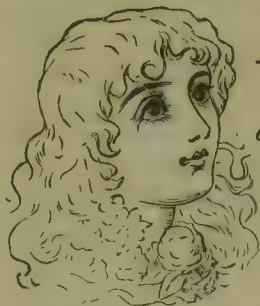


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is the most delightful Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced! A few applications suffice to render it SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE, and to remove all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c. For preserving the SKIN from the effects of the SUN, WIND, and HARD WATER, and imparting that soft, velvety feeling to the skin, this preparation has no equal! For Hot and Cold Weather it is equally INVALUABLE. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

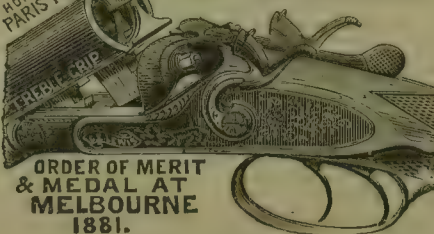


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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1885

ONE SHILLING

Published at the Office,  
198, Strand, W.C.







# Christmas Number



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., PINXIT.

ENGRAVED BY W. D. GARDNER.

## A HYMN TO CHRISTMAS.

Hail, Christmas Day! All hail, all hail!  
I welcome thee with songs of praise,  
And with due homage never fail  
To celebrate this Day of days.

What soul so dead as not to feel  
Thy gracious influence benign  
With sweet compulsion o'er it steal,  
And steep it in a joy divine?

Though coming oft mid fog and gloom,  
When Winter binds in frost the earth,  
Thy sunshine makes each heart re-bloom,  
And holiest thoughts spring into birth.

What matter though the sky be dull:  
All hail, thou Sabbath of the year!  
With Christmas recollections full,  
Prophetic of a purer sphere.

And hark! what sounds are these I hear?—  
A flutter, sure, of angel wings,  
And angel voices, low yet clear,  
That breathe to me of heavenly things.

Lo! many a family, scattered wide—  
Disjoined, alas! by coldness, too—  
Around one hearth at Christmas-tide,  
The love of auld lang syne renew.

The poorest cottagers their hoards  
Of treasured things turn out, and all  
Bedeck their homes and spread their boards,  
Obedient to thy cheery call.

In honour of this blessed day  
The workhouse steams with bounteous fare;  
And Christian Pity finds a way  
To succour Want and dull Despair.

Then let us raise a hymn of praise,  
And with due homage never fail  
To celebrate this Day of days:  
Hail, Christmas Day! All hail, all hail!

J. L. LATEY.



## Mr. Blodgers' Apology.

BY JAMES PAYN.

My Aunt Adela, in addition (I am happy to say) to much other and more valuable property, possesses a little dog called "Carlo." It is not true, as some assert, that to admire this animal is a passport to her favour—although to show any dislike to him would undoubtedly be to lose it. "Love me, love my dog" is her motto; but you may love him, or (to put my own case) you may not dislike him so much as you dislike Aunt Adela, and yet not be (like my cousin Agesilaus) her pet nephew. Some people seem to have affections only to bestow them in the wrong quarters; they have pets, but not the right pets. However, to my tale, or rather to Carlo's, which is quite straight. It used to be curly until a certain catastrophe happened to it last November: it was run over by an enormous dray and, so to speak, ironed out. Thank Heaven, I had nothing to do with *that*! Elizabeth, my aunt's maid, an old-fashioned person, who, having been "in the family" for a quarter of a century, was thought worthy of the sacred trust, was taking him out for a ramble. Newly washed and woolly white, he was attached to her (it was supposed firmly) by a silken string, and she had a hook to her umbrella to restrain him in extreme cases, which caused her to resemble a shepherdess with her lamb; but all these precautions proved useless. He escaped from her custody with the terrible result I have described.

Elizabeth protested that she "scarcely took her eyes off the sweet dog" (he is a nice dog enough, but his mistress will give him meat meals, and therefore he is not sweet), "and only turned her head to read a tract in a shop window"; but I know better. Three troops of dragoons went by, and *that*—as might have happened to a much older and uglier woman—turned her head.

To conceal from her mistress the fact of Carlo's tail having become straight was of course impossible; you might as well have tried to deceive a vigilant auditor of accounts by showing him a one for an eight; and my aunt's distress of mind was indescribable. The winter, she said, had indeed set in with severity for her; and Christmas would not be the Christmas of old time. As that was the only occasion on which she was wont to open her purse-strings to her younger relatives, I sincerely trusted that this statement might be a poetical one, or that, at all events, there would be no change in that particular custom. "Never again," she averred, "should that little angel go out of her sight into the wicked, cruel world"; and henceforth, forbidden the back garden, Carlo passed his outdoor time on the drawing-room balcony.

From there, at first, "his sober wishes never learnt to stray"; his thoughts were entirely occupied upon his tail, which, though lost to sight (for it was too stiff and painful to be wagged into view), was never absent from his memory. He knew it was there; and the problem that occupied his mind was, why had it become invisible? Presently, as it recovered tone, though never shape—it always stuck out like a lion's tail over a public-house—he caught sight of it, and then its marvellous metamorphosis puzzled him even more than its disappearance had done. He remembered the operation, no doubt; but probably ascribed it to some phenomenal intervention of Nature—the fall of a mountain, or even of a comet. At times, however, I used to think some rudimentary idea of the Darwinian theory would cross his mind; for, after long fits of abstraction, he would shake his head, and begin to trot about quite cheerfully, as if content to obey the Universal Law.

After a while, when it ceased to remind him of its existence, he forgot all about his tail, and concentrated his intelligence upon schemes of escape from his balcony. Although not so intelligent as Baron Trenck, he was quite as persevering; the earth was frost-bound, and even if it had been fit for engineering operations he couldn't have got at it. For weeks he watched at the little gate that opened upon the steps which led into the garden; and after about 5000 observations—about the number of times it was shut in his face—came to the conclusion that it was not intended for canine egress. He then turned his attention to the front railing, and, squeezing with great difficulty through its bars, would stand for hours with his head out (for it was a very tight fit and not therefore worth his while to withdraw it in a hurry) and contemplate the drop of eighteen feet or so. Aunt Adela would have it that it was the beauties of nature that attracted him; the icicles on the trees, the snow-wreaths on the evergreens, &c.; but Carlo was not such a fool as *that*: I repeat, and, indeed, the event proved it, he was calculating the drop. Failing to make this less by looking at it, the astute animal tried the left-hand railing which separated my aunt's balcony from that of her neighbour, and emancipated himself at the first trial. The drawing-room door was open, and in two minutes Carlo had scuttled through the house and into the street. The exact date of his emancipation, if, like the Baron, he had kept a diary, would have been entered as Dec. 17, 1884.

It is amazing, considering all the talk about the sagacity of our "four-footed friends," how eagerly they seize upon the first opportunity to leave the lap of luxury for a life of exigency and want. They never seem to know when they are well off, and in this respect have no counterparts for folly among human kind except in boys who run away to sea, and in a few well-to-do and worthy men who aspire to be members of Parliament. My pity for Carlo was sincere, for though folk without home and friends in a great city are said to be treated "worse than dogs," even for dogs it is not pleasant in winter-time; but I confess it was mitigated by the reflection that such a consummate little idiot hardly deserved to be comfortable.

Aunt Adela, however, was in despair. She always used to express a withering scorn for advertisements, and wonder how "anyone in their sober senses" could think of being influenced by them: "for her part, she bought things when she wanted them, and not because people she knew nothing about tried to persuade her to buy them"; but now she became what the Salvation Army term a "prisoner to the faith" in them. She seemed to think of nothing else; "Advertise, advertise, advertise," was her one cry. I ventured to remark that that business was, with a few exceptions, conducted on the ready money system; upon which, exclaiming that my cousin Agesilaus (the pet) would never have mocked a sacred sorrow with any such sordid observation, she flung me her purse and burst into tears.

There was only three-and-sixpence in it, which does not go far in the way of world-wide circulation, but I invested it judiciously in a most respectable print, and within four-and-twenty hours it produced a Dog Stealer.

Never had Acacia Villa, the haunt—indeed the home—of peripatetic preachers and missionary matrons, opened its doors, especially at Christmas-time, to such a visitor. One cannot say his dress was unseasonable, but it was certainly peculiar. He wore a fluffy overcoat with pockets large and numerous enough to hold a whole pack of Carols, velvetten dittoes, an immense red woollen scarf, and a sealskin cap. A short pipe was in his mouth. The nails in his boots not only left such impressions upon the snow on our gravel walk as it seemed no thaw could ever erase, but upon the tiles in the hall,

and he called Elizabeth, who opened the door to him, "my dear."

Nevertheless his card, with "Mr. William Blodgers, dog fancier, Whitechapel," upon it, procured him an interview with Aunt Adela at once. The herald that brought tidings of her lost darling was welcome in any shape.

I had the honour to be present at the interview.

Aunt Adela wept tears which might have been pearls so far as cost was concerned, for I am convinced that Mr. Blodgers increased his price for everyone of them.

"Had *he* the little dawg?" Gracious goodness! (he was much more emphatic in his ejaculations than *that*) what could have put that into the good lady's head? He had only a fancy for little dawgs, and having chanced to see this 'un in the neighbourhood, had looked in to say so. Notwithstanding, he didn't doubt that, in case parties acted honourable and in a liberal spirit—i.e., if no questions were asked and a ten-pound note were to be paid—Carlo would be forthcoming.

"But if I were to give you a ten-pound note," objected Aunt Adela, "which is a great deal of money, how do I know that I should ever get my dog?"

Mr. Blodgers drew himself up with dignity, and smote his mole-skinned breast.

"My word, Mum," he replied, "is as good as my bond."

Aunt Adela rubbed her mittened hands gently together and looked exceedingly embarrassed; it was necessary for her to repress the reply that rose naturally to her lips in connection with the value likely to be attached by any responsible body (such as the Committee of the Stock Exchange or the Ecclesiastical Commissioners) even to Mr. Blodgers' bond.

"Moreover," continued that gentleman, "unless I have the money, you may take your davey that you will never see that there dawg again."

This last sentence had all the force of a postscript to a lady's letter. It contained the gist of the whole matter. I could read in the workings of Aunt Adela's face that she was picturing to herself unspeakable alternatives: *imprimis* her Carlo put to death in default of ransom, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, as among Italian brigands, and his skin sent to her by the parcel post.

"What do you think, John?" she murmured to me, beseechingly.

I had heard her so many times dilate upon the miserable evils produced by human weakness, and on the duty incumbent on us to resist to the uttermost all temptation to palter with eternal principles, that I was not at all surprised that she thus shifted to my shoulders the responsibility of compounding a felony. She believed, as I well understood, that a young man of my easy-going disposition would have no more scruples on this matter than on any other, but would advise her as she secretly wished to be advised.

Nor was her confidence misplaced. "It appears to me, my dear aunt," returned I, "that you have no choice but to trust to Mr. Blodgers' word."

From a secret depository in her desk (which I have never seen opened on *my* account) she produced what her spiritual adviser, the Rev. Habbukuk Hornblower, would undoubtedly have stigmatised the "wages of sin," a beautiful crisp ten-pound note, and handed it over with a sigh to Mr. Blodgers. That gentleman examined it critically, holding it up to the light—not, as he explained, that he had any doubts about the watermark, but because he objected to any marks whatever that tended to identification—and thrust it into his pocket.

"And when shall I have Carlo back again?" pleaded Aunt Adela. "To-night? Oh, I do hope to-night."

"Well, Mum, I will not deceive you. I have, you see, not myself got the dear little dawg. I only knows the party as has got him. But to-night, or to-morrow night at furthest, I hope to return him to your loving arms."

Mr. Blodgers' words were poetic, but he had not what is called among the clergy "a good delivery." His voice was hoarse to gruffness, and he had a habit, which would have been fatal to pulpit eloquence, of wiping his mouth at uncertain intervals with the back of his hand. "I should like," he concluded, with a certain hesitation which, however, had nothing of the character of bashfulness in it, "before leaving this here house, to drink that dear little dawg's health." My aunt pointed to the cellaret, and I poured him out a glass of marsala. It is a liquor which she often gives to me; and I thought it would certainly be good enough for Mr. Blodgers. He tossed it off without reflection; but seemed immediately to repent of his precipitancy.

"I am sorry to be so troublesome, young gentleman," he said, "but after *that* I must ask for a glass of gin."

The gesture that accompanied the request made it evident that it would not be the mere drinking for drinking sake, but that he stood in need of a stomachic.

When he had gone, I expected Aunt Adela to "break out," for she was a woman not only endowed with considerable self-respect, but who practised the strictest economy. As the worst part of love, like that of a wig, is said to be "the parting," so it was with her as regarded money: she never could bear to decrease her store, far less her balance at her bankers. And here was a ten-pound-note gone, or as good as gone, in five minutes, and her marsala (to say the least of it) depreciated.

Yet, strange to say, whether struck by the independence of character he had displayed, or by his manners (which were certainly original), or, as is more likely, moved with regret for her lost dog, and by the consciousness that in Mr. Blodgers lay the only hope of its recovery, she had not a word to say against that gentleman after his departure. On the contrary, she expressed a favourable opinion of him.

"I think, John, we can trust that man: he seems to me to have a certain honesty in his way; while the fact of his proposing my sweet Carlo's health, to my mind, was a very tender touch."

It was not my business to remind her that mere brutal bluntness was not necessarily honesty, or to point out that it is the habit of the lower classes to propose toasts, not from any sentimental motives, but merely as an excuse for a glass, or, as they more commonly term it, "a drain." I contented myself with maintaining what I considered a judicious silence concerning Mr. Blodgers.

There are some people, however, no matter what prudence they display, who are always getting into hot water; and this has been my lot through life as regards Aunt Adela. My cousin Agesilaus, with not one half of my intelligence, has a certain blundering natural way with him that succeeds with her in the most inexplicable manner. Upon a question of fact he will often contradict her point-blank, whereas I, with all the will in the world, have not what he calls the moral courage but what I call "the cheek," to venture even to remark that she may be mistaken.

For the next twenty-four hours after Mr. Blodgers' visit all went well; but when a couple of days had elapsed without any sign of his return, my aunt turned on me as though she was half a hoop and I had trodden on her. Why had I persuaded her, she would inquire, contrary to her own convictions and her sense of right, to have any dealings with such a

man as Mr. Blodgers? If it had been *my* ten-pound note, she had the cruelty to remark (for no form of sarcasm is so bitter as that which is founded on fact) I should have hesitated long enough before entrusting it to anyone without some material guarantee. And then she would wind up with some remarks upon selfishness and self-seeking, which, considering that she did not hesitate to mention names, were little short of personal.

No one can tell, unless he is the nephew (and not the favourite nephew) of an aunt from whom he has great expectations, and who is the most self-willed and unreasonable of her sex, what I suffered for the next ten days. Martyrdom has, I am told, its attractive side for some people; but persecution, with the consciousness that there is nothing to be got from it, is a much more serious matter.

Christmas, as she predicted, was certainly not the Christmas of old times at Acacia Villa: it was very much worse. Even the ministrations of Mr. Hornblower, though he well understood how to smooth the cat (if I may be allowed the expression) the right way, failed to comfort his patroness; the fact is, my aunt's conscience reproached her (now that the man had deceived her) for her bribery of Mr. Blodgers, and she turned on me as though my advice had been the means of her losing not only the ten-pound note but her chances of future happiness.

Late on Christmas Eve, however, Mr. Blodgers reappeared, with Carlo in his arms, as unexpectedly as a new constellation. One would naturally imagine that there would have been a revulsion of feeling in my favour; but this was very far from being the case. The flood-gates of my aunt's affection were opened, and they poured unrestrainedly over the hairy prodigal and his restorer; but not one drop of them came my way. She was quite angry with me when I got out the marsala, as before, for our furry friend. "Do you not remember, John," she inquired, with irritation, "that Mr. Blodgers prefers liqueur?"

I made some allowance, however, for my aunt's feelings of gratitude. The little dog had been evidently well treated, and was in good case; he had been brought back to her after she had given up all hope of his return, and here was the man who had brought him, though not, it is true, without a consideration. Moreover, he seemed to have a private regard for Carlo, to judge by the way in which he looked at him. "Yes, Mum," said Mr. Blodgers, when my aunt paid him a compliment to that effect, "one can't help taking an interest in a dawg like that. It's no wonder you loves him; but," here he uttered a deep sigh, "there's another as loves him as much as you do."

My aunt was touched. "You are fond of Carlo yourself, then, Mr. Blodgers?"

"Me, Mum? No, Mum; a labouring man like me—why, how could I afford such faldiddles?"

My aunt looked puzzled, but pursued her investigations no further. For all her ridiculous leaning towards the man, I think she was rather afraid of his "saying things" that would shock her.

"There is only one thing, Mr. Blodgers, that I wished to ask you," she said, as he made his bow; "I had all along every confidence in your word, though there were some who discredited it,"—here she cast an upbraiding glance in my direction. "But do tell me how it was that you kept Carlo so long?"

"Me keep him? La, bless you, not me, Mum. The fact is, between ourselves, the old lady as I sold him to intermediate—on the very day you offered the reward—she grew so fond of him that *I hadn't the heart to take him away from her under the week*."

## A RUSTIC APOLLO.

(See Illustration, page 5.)

Jolly trills caught of skylarks, and pleadings of plovers:  
Love-notes learnt of blackbird, and cushat, and thrush:  
How the youth's fervid fluting his rapture discovers!  
What heart-beats in the bars as they amble and rush!  
'Tis a rustic Apollo, enacting Amphion,  
A farm-yard for temple, for auditors—pigs,  
And poultry, and calves: oddish critics to try on  
His marches and slogans, his ballads and jigs!

Not that hearkeners frank, without simper or shuffle,  
Behave in a manner inhuman or odd.  
The porkers applaud in their grunting and snuffle,  
And the hens, like fine ladies, both cackle and nod.  
And the calves, themselves vocalists, vain and ambitious,  
Pose stiffly, expressing most critical doubts;  
While the cynical cock crows a crow unpropitious,  
And *Crummie*—old stager! the melody flouts.

Peradventure (how strange!) 'tis because they are basses.  
The porkers approve, while the crower, all pride,  
Cocksure, tells the flute he defiantly faces,  
He could smother *that* tune, like a bird, if he tried!  
With thy magic, O Circe, to alter the hearers  
Into reasoning humans, 'twere easy to guess  
Which were gushers, or rivals, or elegant sneerers,  
Especially if they belonged to the press.

The piping proceeds. Rosy-cheeked and head curly,  
The light-hearted ploughboy shrills over the lea!  
While *Robin* and *Dobbin* exchange whinnies surly—  
With the whip of the whistler they cannot agree!  
Revealing an ownership in the view halloo,  
Chanticleer prunes his hackles, and scratches for corn—  
He's away like the wind over spinnet and fallow,  
To hound and to huntsman proclaiming the morn!

"Please the pigs" they are dense when the deeds of Prince  
Charlie  
Are lipped by Apollo, now baleful now blithe;  
But how the ears arch at the sound of the barley  
All golden and rustling, dead-ripe for the scythe!  
But, alack and alas to deserv those ears drooping!  
And alas and alack to divine what it means!  
In the snouting there's sorrow and grief in the groping,  
As they list to the praises of *Bacon and Greens*!

Hid away there, entranced, lurks a listening maiden,  
Who once again hears how hame the kye came  
Twixt the mirk and the gloaming with hawthorn scent laden,  
When a promise was breathed in a dell *she* could name!  
And the lover, he hears, as the meadow he's treading,  
His feet keeping time to a merrier air,  
He pours forth his feeling in *Haste to the Wedding*!  
And vows that, together, they soon will be there!

What has Destiny fixed for thee, rustic Apollo?  
What musical fate in the manhood to come?  
Shall we meet thee, a warrior, determined to follow,  
In brave regimentals, the sound of the drum?  
No matter. We know that black care will fly fleetly,  
And sorrow find solace, and anguish get ease  
In the language that Music discourses full sweetly  
When heart thrills the singing, and Soul moves the keys!  
BYRON WEBBER.



# A Bright Ending.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

It was known as a hard winter. Bread had risen a penny a loaf, coals five shillings a ton, and there were strikes all over England. Long before the usual time the singing-birds were flying sunwards, and numbers of small animals were stocking their cupboards, and getting their winter nests ready. In the first week in December there was a heavy fall of snow, and in Chester-terrace the aspect was bright and beautiful. Stars and moon were shining on it, and the fresh crisp air was thronged with white wings floating and falling.

Upon Mr. Eversole, this beauty—sweet to some, cruel to more—produced no impression. Indeed, winter was shut out. It was night. Heavy curtains shaded the windows of the luxurious study, in which nothing was lacking that could contribute to the enjoyment of material life. From ceiling to floor were shelves lined with books; there were busts of great men in suitable places; there were pictures on the walls, the most conspicuous being a portrait of Mr. Eversole himself, hung where the light fell on it night and day. It was a curiously unflattering resemblance. Some men would have had the hard lines and lights of the features softened, but Mr. Eversole seemed to take a pride in them.

Books, manuscripts, and wine were on the study table; a cheerful fire was blazing; a soft and soothing light was diffused through the room. Despite these evidences of comfort, Mr. Eversole was disturbed in spirit. He expected a visitor, and he glanced impatiently at the clock. His thought was, "Shiftless, lost, with no sense of responsibility." And further, "Why are they permitted?"

The minutes passed. The silvery tongue of the clock, on the summit of which was represented a gloomy figure of Time, proclaimed the passing of another hour. At each stroke the scythe rose and descended, with the air of an Avenger who took delight in slaying the record. When the sounds ceased a servant made his appearance, and saying, "Mr. Richard, Sir," admitted a man white with snow.

His clothes were shabby, and denoted poverty, but he bore himself in the presence of Mr. Eversole as an equal would have done. He was tall and spare, his hands were finely shaped, and in his face a gentle nature was portrayed.

"You should have shaken it off outside," said Mr. Eversole, in a tone of displeasure, pointing to the snow on his visitor's clothing.

"It did not occur to me," said Mr. Richard. "I have other matters to think of."

"Weighty matters, doubtless," said Mr. Eversole, with a sneer.

"Very weighty," assented Mr. Richard, gravely.

"You have kept me waiting. I made the appointment for eight. It is now nine."

"Indeed! But you may guess I have no watch."

"There are churches."

"True, there are churches. A moment, please."

He pressed his hand on the table, to support himself through a fit of terrible coughing, which almost tore him to pieces.

"Pardon me," he said presently, with labouring breath. "This sort of thing must be very unpleasant to you."

"It is—eminently so."

"But it happens, fortunately or unfortunately for me, to be unavoidable. Tell me the object of this meeting, and remember, it is not I who sought it."

"You would have come to me, sooner or later."

"Never. I told you so when we last met. But it will be profitless to bandy words. What is your object in bidding me come here?"

"It is for your good, not for mine. I thought one last appeal, from a man in my position to a man so low as you, might not be thrown away. Understand, it will be the last time we shall speak together."

"Apart from any resolution you have formed," said Mr. Richard, and there was in his voice a touch of scornful sweetness, "it is more than likely that after this night we shall meet no more. Be sure that I shall not seek you out. Come, strange as it may sound in your ears, my time just now is of infinitely more value than yours. I cannot afford to have it wasted. Disclose what is in your mind, and end the farce. You have wearied me already."

Unbidden, he sank into a chair, not from weariness, but from physical weakness.

"I prefer," said Mr. Eversole, "not to be brutal."

"That is a good hearing."

"And I shall state, in my own way, how the account between us stands."

"Ah!" said Mr. Richard, simply; but there was a glitter in his eyes as he prepared to listen.

"You and I have known each other, now," said Mr. Eversole, making an arch of his fingers and thumbs, "for some eight-and-twenty years."

"In the art of reckoning you were always a master. Yes; I was scarcely two years of age when you married my mother."

"You received at my hands every attention, but you scorned my teaching, and laughed at my counsels. You chose your own roads, and you went—to the dogs."

"A convenient platitude," remarked Mr. Richard.

In contrast with the pallid hue of his face, the smile with which he accompanied the remark was pitiable to see.

"You had a fortune in your own right, and you squandered it. Morally speaking, your life has been an outrage. You have sunk until you have reached the lowest depth. You are irretrievably lost and degraded. On three occasions I paid your debts for you, and extricated you from difficulties which can only be termed disgraceful."

"You paid my debts for me before I came of age, out of money which was mine; and when I came into possession of my fortune you presented me with a careful account, which I settled without examining. Have you finished?"

"Not quite. My object in sending for you is to make you an offer. I will settle a certain sum upon you on the condition that you leave the country and never return."

"Name the sum."

"A pound a week during the course of your life, to be paid to you weekly by an appointed agent, and to cease the moment you violate the condition."

"Am I to go far?"

"To Australia. I will not have you nearer to me than that."

"Have you done?"

"Yes."

"It is my turn, then. You seldom make mistakes in figures. Have you calculated how much this offer will cost you?"

"It is easily calculated. You are thirty years of age. Should you live the full span of a man's life, the annuity would cost me two thousand pounds."

"Will you give me that sum down if I bind myself to the stipulated condition?"

"You are mad to ask it."

"You will not?"

"No."

"You are not to be moved from your decision by any consideration?"

"Nothing can move me."

"Another tack, then. Will you settle the annuity upon me for forty years, to dispose of as I please in life or death?"

"Again I say, you are mad to ask it."

"Truly, I thought so," murmured Mr. Richard.

"The annuity is yours only for the term of your natural life. Not for one day beyond that."

"You see that I am in bad health."

"Are you appealing to my pity?"

"Heaven forbid! I am merely stating a fact with which you are well acquainted. A doctor, who has a regard for me, assures me I have not long to live. I have pressed him upon the point. 'Years?' I asked him. 'No,' was his answer. 'Months?' I asked him again. 'No,' was his answer; and he bade me prepare. Mine being a wasted life, it is my dearest wish to leave a legacy of love behind me. I know why you have made me the offer. I am in your way. You are afraid—having lofty views, in which a position of public eminence may probably be yours; contemplating, also, another marriage. You see I am well informed; nowadays the lives of men who court public favour are common property—you are afraid, I say, that I shall disgrace you; that it may become known to your disadvantage that you have so degraded a connection as myself. Your enemies may use the fact to your hurt. Let us make a compromise. Take a passage for me to Australia, in a ship that sails this very week if you wish, and give me, instead of the annuity, one hundred pounds. In all human probability I shall be dead before the ship arrives at its destination; but I shall have the opportunity, by means of the hundred pounds, of doing a good action, and rescuing a person I love from almost certain shame. At least, it will be a chance for her."

"For her!" exclaimed Mr. Eversole. "I did not need to be told it was a woman you are pleading for."

"She is a child, growing to womanhood. I can take her from the haunts in which she is learning bad lessons. In a new land, in a purer air, she will have a chance of living a purer life. In the time to come she may perchance bless the memory of her dead sister's husband."

"I will hear no more," interrupted Mr. Eversole. "You cannot impose upon me. Not one penny of my money shall be bestowed upon your degraded associates. If you do not instantly accept my too generous offer, on the condition I have laid down, and from which no winning entreaties can move me, I order you to leave my house."

"It was my mother's house," said Mr. Richard, with a lingering look around. "Such memories as I have of it would have been sweetened by what might have been, instead of being embittered by what was. I shall presently leave it for ever; but I have something to say first, in justice to myself and you. I know you too well not to be convinced how futile would be any further effort to soften your heart. You said a few minutes since that you proposed to state how the account between us stands. Listen now to me. There is another side to the shield. You married my mother for her money. You played skillfully upon her yielding nature, and you won her affections. You promised solemnly to be a kind and tender father to me, her only child, and a faithful, loving mate to her. How did you keep your promises? You obtained so strong and stern a hold upon her that she became your slave. You drew all the happiness out of her days. She lived in terror of you. You forced her to will her property to you. You would not allow her to have a friend. You kept so strict a watch upon her that she was fearful of speaking above a whisper in your presence. You stepped between me and her heart, and persuaded her that the slightest loving indulgence from a mother to her child was as so much poison to one of my passions and temperament. Her life was as a living death, and you shut me out from her dying bed. You wrote to me that she was dead; and yet, as I afterwards learnt, she was long a-dying, and yearned for a sight of my face. As for the kindness and tenderness you showed towards me while she lived, a sore and heavy charge lies at your door. You let me go my way; you made no effort to train me in the right path. I cannot recall one word of kindly guidance from your lips. I launched into follies; you took advantage of them. Had your selfish nature been divinely touched by one spark of love for my mother or me, you might have counselled me, you might have been truly my friend. I do not seek to excuse myself. Grave faults and follies are to my account; but I hope to be forgiven for them. I say it humbly, for I know that my days are numbered. After my mother's death, you turned me from your house. What was my fault? I loved and married a girl who had been born low down. You have reason to remember the interview in which you endeavoured to prevail upon me to desert her, for I spoke my mind freely to you. Had I acted basely by her, you would have been lenient to me. I acted honourably, and you discarded me for the act. She died in my arms, having enjoyed a brief spell of happiness, the memory of which brightens even this cold and bitter night. I did her no wrong; I am thankful for it! Life is short; and to all men comes a day when there is no to-morrow. It is coming fast to me, and it comforts me to think that I did not commit the sin to which you would have urged me, and for which you would but too readily have pardoned me."

He paused, exhausted; and Mr. Eversole pointed sternly to the door.

"Go."

Mr. Richard paused a moment before the coloured photograph of a monument which Mr. Eversole had ordered to be placed over his wife's grave.

"Men of your stamp," said the young man, with a scornful smile, "torture their women while they live, and, by way of advertisement to themselves, raise monuments over them when they are dead. They even shed tears, so that the world may see and applaud. Miserable impostors!"

White with passion, Mr. Eversole started from his chair, and said, "Will you go; or, shall I have you turned from the house?"

"Restrain yourself," said Mr. Richard. "Sudden excitement may be fatal to me and inconvenient to you. Should anything happen, spare me that!"

He pointed to the pictured monument on his mother's grave, and slowly left the room and the house.

His road lay through Regent's Park, the trees in which were quaintly beautiful with their pure white fringes of snow, which was still falling lightly. Memories came to him as he walked slowly on, huddling himself close in the vain attempt to keep out the cold—memories of merry youthful frolics in this very park, when falling snow was to him an exquisite delight.

"From then to now," he muttered, "a slow and sure descending. It was on the Alpine ranges I plucked flowers from ice-bound clefts, and now I am in the Valley of the Shadow. But still," he said, brightening up, "the air is sweet, and so may be the hour."

He felt in his one sound pocket, and took therefrom all the

money he had in the world—ten shillings and a few coppers, which he had obtained shortly before his visit to Mr. Eversole by selling the last of his possessions: the wedding-ring of his dead wife and a few favourite books, to which he had clung with almost a human love through all his troubles. These ten shillings spent, certain destitution was his portion.

On his way towards one of the narrow streets which branch southwards from Whitechapel, he had noticed how gradually the snow which lay on the paths had changed its aspect, till from a lovely white it had become a sullen grey. But in his heart he felt more at home in these narrow thoroughfares; there was in his nature some spiritual kinship with the poorer life which here abided, and which, despite its sordid surroundings, was sweetened by human affection and chastened by human sorrow. His step grew lighter, his eyes brighter. "The stars shine everywhere," he thought, "on rich and poor alike." And then he cried aloud,

"What, Polly!"

A girl, about fourteen, but looking much younger, as poor as himself, the sister of his dead wife.

"Precious cold, aint it, Dick?" she said.

"Precious things are generally scarce, Polly," he said, "and as for cold, we have plenty of it."

"I like the snow," said Polly, "if only it didn't get into your boots."

"Polly," he said, touching her eyes with his fingers, "you've been crying."

"Oh, you don't know, Dick," she said, her large eyes growing larger. "Poor Mrs. Pink died in the hospital this morning."

"Poor creature! it's a happy release. She had more than her share of suffering. And the children?"

His hand sought the wall. He had lost his breath, and he was compelled to cling to something for support.

"You're awful bad," said Polly, presently. "That's just how Mrs. Pink went on. A churchyard cough, Dick."

"I fear so, Polly."

"You'll be better when summer comes."

"Yes," he said, with a bright smile; "I shall be better when summer comes. I think it will come soon."

"I hope so, Dick."

"Thank you, Polly. But Mrs. Pink's children—tell me of them."

"They're in a dreadful way. They aint got a friend in the world now. And Dick, do you know I don't believe they've had anything to eat the livelong day. Why, here they are!"

There they were indeed, at Mr. Richard's knees. He looked down, and saw two mites, pallid, hungry, ragged, their lips quivering from yearning desire, their eyes filled with bewildering despair. He stooped, and placing his hand beneath their chins, raised their faces to the light.

"So poor mother's dead?" he said.

They nodded vacantly. Their minds were a blank. They had something far more pressing than death to trouble them—their stomachs.

"And you're all alone, little ones?"

They nodded again, as vacantly as before. Bitterly cold as was the night, they were oblivious of it. They did not feel the snow falling upon their white upturned faces. The fight within their little bodies was so absorbing that, like Aaron's rod, it swallowed up all minor evils. The loss of mother—a good mother so far as health and means permitted—the grave which lay open in their young lives, their being orphaned, the desolate future that stretched before them—all was nothing to them. It was the present which oppressed them, the terrible, tearing, hungry present. Great Heavens! Why had these innocent little creatures been born with appetites? What wrong had they committed that man and nature should be so cruel to them? If they could only bite the air! They opened their mouths and gasped.

"Children," said Mr. Richard, in a gentle tone, "what would you like better than anything else in the world?"

Wide awake now, with all their intellectual forces sharpened, with hands imploringly stretched forth, with eyes that shone with keen desire, they answered, in one voice as it were,

"Somethink to eat!"

"And you shall have it. What are you screaming for, little ones? That's a tigerish way of expressing joy. Keep still, will you? Polly, take hold of them, and don't let them go. You, too, Polly, you look as if you wouldn't say no."

"I wouldn't. I'm precious hungry."

"Precious again, eh? You see, Polly, my landlady told me, when I went out this afternoon, that I coul n't get into my room unless I paid her the three weeks' rent I owe her. So I went to a friend, and made a bargain with him. Look here. Ten bright shillins! You don't mind eating out in the cold, do you, little ones? You know Paradise-court, Polly?—Great God! how this cough tears my chest! Take the little ones there, and wait for me by the side of the dead wall. It's nice and quiet there—no one to disturb us. I'll soon be with you. Away you go."

He watched them depart—Polly in the middle, holding the children each by the hand. Then he gazed around, and looked up at the stars.

"Angels of Heaven!" he murmured, "here in these haunts find you your fitting work! Here is the true wilderness. If you could change the snow to manna!"

He tottered away, coughing violently, and smiled, in pity for himself, as he saw the white snow stained by the blood which dropped from his mouth.

Ten minutes later he stood by the dead wall in Paradise-court, the children by his side. He had brought with him some meat pies, highly flavoured, and a cap-full of baked potatoes, smoking hot. They warmed the children inside and out. Colour came to their cheeks. And, now that natural forces had fair play, and could find natural currents, tears oozed from their eyes at the thought of the mother lying dead in the hospital.

"Do you feel better, little ones?"

"Ever so much, Mr. Richard!—Oh, ever so much!"

"Very well, then. Go away now. I want to rest. And, Polly, here are some shillings and some odd coppers. Don't spend it all at once. Kiss me, Polly; and God bless you and guard you, child! You need His blessing and His care."

He was alone, standing propped up by the wall. The forms of the children faded from his sight; and as he sank slowly to the ground, he saw the snowflakes fading and changing. A faint, rosy hue stole into the air; the white light became suffused with colour.

"It is a lovely and peaceful sunset!" he murmured, as he closed his eyes. "Ah, if I could but have left my legacy of love behind me!"

At midnight Polly and the two orphaned children crept to the dead wall, and knelt by the side of their friend, whose form was covered with snow.

"He's tired out," said Polly. "He must be dead beat. He's a good sort, aint he? Come away. We won't wake him."

They crept slowly and softly away: and all night long the white snow kissed his face.

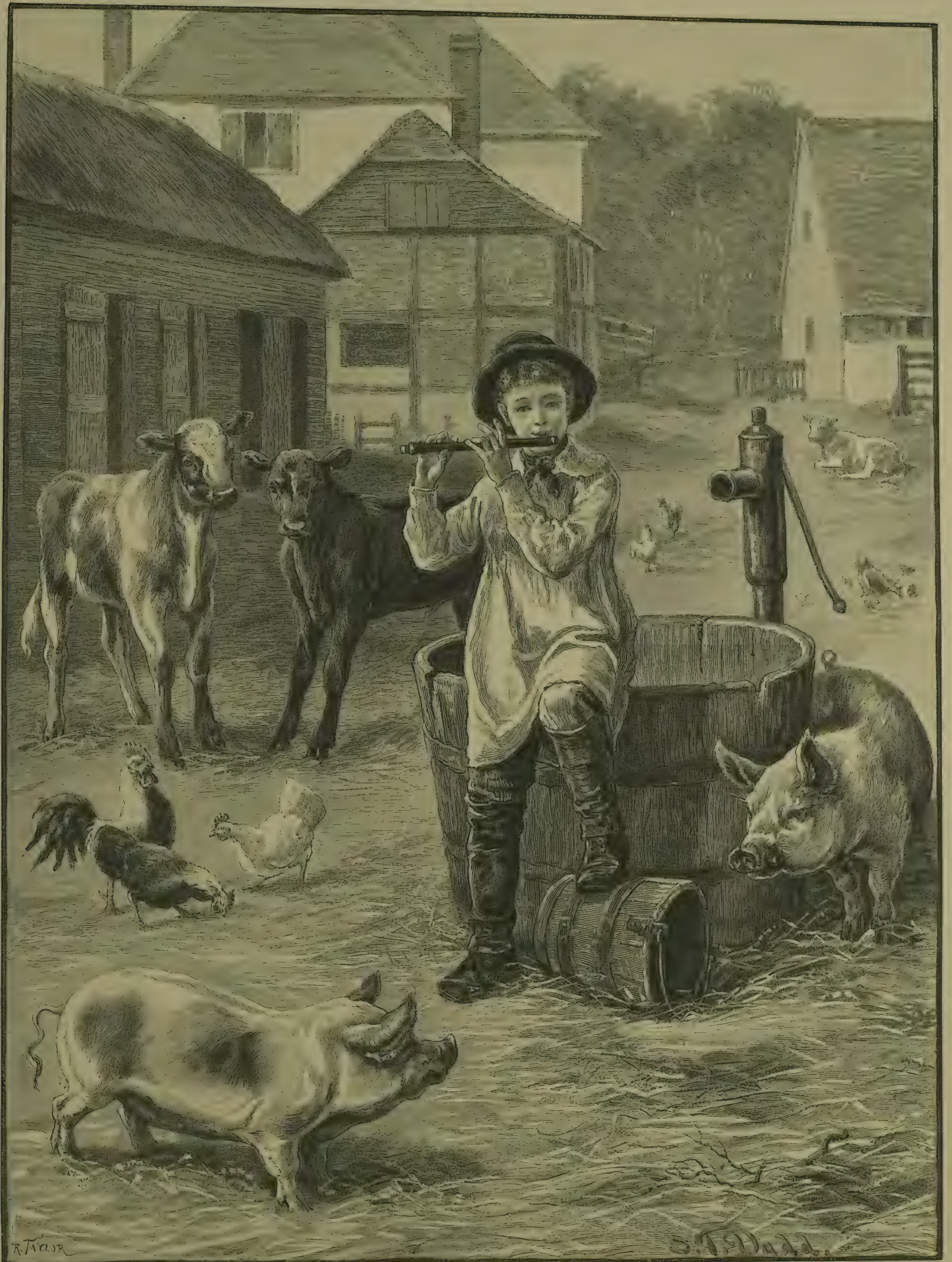




A CHRISTMAS DRAWING-ROOM CONCERT.

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY J. P. ATKINSON.—SEE PAGE 26.





R. T. Dadd

S. T. Dadd

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

ENGRAVED BY H. TAYLOR.

A RUSTIC APOLLO.



# The Double Iris.

BY COMPTON READE.

## PROLOGUE.

At the moment when my narrative opens I was the senior commoner of a charming college, where one lazed and dreamed dreams, studied Chopin and Schumann; dabbled in æstheticism, formed fierce friendships, and forgot all about Aristotle and the Thirty-nine Articles. My belief is that the examiners ploughed us simply out of compliment to our college, without reading our papers. Anyhow, the result was the same. A testamur at times became so rich and rare a treasure as to deserve a frame to itself in the Junior Common Room.

Looking back on those halcyon days, when the sunshine and the champagne-cup seemed to harmonise so perfectly, I feel rather ashamed at my neglect of the stern business of academical life. When I went up from school it was generally supposed that I was good for a second at least; yet somehow, after nearly five years' residence, I had not accomplished an inglorious pass.

I was turned twenty-three, and ought to have been hard at work, for my position at that crisis was strange and embarrassing; indeed, a man with half an eye would have sworn that my sole chance in this world was crystallised in individual exertion. Not to beat about the bush, I happened to be the owner of an estate, and something more. My sire, Gyles Beaumanoir, of Beaumanoir, was the fifteenth heritor of his lands and home, and he trained me to worship idolatrously the grey gables, the proud ancestral trees, the sloping lawns, and all the glories of our superb inheritance. I loved my college, but I adored Beaumanoir, and all the more ardently because my tenure was that of a thin thread that seemed ready to snap at any moment.

This is how it came about. My father could not rest content with a paltry three thousand a year. He entertained nebulous ambitions, among others a coronet; and in the pursuit of shadows jeopardised all the substance he possessed. In a word, he descended to the level of the City, joined in speculations more or less insane, and arrived within an ace of bankruptcy, the bailiffs being actually in possession of Beaumanoir Court. I had just come of age, and, in my ignorance of the world, hastily agreed to break the entail, mortgage the estate up to the hilt, and save the family credit. Had I remained firm I should have inherited Beaumanoir unencumbered. As it was, when my poor father succumbed under the weight of worry, I found myself only the nominal owner.

My agent did his utmost for me. He let Beaumanoir to a cotton man, who covered the old panels with gaudy papers, and would have painted the exterior a garish white had not I put my foot down. But the good agent could not prevent agricultural depression; and when it came to this—and the descent to Avernus was both sudden and rapid—that the rents had to be reduced, I was left positively minus.

"You'd better sell," was the verdict.

That was sound advice, for I could have netted ten thousand pounds, after paying the mortgagees and my Oxford debts; but it was unpalatable. My right hand should lose its cunning were I guilty of so base an act.

"What do you mean to do?" inquired my mother, dearly, after I had been ploughed for the third time for Greats.

"Get through. Take holy orders, and the family living—and hope," was my response.

My mother sighed. I rather fancy she would have preferred for me to take the ten thousand pounds and abandon the sacred soil of Beaumanoir. Happily, however, it never came to that.

Not, however, without a tussle. In one day—if you believe me—I was ploughed for the fourth time, requested to retire from the college, and served with six writs, the aggregate amounting to twelve hundred pounds.

I wrote to my agent to request him to adopt any expedient, fell stock timber, borrow of the local bank, or even sell the living which was to be my provision. His reply was the reverse of cheery. The mortgagees would not consent to a stick being cut, the bank would not lend, and it would take six months to sell the living. Under the circumstances he recommended a journey abroad, to avoid further writs, offering, in a very handsome spirit, to guarantee the payment of the twelve hundred pounds in six months if I would accept his advice.

I closed with his proposition—sharp—and was preparing to start for, say, anywhere, when a letter arrived which, metaphorically, took my breath away. It came like the *Deus ex machina* of the Greek Tragedies, and I venture to think that the salvation of Beaumanoir was *dignus vindice nudus*, a quotation I append in order to demonstrate clearly the superfluous severity of those too-exacting examiners.

The letter in question—not to keep you on tenter-hooks—was this: I give an exact copy.

From Messrs. Rigby and Co., Leadchurch Chambers, E.C.

To Gyles Beaumanoir, Esq.

Dear Sir,—As the London agents of the firm of Messrs. Silas P. Toffany and Co., of New York, we are instructed to forward you a précis of the will of your cousin, lately deceased, Mr. Ezra A. Beaumanoir, a partner of that firm. The testator being a bachelor and childless, and boasting his descent from Sir Gyles De Beaumanoir, Knight, of Beaumanoir Court, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to King Charles the First, was desirous that the American and English branches of the ancient house of Beaumanoir should be united; and it was a project of his, had he not fallen ill, to accompany his niece, Miss Iris A. Boone, on a tour through Europe, and to endeavour to effect a matrimonial alliance between that young lady and the present owner of Beaumanoir—that is yourself, as we presume. His illness frustrated this project; but he has bequeathed his estate—amounting, if realised, to rather over a million dollars—in trust, on the following conditions:—"First, to his niece, the aforesaid Iris A. Boone, in the event of her becoming the lawful wife of Mr. Gyles Beaumanoir, the proprietor of Beaumanoir Court; secondly, in the event of the said Gyles Beaumanoir making to the said Iris A. Boone an offer of marriage, and being by her rejected, to the said Gyles Beaumanoir; thirdly, in the event of the said Gyles making the said Iris A. Boone no such offer within six months of the death of the testator, to the said Iris A. Boone." We may add that, should you marry Miss Boone, the money is directed to be laid out partly in the improvement, or enfranchisement if necessary, of the mansion and estate of Beaumanoir, the balance to be vested in strict settlement on your wife and the heirs of her body lawfully begotten. Any further information we shall be happy to give you by word of mouth, if you will favour us with a call.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully, RIGBY AND CO.  
P.S.—We open our letter to add that Miss Iris A. Boone, with a travelling companion, is at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Brussels; and we venture to suggest the propriety of an early interview, inasmuch as six weeks have elapsed since the death of Mr. Ezra A. Beaumanoir.—R. AND CO.

"Well, *Je suis!*" was my not unnatural exclamation, while my mother faltered dubiously, "A million dollars. I don't know how much that is, but it sounds a great deal."

Then we both lapsed into silence. What her thoughts were it is not for me to divine; all I remarked was that she brushed away a tear, which was all the more ridiculous on her part, as there certainly appeared nothing to cry about. My own cogitations were, I confess, a little mixed.—Up to that instant I could not accuse myself of being a marrying man. Fancy a wife all calculations, guesses, and do-tells! Fancy an eternity of "Why cert'ly!" These thoughts were enough, surely, to make a strong man quail. I'd a great mind to make her an offer to go halves, or to compromise on any reasonable terms; but on reflection I decided that this would be the reverse of complimentary. After all, she might

be passable, and—oh! happy thought—she might refuse me, and then I should absorb the dollars without the wife.

"You'd better go to Brussels," remarked my mother, significantly.

It just occurred to me, also, that the fair bird might flit; and suppose I could not catch her, how could I propose? Enough; I was off by the night mail.

## EPISODE I.

I arrived in Brussels rather sleepy and begrimed after my journey, and, having ascertained that Miss Iris A. Boone was actually in the flesh at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and not likely to leave, betook myself to a hostelry suited to a pauper gentleman's purse, and situated in a back street. It is styled Sinkin's Hotel, and enjoys a world-wide reputation—according to the published programme—for its English cookery, a rather equivocal recommendation. Having indulged in a siesta and the necessary ablutionary exercises, I descended to the salon and ordered a cutlet. *En attendant*, I had just taken up *Galignani*, when I found myself confronted by a tall gentleman, whose appearance savoured unpleasantly of Mephistopheles.

"Pardon—you Englees?"

"All right," said I, with British brusqueness. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nodding. Bud, you see, I am 'lone. You 'ave cutlet? I also. Vill you shar bottle vine vid me?"

The smile which accompanied this offer was angelic, rather than the contrary; indeed, quite out of keeping with the rapier-like moustachios and the siletto-like imperial. So I was reassured, and observed, bluntly, "I didn't mind."

"My carte, at your service. Le Marquis De Bonbol."

In response, I pulled out my cigar-case, in which I generally preserve a stock of visiting-cards, and offered him one, whereon was imprinted my name and college.

He applied it to his eye, as though it had been a plaister, and in a trice started back, pressed his hand to his waistcoat, and grimaced as though he meant to say, "Wonderful, indeed!"

I didn't half like this. What was there in my proud ancestral name to make faces about? However, he suddenly changed from the butterfly to the grub—from gay to grave, and, holding out his hand, remarked, "I am much please mak your acquaintance, Mist Beaumanoir. You relatif of ze American heiress?"

Here was an odd coincidence. By sheer luck I had run against a man who clearly knew all about Ezra, the original testator, and his niece, Iris A. Boone. My manner changed at once.

"Just so, just so," I replied, with affected carelessness.

"My tear Sare, I am delight. Ve vill be friends, for effair! I lof ze lofely Iris. I 'av neffair sin her, but I lof' her tearly."

"Do you, indeed?" said I, drily.

"My tear Sare, I confide in you, I have bin in America, in New York. I have met Monsicur Ezra Beaumanoir. I respect him. I vill trink to his memory. He vas vair riche. Ah, meillions of tollars, and he hav let' all to his tear niece, Mees Iris, an I come nere to mak her my wife. Oh no, I hav not in her. But I lofe her all ze same."

"So do I."

That was rather a thunderbolt for M. Le Marquis, who, I am inclined to believe, began to regret his precipitate confidence. Luckily, at that moment the cutlets put in an appearance, and we fell to in silence.

Suddenly my friend lifted his glass of excellent Assmanshauser with "Your 'elt, M. Beaumanoir. It would be a peety for friends to quarrel. Sooppose ve vair to draw ze lot for ze young lady?"

"Not quite good enough, Monsieur," was my candid rejoinder. "No, no. Let the best man win."

"So?"

"Well," I protested, "you've got the pull, haven't you. I'm not a Marquis, and my manners cannot be called *distingué*, and, what's more, I'm as poor as a church mouse. Besides, I'm not a lady's man, and you are, don't you know, and"—

"Bud you are Englees."

"And Miss Iris is American. A pony, my friend, on your chance."

It took five minutes to explain what a pony is, but when once that mystery was cleared up, Monsieur evinced the liveliest satisfaction. That I should bet on him signified to his intelligence my good opinion of his superior appearance and address. I could see at a glance that the man's estimate of himself was enormous; possibly, too, he may have rated me a little below my humble deserts. That, however, is a trifle. Not being Uriah Heap, I do not exactly like to be despised, neither do I covet admiration; indeed, my sole pride is in possessing the bearing of a gentleman.

"You vil call fecrst?" slyly inquired the Marquis, when the repast was concluded, and he had broken out upon the inevitable cigarette.

"*Merci, non.* I'll leave that to you, Monsieur."

"But you, Sare, are ze relatif."

"And you, Monsieur, have had the melancholy gratification of knowing the departed Ezra."

"Zat mattares not. But to put ze competition on ze equal terms, sooppose we both call togezair?"

"Or suppose we defer our visit till to-morrow, and go to the Opera."

"Hcin! vare goot. Yacc. So."

To be frank, I was nervous about this preliminary canter. It came within the purview of the position that Miss Iris A. Boone might decline to see me. Pride, however, rather forbade that notion. Was not I the Beaumanoir of Beaumanoir, and did she not boast our family ichor on her mother's side? Still I judged it expedient to gang warily, and accordingly, after much brain-cudgelling, indited a coldly-civil epistle—of the sort I had been wont to address to the Vice-President of my College when I craved the privilege of dinner in my rooms—presenting compliments, and requesting the honour of an interview at any hour she might name. This I dispatched to the Hôtel de l'Europe by special messenger just before leaving for the Opera with my gay Marquis.

They were playing "Lohengrin," to my intense delight, and to the utter chagrin of M. Le Marquis De Bonbol, who hated Wagner's music, logically, because the composer happened to be a German. Monsieur, in consequence of his nationality, waxed, in fact, exceedingly tiresome, interjecting, "Zat not melodic," and "Pfin! vot ven horrible bruit," to my utter disgust. At last, to distract his attention, I lent him an opera-glass.

That manœuvre succeeded. Monsieur glugged himself with staring. I was saved the annoyance of his insane ejaculations, and could forget all except Wagner. In truth, I had become oblivious to the juxtaposition of my companion, until, when the curtain fell, he soliloquized audibly, "Ciel! she angelle."

Involuntarily I looked up to the box on which the Frenchman's whole self had been concentrated. It was even so. I see the profile of that girl now, and can testify that it was indeed superb.

"Ciel! It ees more than angelle. It ees Madonna."

Here, again, I was inclined to agree, but before I could utter, he had bowed out, as I imagined, to recuperate with *Eau Sucrée*, and did not return till the curtain was up and the house hushed to attention.

"I shall tell you somezing," he whispered. "You zee my Madonna, my beauté, my Vaynoose? Hein. Ze box vos take by Mees Iris Boone. So!"

"Why, how did you find out that?"

"I have bribe ze boxkeeper. He is my esclave, my instrument. It ees qui right. Oh yacc. So."

Could that be Iris? Could that lovely being, so statuesque, so unconscious apparently of the homage she was exacting from all corners of the house, be my future wife? Clearly, old Ezra had jumped at the rational conclusion that I should not, could not, must not refuse such a gift, and had he realised one tithe of my wild adoration of the beautiful, I promised myself that he would have been tenfold more certain. No longer did the notion of being rejected haunt me with pleasure. I knew intuitively that to lose such a prize would involve the acutest pain, and resolved to win. Only for an instant did I cast a glance upon her companion, a girl rather negresque in complexion, but with many good points, such as brilliant teeth, a pleasant smile, and a luscious figure. All I realised about this other was that, being an animal, she served as an excellent foil for my angel.

We stood close by them in the lobby after the opera was concluded, and my first impression was strongly emphasised. As for De Bonbol, I had hard work to hold him in. He wanted to introduce himself, to be obtrusive and offensive, but I took the fellow timely by the arm, and, *entre nous*, of the two I was physically, if not morally, the more potential. So I held him as in a vice till their carriage drove off, and then we strolled away, arm-in-arm, very excellent friends indeed.

At the hotel I found this missive:—

"Dear Cousin,—Charmed to see you to-morrow at twelve a.m.—Toute à vous, Iris."

"Hôtel de l'Europe, Brussels, July 5, 18—."

I did not parade this to De Bonbol, though I suspect my visage may have been expressive of a kind of triumphant pleasurable. I did, however, take it to bed with me, administering to the fragrant paper on route a surfeit of kisses.

## EPISODE II.

A cup of tea, a bath, a stroll, and I returned to breakfast at Sinkin's Hotel like a giant in remarkably good fettle. M. De Bonbol showed at the same moment, and commenced extensive deglutition, his chief provender being, apparently, corks-combs. When he had devoured enough to last an ordinary ostrich for a week of Sundays, and had superadded thereto an entire bottle of Rudesheimer, I thought it incumbent on me as a man of honour to return his Assmanshauser of the previous evening by a largesse in the form of champagne cup. This, being a beverage unknown to the worthy Gaul, perilously fascinated his palate—in fact, he floored two thirds to my cue, and then began to laugh.

Laugh, perhaps, is hardly the word, unless you interpret it in a hyænesque sense. Monsieur's laughter consisted less in fun than in noise, and the more exhilarated he became the louder he talked. Thus it happened that when we arrived at the Hôtel de l'Europe, the sun shining high in the heaven above us, I was rather apprehensive of a scene.

We followed our cards up stairs, I leading the way, and were ushered into a room where sat alone, not the Iris of my dream, but the negresque young lady of the grand tier.

I bowed, so did M. De Bonbol. I was about to utter, but my vivacious companion anticipated me.

"Ve 'av com," he said, with a rectangular bow, "to see ze lofely Mees Iris Boone."

The negresque young lady rose, executed a curtsey, and remarked, sotto voce,

"Guess I'm rather flattered."

"Av! I ze pleasair, then, address Mees Boone?"

The young lady smiled and bowed.

Simultaneously we both looked in each other's face. The expression of disappointment must have been ludicrous in mine, if it at all resembled that of my gay Marquis, who really might have been quaffing senna-tea instead of the vintage of hypothetical Champagne. It was, you must admit, for each of us rather a disillusionment. Our dream had been a fusion of bank-notes with beauty. The reality involved the elimination of the former element from the desiderated feminine amalgam.

Apollo, however, saved us from this supreme awkwardness. In a trice, the door at the further end of the apartment opened, and Beauty entered with a most winning smile, and the perfect reposefulness of a woman of the world.

"Mr. Beaumanoir—charmed to make your acquaintance. M. De Bonbol, I think we must have seen you at the Opera last night?"

A hand for each, the right one for me, I remarked.

"And now," she continued, still beaming most graciously, "suppose we introduce ourselves. This," pointing to her friend, "is one Iris. I am another specimen of the same flower. It is awkward for us, our having the same nomenclature, so we have agreed to this simple compromise. I keep my own name, and you may know me as Miss Iris Skegson. My friend permits me the familiarity of an old school nickname in addressing her, and you also may know her as Miss Topsey Boone."

Topsey! I shivered at the thought of the lady of Beaumanoir being plastered with a designation so very much in keeping with thickish lips and frizzly black hair; but I think—I am not quite certain, but I think—that my face did not betray me.

"Guess that's a queer will of old Ezra Beaumanoir," snapped Topsey, smiling from ear to ear.

"A veel; vot veel?" interposed Monsieur De Bonbol.

"Do tell, Iris," laughed Topsey, carelessly.

Iris looked for a second inexplicable. Then she turned to me with "You know all about it, Sir, or you would not be here!"

"Ah! but I not understand," gasped Monsieur.

"The will is simple enough," remarked Iris, languidly.

"If Mr. Gyles Beaumanoir and Miss Iris A. Boone can agree to marry, they take for their mutual dowry a million dollars; if not, the one who is anxious to marry the other becomes the heir."

"That is the problem," said I; "and I am here in the hope of solving it one way or the other."

I suppose I spoke earnestly. Anyhow, I must have amused both girls, for they collapsed in a fit of laughter, in which the Frenchman joined.

"Ha! ha! my gentleman's goodfellow," he cried. "You veel marry ze old man's veel? Ah, so. I know vot I know; yacc, yacc!"

There was a tone about Monsieur's utterance that might have suggested mental nettles, but I paid no attention to it; and when Iris, after a little desultory talk about Brussels, hinted that they contemplated a stroll, I offered our escort.

Up to this point I feel confident that the courteous reader regards me in the light of a frivolous fool. If so, he or she



misjudges me cruelly. Plucked, ploughed, disgraced as I was academically, I still had brains—nay, more, they were rather brimming over. You will not believe me, however, when I add that there was a tinge of serious purpose about my dreamy, indolent self. Perhaps you may give me credit for something better later on; anyhow, at this point I must ask you to take me on trust.

The girls slipped on some sort of walking attire in no time, and then we pured. Iris took possession of me, and the Marquis, I could perceive, did his utmost to ingratiate himself with Topsey.

We lounged through the gardens, and fed the wild beasts. Then we roamed about the picture gallery, still mated as we were. As for me, I was entranced. Iris was not, to my mind, American—rather, I should say, she was of a higher type than I imagined the best American women to be. I was quite unprepared to meet a lady from the other side so very Vere-de-Vereish, an aristocrat in appearance, in manner, in thought, albeit the product of a Republic, and—according to Young Oxford—of a debased species of Republic, a democracy in essence commercial. Her one fault, in my eyes, was her strange self-reliance. This, at times, jarred with my prejudices. Otherwise, she was to me perfection.

We chattered art, music, painting; and there I found her at home, besides being far better posted than I could pretend to be in literature. Her French was faultless, and she made me blush for my ignorance of German and Italian. Of all the arts, architecture alone seemed distasteful to her. She fairly detested big buildings, including churches, which were rather my craze, and fairly startled me by her love of wild metaphysical speculation.

As I gazed on her imaginative face with its delicate blush-rose complexion, I could but regard her as one of those puzzles that seem insoluble. She was gorgeously dressed, far more so than Topsey, and yet she dropped a hint that I must view her in the light of the dependent, and her friend as the great lady. What could be her motive in thus fascinating poor me? Perhaps she was acting. Perhaps her design was to render addresses on my part to Miss Topsey—what a name!—impossible. I was overwhelmed by secret suspicion, yet blindly followed my destiny, for the spell she cast was magical, and if you had put a million dollars in one scale and this wondrous creature in the other, I should have rejected riches and accepted beauty.

We left them preparing for the table d'hôte, not, however, before permission had been obtained to renew our acquaintance on the morrow.

Monsieur De Bonbol's manner, I fancied, was tinged with acerbity. "I mudge oblaige," he said, "You leave me the von vit the dollars. I praylar ze dollars to ze beek blue eyes and ze lovely face. Ah! I lofe ze dollars; yace."

And with that he went off to dine with another Gaul, a gentleman of the name of Frichemont, whose lineaments were more faultlessly simious than those of any other of our species whom I have had the honour to meet in my journey through life.

Being thus left to my own resources, I lounged as far as the post office. There I found awaiting me an epistle from my dear mother, and, as I perused its loving words, I felt myself to be simply selfish. She hoped that Miss Iris A. Boone was worthy to be my wife, adding that, if the reverse, the million dollars would be a bad bargain. And yet somehow between the lines I could but read a mother's wish, akin to anxiety. Her letter had this effect—it revealed to me the ugly truth that by this day's work I was relaxing my grip of fortune. I had no right to pay court to Iris and then to propose to Topsey. Indeed, I could but remark the latter's frigid "Good-day to you, Sir," at parting. There was a dash of *sprete injuria forme* in Miss Topsey's manner that might bode no good for me in the long run; for, reviewing the situation, I awoke to the fact that I might marry a wife who would inflict humiliation upon me. Then occurred to my mind the old dilemma of Bias, which, rendered into the vernacular, means that if a wife does not run you into the Divorce Court she may make herself a nuisance.

A whole night digested these reflections; and by the morning I had made up my mind as to a definite line of action. Breakfasting early, before my gay Marquis, who had been immersed for half the night in baccarat, could struggle out of bed, I took a brisk walk and called at the Hôtel de l'Europe at half-past eleven, instead of twelve. As luck would have it, too, I found Topsey alone, and in a very meek way suggested, the day being perfect, a *tête-à-tête* walk. Whereunto she simply burst out laughing and turned away her head. Really the *gaucherie* of that young female was most surprising.

"I—I don't understand," was my rather huffy protest. "Calc'late you don't, Sir," grinned she, archly. "But"—I began. "That's all blatherumskite, Sir," she interposed, sharply. "Don't talk. Iris was gone on you yesterday, and I guess when she's gone there's always a man to run after her, Sir."

"Miss Boone!"

"Mr. Beaumanoir! Wall, Sir, you air"—and she laughed again.

"But," I said, reddening, "don't you know, you and I ought to see something of each other, singularly circumstanced as we are."

"Is that so?" said the softly-satirical voice of Iris, who had crept in unperceived. "Quite right. Take him away, Topsey; I don't want him."

"Is that so?" I may remark, happened to be the one Americanism in Iris's vocabulary that jarred on my ear. One could not quite say all that it implied. Sometimes—as, for instance, when I ventured to draw a vivid picture of the glories of Beaumanoir—it seemed to suggest that I was given to exaggeration and foolishly vain. Sometimes it was, as in this case, quiet but cruel sarcasm, that caused me to wince and to bite my lip, all the more because Topsey kept up that inane laugh. However, there was no alternative, and thus, before M. De Bonbol could put his exquisite identity *en évidence*, I was alone with the heiress in an open carriage driving anywhere—towards Waterloo, I fancy. Our interview was awkward in the extreme, at first. Topsey clearly wished to be *difficile*; but, in the long run, her ardent, emotional nature rendered this rôle quite beyond her powers. All Octoroons are inordinately vain, and with her a very little attention went a very long way; indeed, I verily declare that, had I proposed, I should have been accepted. Frankly, I could not. I was attracted to the girl in the same sort of way one might be, for the nonce, magnetised by a talkative barmaid. As for love, nothing could have been further from my soul; in fact, I did love—but not Topsey. Of our five hours' talk but a few words are worth recording. They were the last uttered by my dark companion before we drove into the hotel:

"Reckon, Mr. Gyles, you'd do me a favour?"

"Why, certainly," I echoed, in the lingo of Uncle Sam.

"Wall, hm, Sir, tell Iris, to-morrow, I don't fit."

"Fit who, what, which?"

"Fit you, Sir."

"But would that be quite true?"

"I'll forgive you if it aint. Do as I ask, Sir. I've a very particular reason. You'll know some day."

"But," I pleaded, "you will let me be your cavalier to-morrow?"

"Not you, Sir. It's Iris's turn."

That was all. She meant what she said, and, withal, spoke rather as one desperately afraid of offending Iris. Odd, was it not?

### EPISODE III.

On my arrival at Sinkin's hotel I ordered dinner, and inquired what had become of the Marquis? The garçon replied, with a grin, that Monsieur De Bonbol had gone to a hotel the opposite side of the street. He hinted, moreover, that something was wrong with the Frenchman, but in what particular did not state. For my part, the conclusion was forced upon me that he had met with a crushing misfortune at baccarat; and, I own, a slight feeling of nervousness supervened lest he should want to borrow of poor me. I was in the middle of outlet number two, and had just taken a pull of some cheapish red wine, when a raucous voice at my elbow sounded "Sare!" much as a sergeant of the old school might have uttered "shun!" or "shoulder huns!" It was Frichemont.

"Have a cutlet?" said I. "What, no? Glass of something, then? Why, what's up?"

"Sare, I 'av com' from my fren, Sare, Le Marquis De Bonbol."

"All right. Tell him there's any amount of grub going here, if he only looks sharp."

"Hein, Sare, you treefie vid me. You jayst, Sare. Bot I tell you it ees no jaysting mattair. M. De Bonbol daymand, Sare, your blood!"

"Hello, hello," I cried; "what's this nonsense? Demands my blood, does he? Well then, my compliments, and I hope he'll be so very obliging as to leave me my bones and my skin."

"Tschut! I not leesten no more. Are you von coward, Monsieur Beaumanoir?"

"Upon my honour," I replied, "I don't know. Never subjected my nerve to any special analysis. To drop enigma, man, what does it all mean?"

"It mean dees. You 'av play Monsieur De Bonbol—vot you call it?—false. You go before him to Hôtel de l'Europe and you tak' away ze Americaine, who made him leetle promise only yesterday, den ven he ask for ze oder Americaine she say not ad om'."

"Did she? well?"

"Sare, zat is censoolt, censhooree. It most be vash vid blood."

"Skittles, my good fool," I replied, "I've neither insulted nor injured De Bonbol; and as for fighting, if that's your idea, candidly, I'm not such a donkey."

"Phui!" hissed the simious one contemptuously. "Den De Bonbol boos your nos' before ze ladies, and, Sare, you veel have to fight."

I confess I did not relish the prospect of a scene before Iris, and as for this fellow, there was not a grain of common-sense in him. So I bethought me of an Oxford friend who was at the Fontaine at Ostende, and sent him a wire. Whereupon Frichemont left, with the comforting assurance that De Bonbol, if we chanced to meet, would tear the heart out of my body.

Before an hour was past, the intelligence that an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to fight a duel à l'outrance, the subject being the rich American heiress, was all over Brussels. De Bonbol clearly wanted to discount his heroism in advance. It was, perhaps, in consequence of this *plan* that I received the following missive at breakfast:—

"Dear Cousin,—So you and the Marquis are going to make a sensation, and all about poor me. Well, I intend to preserve an unarméd neutrality, and shall be invisible to both till the curtain falls on the tragedy (?). But Iris will be glad to see you alone this morning.—Yours, relatively, 'Torsey.'"

I obeyed this summons—only too readily. Iris received me with a little flush, but with her normal sweetness. We sat in the window and chatted for a long hour, quite like brother and sister. At last the *affaire* Bonbol cropped up, and I told her that I had wired for a friend to stop this ridiculous duel.

"I should not stop it," she remarked. "Meet the man—only don't hurt him. He won't hurt you."

"But," I argued, "I hope some day to be a clergyman, and for me to go in for pistols for two—its too too."

"A clergyman?" she echoed, oblivious of the pistol problem. "Is that so?"

"Well, yes. My estate is mortgaged. I've no other chance—unless—"

"What?"

"Unless I marry Topsey."

"Why don't you? If you say 'hap,' she will say 'snap.'"

"Why not, indeed? I ought to. I know I ought. I should save my estate from the Philistines. I should make my poor mother a happy woman. I ought."

"Then why hesitate?"

"What if my heart has been already given, but not to Topsey?"

A painful silence. I could say no more. She, I fancy, thought that I would not, and a cold proud look overspread her face.

"If only," I faltered, "Topsey and I were as truly in harmony as I think you and I are. If only there was any mystic tie to bind us. If I possessed the power of attracting her, or she me, then"—

"And you think no such tie exists, and yet you want to marry her? Is that so?"

"Is it base?" I pleaded, recoiling from her stereotyped query.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is wise—perhaps," she said, as though thinking aloud.

"But—but—don't catechise me, Mr. Embryo Reverend. Au revoir, Mr. Gyles, and a safe deliverance from De Bonbol's bullet!"

A little *moue*, a little wave of the hand, and a slight tremor. Then she disappeared, and our chat, which had begun so sympathetically, ended with awkward abruptness.

At Sinkin's, in the salon, imbibing a peg at my expense, I discovered my good friend Bottles, of Balliol, who had journeyed sharp from Ostend. Of course when he heard my tale his smile swelled in volume till I thought he would have taken the roof off Sinkin's hotel. And when I said I thought I'd better go out with De Bonbol, his shriek of "Arma virumque cano" metaphorically shivered my timbers. However, after a while his brain steadied itself, we discussed the situation, and I induced him to call on the sanguinary Frichemont.

He returned from the visit exploding; in truth, the dear fellow being endowed by Nature with a rather bulbous, hyacinthine cast of countenance, I feared apoplexy.

"Well," gasped he, "it's all pleasantly arranged; 7.30 to-morrow morning; pistols; venue, a mile off, on the Waterloo Road, nice easy distance! breakfast here at 9 a.m., and be particular to order *rognons à la brochette*."

I was fairly flabbergasted. "Breakfast!" I cried; "but supposing there's nobody to eat it?"

"There will be four people," he rejoined. "Listen! Frichemont began the sort of bluster about blood you led me

to expect. I thereupon informed the fellow that, not being professionally a slaughterman, I must decline personally to assist at any function suggestive of shambles. To this he protested forcibly that his dislike of horrors equalled mine; that he was a gentleman of 'von' sentiment, and that 'ze blood vos only fit for representation on ze stage.' Blood, he further explained, in the language of the French *duello*, was used in a purely Pickwickian sense, inasmuch as when, as in the present instance, the seconds were filled with the enthusiasm of humanity, they invariably loaded the lethal weapons without ball. "And so," he ended, "ze affaire farminante qui' agrayable. Ze princepsals, zey fire ze pistols—von, two, times. Zen zey embrace. Zen vo com' bac' breakfast."

"A solemn farce," quoth I.

"Yes; but I advise you to go through it, for if you don't, as sure as eggs is eggs, that clever Frenchman De Bonbol will denounce you as a coward."

We arrived on the ground a few minutes late next morning; this owing to my having overstepped myself. There awaiting us were De Bonbol, Frichemont, and—ye gods!—a doctor; with any amount of tourniquets and bandages, in a case of positively portentous magnitude.

I could hardly refrain from laughing, for there stood, a sort of cross between an ourang-outang and a tom-cat, the tall form of le Marquis de Bonbol, buttoned up to the chin à la militaire, an expression of demoniac hate on his visage, intensified by the straight diagonal line of his specular moustache. Frichemont measured twelve paces, and we were put in position. Then the seconds retired, and I will give the essence of their brief talk, as it was subsequently narrated to me by my faithful Bottles.

Frichemont: "I av load ze pistols. You tak' von for you man; I ze oder for De Bonbol."

Bottles: "Oh, ah! But what about bullets?"

Frichemont: "My tear Sare. You confide in me. I geef you my voit, eef my goot fren M. De Bonbol soospec zere vos boolets he would be *affeur*. You zee him. He stand ayrect, vair coourageous. Bot eef he soospec boolets he would be no more coourageous. Bah! eet would be impossible!"

Bottles: "Well, to avoid accidents, you won't mind my trying the muzzles with my pipe-roker?"

Frichemont: "Certainment not."

And so Bottles did. Good fellow as he was, he satisfied himself that the two pairs of pistols were perfectly harmless. Then he returned one pair to Frichemont, who whispered audibly,

"Mund, after ze second *feu*, ve are satisfy. Zen ve embrace. Zen ve congratulate ze doctor, and ve raytoorn breakias."

De Bonbol and I saluted each other, and at the cry "Tree" from Frichemont blazed away. The result was nil. Then there was another consultation of seconds, we were moved forward two paces each, and this time Bottles, who had charge of the other pair of weapons, handed me my pistol with the advice in my ear, "Take aim."

I confess I did not like this. Was the farce, after all, reality? I resolved to sell my life, dearly; and, *entre nous*, I was considered at the filly Tavern a tidy pistol-shot.

Snatching my eyes carefully I waited for the word, and then, steady as Old Time, blazed straight at De Bonbol's heart.

My aim was true enough, for the Frenchman, with a yell of supreme anguish, sprang into the air and fell on the turf, cuddling his nose with both his hands.

Doctor and all, we rushed to the spot. Upon my honour, I felt sorry for De Bonbol, who howled miserably, while Frichemont stamped and raved and tore his hair. There was, however, no harm done. Something had hit my antagonist on the tip of the nose, but what that something was did not then transpire. It must have been very small, for the skin was barely abraded, and all the blood visible amounted to less than a pin's point.

"Ugh!" groaned the poor Frenchman. "Quel douleur! I am keelt."

"Ah, no!" murmured the doctor. "Not keelt. Not vounded. Only a leetle beet fraughtened."

As for Bottles, his eye was twinkling with merriment. "I say," he remarked, as soon as the chatter of the Gauls had subsided, "is your man satisfied?"

"Parfaitement, oui," cried De Bonbol, evidently horrified at the notion of further vivisection.

"In that case," said I, "let's shake hands, and get back to our kidneys, or they will be spout." And then, suiting the action to the word, I lited up my hullen Marquis, who was all of a sniver, invited the doctor to join us, and we drove back comfortably and amicably.

The Belgian papers published an account of the affair, with the inevitable gloss, that the Marquis was wounded; but, luckily for my reputation, styled me an Englishman of the name of Bowman. This was improved in Paris, to the extent of making the recovery of the Marquis De Bonbol doubtful; while in London my antagonist was shot dead; and in New York the duel was said to have been strictly an *outrance*, and we both tell simultaneously shot through the heart.

"I wonder how it happened?" I remarked to Bottles, as I rode with him to the station to see him off for Ostende.

"Don't tell," he whispered; "but the fact is, I could not resist the chance, so I wrapped some peas in cotton-wool. See?"

"Upon my honour, Bottles, I'm ashamed of you."

"So am I or myself; but think what an excellent story it makes for my college wine next Term."

### EPISODE IV.

All of us enjoyed our little déjeuner except poor De Bonbol, whose nerves being of the tense order, thanks to a long course of Paris and Monte Carlo, were fairly overcome by the shock. He tried to eat, then called for a petite verre, and finally, his complexion being more or less chlorid, persuaded the doctor to administer an opium-pill, and tumbled off to sleep on the sofa. As for me, I hurried to the Hôtel de l'Europe, to be greeted by Iris with, "You terrible man, so you've half murdered the poor Marquis. Topsey will never forgive you."

I was about to explain, when that negresque young lady entered, looking fifty per cent darker than usual. If I were to hint she was out of temper I should not malign her, and the mood in one of her complexion and contour of countenance could hardly with exactitude be termed becoming. The negro in the exalted state of rapture Longfellow pants so forcibly may be a charming study; but the negro in the sulks—?

I soon found that the bone of contention lay somehow between the two—shall I style them?—friends.

"I'm going to take Mr. Beaumanoir out for a walk," said Iris, rather commandingly.

"I thought," pouted Topsey, "that we were to go shopping together."

"And I," remarked Iris, "don't think you'll get that new geranium plush if you elect to be disagreeable."

"Iris," cried Topsey, almost passionately, "how can you?"





DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

ENGRAVED BY G. F. HAMMOND.

HALF-A DOZEN SPOONS.





DRAWN BY E. J. WALKER.

ENGRAVED BY R. LOUDAN.

MY CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.



How dare you? Guess I could turn the tables on you. Guess I will, too."

"Is that so?" retorted Iris. "Then oblige me by not creating a scene, because if you choose to behave in this way I shall simply ship you off to Manhattan. So now!"

I was about to protest, for I felt that I was *de trop*, when Topsey, bursting into a flood of tears, and with an exclamation that may have been—mind, I don't depose it was—"I hate you!" rushed out of the room.

"These half-breeds have the strangest dispositions," remarked Iris, coolly. "Twenty years ago a girl would have been well whipped for that sort of impudence; and now, as we can't chastise her, we have to assert ourselves. I like Topsey very much; but for that very reason I never tolerate her tempers."

It was a sweet day, and the air totally devoid of that dry chill which renders an English summer's day too often a sham. Iris, too, was more than fascinating. Having discharged vinegar at Topsey, she seemed to have nothing but honey for my humble self. Quite in sisterly fashion, she asked me to accompany her round the corner, to Pinet's, the boot-shop, in the Rue Montaigne de la Cour.

Of course I did so, and equally of course, as I was informed, that her object was to try on a pair, or possibly a dozen pairs, of M. Pinet's inimitable bottines, I lounged outside awaiting her good pleasure.

It was strange that at that moment my thoughts should again revert to what I will term duty. I had been spending another day in a sort of earthly paradise, and could hardly conceal from myself that I was drifting. After all I had said, would it be honourable, manly—ay, common justice to both of us, to desert Iris? And yet, for what cause had I come to Brussels? Not for her, surely?

Immersed in these perplexing reflections, I was awakened rudely to the fact of existence by the crack of a whip and the hideous yelp of a poor little lap-dog. This, I saw at a glance, was what had happened. The poor little tender dog had lost its mistress, and, being espied by an ouvrier passing with a whip, the supreme rascal had literally cut the animal's flank open.

This, my masters, was just too much for young Oxford. With a bound I went for that ouvrier, ripped his whip out of his hand, broke it in twain, and, withal, administered a sound box on the ear by way of vendetta.

In half a trice the fellow pulled out a knife, but I was too quick for him. Gripping his wrist, I disarmed him, but only to find a mob collecting round me—a menacing mob; for in Brussels it is perilous to chastise the sacred demos. You might more safely murder an aristocrat than lay a little finger on an ouvrier.

"Make a bolt, Sir!" cried the friendly voice of a bystander, an English voice.

I doubled and dodged a brace of ruffians with knives, knocked a couple more down, and by dint of legs got safe into the Hôtel de l'Europe. In five minutes—need I add?—I was in custody. The gendarmes descended upon me as though I had been a ferocious brigand or a dangerous lunatic, and I found myself in highly uncomfortable quarters under lock and key.

In the course of the evening I was haled before a solemn and saturnine functionary, who curtly informed me that I had committed an outrage. In vain I argued that cowardice and cruelty deserve punishment. The functionary waxed impatient, addressed me in the contemptuous tone which all Continentals consider suitable to us Britons, and cut the business short by fining me five hundred francs.

I had not got it.

Should I write to Iris? No. I could not so far demean myself. To Topsey? That would be indeed a humiliation. To De Bonbol? To Bottles? To Sinkin, the hotel-keeper?

This last appeared the happy thought. Early in the morning I dispatched a note to mine host. Sinkin kept me waiting till noon; then returned a blunt negative.

Biting my lips, I wrote to De Bonbol. His reply was characteristic. Hélas! he has been rob at baccarat. But he would intreat his dear friend Soulis, the banker, to discount my bill at seven days. Towards night a message came that Soulis must deny himself the gratification of obliging the English gentleman—for no particular reason.

A wire brought Bottles, but not till the following morning. Luckily, the dear fellow, whose chief virtue was not pecuniosity, happened to have some circular-notes of his mother's confided to his charge—Mrs. Bottles, with three Miss Bottles, were at the Fontaine at Ostend—and placed them at my disposal.

Free, I marched in triumph to the Hôtel de l'Europe. Honestly, I don't think I ever in the course of my life felt lighter hearted. The head waiter met me with a letter. The handwriting, I fancied, was Topsey's, but I was in error. It ran thus:—

"TO GYLES BEAUMANOIR, ESQ.

"Adieu. Iris."

"Are they gone?" I demanded, my face all aflush.

"They have depart," replied M. le garçon.

I pulled out my purse and handed the man a florin.

"Pardon, M'sieu, but the administration not pairmit me receive any gratification votever."

"Oh," thought I, "not enough?" So I tried a five franc piece, with the query, "Where have they gone to?"

"Spa," and the fellow, in his fidelity to the rigorous administration, did not return the silver coin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Perplexed and apprehensive, I was slowly proceeding towards Sinkin's, when, who should I meet but the simious Frichemont.

"Ha! ha! So, you booxer, you do ze boox!"

I tried to laugh, and inquired how De Bonbol was?

"De Bonbol," he echoed. "Vy, you not know? He gone Spa avec les belles Americaines!"

What could that mean? It sounded odd and ugly. "And when did they all leave?" I inquired.

"Yacetair," was the reply.

Mystified beyond measure, I contrived to shake off Frichemont, who, having, after his kind, nothing to do, was urgent that I should join him in doing it. Then I walked to Sinkin's, sharp, to cannon against a startling surprise, in the shape of a familiar female figure.

"My dear boy, why, where have you been?"

"Mother!"

"I've hurried here with bad news—very bad. Beaumanoir is advertised to be sold. It seems that there was a special clause in the mortgage deed empowering the mortgagees to foreclose and sell at once in the event of three months' arrear of interest being unpaid. The fact is, Contango, the great stockbroker, wants to buy us out. He has put up for the county, and Beaumanoir would give him the right *pieu-à-terre*."

"Mother," said I, "it is well you have come. I can't marry Top—I mean Miss Iris A. Boone."

A pained expression came over the dear woman's pale face. She bit her lip and said, "Have you asked her?"

"I have not; because her answer would be Yes."

"Then," said she, "we had better return to England."

"No, mother, we had better not. You must see and judge whether I am right."

"Yes?"

"They—Miss Iris A. Boone and her companion—are at Spa. Humour me by following them."

I am sure she thought this utterly useless, but it was never her habit to thwart me. I paid the bill at Sinkin's, and we took the train at once, arriving at the Flandres after dusk.

#### EPISODE V.

My mother was considerably over-tired, and the depressing news had upset her. She readily, therefore, yielded to my proposal at breakfast that she should remain quiescent until the luncheon hour. In fact, I was desirous of meeting Iris, as it were by accident, and this, I rightly divined, would not be difficult in so small and select a place as Spa.

The party were not at the Flandres—rather to my surprise, for both Iris and Topsey professed to affect the *crème* in hotels, as in everything else. Ergo, I had, perforce, to prowl. I drank a glass of disagreeable water in hopes they might be found around the Castalian spring whence it flowed. I dodged about The Redoubte. Finally, I resigned myself in despair to the fascinations of the Promenade à Sept Heures, took up a position, and watched all the pretty people pass.

A little silver laugh. I knew that laugh. Yes, it was Iris, and De Bonbol was sandwiched between her and Topsey.

"Ma foi!" cried the Frenchman. "Vy. It ees ze conveec, ze preesonair!"

"It's hardly your fault that I'm not so," snapped I; and then, after shaking hands with Topsey, turned to Iris.

Her look was almost icy. "I did not expect you," she observed with emphasis.

I bit my lip, tried to talk commonplace, and, I suspect, appeared gawky. No wonder, for her replies were monosyllabic, and I could perceive she was offended—albeit, I was ignorant of the cause. Had it not been for Topsey, who seemed to energise her utmost to monopolise De Bonbol, she would have paired off with him. As it was, Topsey's manoeuvring out-generalled her, and she found herself *tête-à-tête* with me.

"Why do you come here?"

"In one word, Iris, you are the why."

"Indeed, after your extraordinary behaviour?"

"My behaviour!"

"Well, I don't care to discuss it. I have been mistaken in you, Mr. Beaumanoir, and it is fortunate you are found out in time."

"Iris, for mercy's sake, explain. You know I—I love you as my life."

Luckily, we had ranged far apart from the throng—one can do so easily at Spa by following the paths on the side of the hill—for these were not words to be overheard.

"Do you call it gentlemanly in your country to run away from a lady?"

I took her hand in mine, looked deep into her eyes, and said simply, "Listen." She did not withdraw her hand, and so in a dozen sentences I disabused her mind.

"Did De Bonbol know this?" she asked, with a wickedish look.

"Certainly."

"Is that so?" said she. "Then it will be the worse for him. I meant to save the poor, silly, vain thing. As it is—*vogue la galère*. You will have the laugh of him, I promise you. But, hush! here is the Frenchman."

Talk of a monkey and his tail will appear. We met the pair suddenly, and I remarked that Topsey was blushing and her black eyes flashing in a very tell-tale way.

"Apropos of luncheon," said I, "will you all do me the honour at the Flandres? I am anxious to introduce you to a charming lady friend of mine."

The response was in chorus—affirmative.

"Who is she?" whispered Iris.

"My mother."

"Your mother? Yes; I shall be charmed to meet your mother." And she spoke so thoroughly as if she meant it that I felt quite grateful to her.

Luncheon passed off quietly and rapidly. I placed Iris purposely next to my mother, and was amply rewarded by the immediate sororising of the two. Topsey was fidgety, I thought, and De Bonbol glorious; indeed, before the *gruyère* he had coolly announced the fact that the lovely Mees Topsey had consented to join him in a drive to Barrisart.

I walked with them to the door of the hotel, assisted Topsey to her seat in the *Americaine*, and took note of one fact—viz., that De Bonbol did not turn his pony's head towards Barrisart, but towards the station.

On peeping into the salon I perceived my mother and Iris in close conversation; and, under the impression that two's company and three's none, withdrew without interrupting them. A half hour's stroll was agreeable; but I did not exceed that limit. On my return the garçon was awaiting me at the entrance of the hotel.

"A lettair, Sarc, for Meest Beaumanoir. And anoder lettair for Mees Boo—boo—bon."

The Belgian could not read our Saxon names.

"Miss Boone is out," said I; "but I'll take it to her friend." And with this I broke the seal of my epistle.

The handwriting was that of De Bonbol.

"Mon cher Beaumanoir,—

"I have what you call done the treeck. I have play the tromp carte. The lovely Miss with the lovely dollars is mine, and your tear mamma have come too late to spoil le jeu. You have not propos, and you shall not in the six months; for I will tak my bride where you shall not find her—perhaps to China, perhaps Timbuctoo. Hein!

Sur le mer de Baltique,  
Sur le mer Pacifique.

Oh, no; you will not trace her. Adieu! I leave you the Beauty. Moi, I prefer the dollars.—De Bonbol."

It was with mingled feelings that I re-entered the salon, and, advancing to Iris, handed her both letters.

To my surprise, she at once opened that for Miss Iris A. Boone—an epistle in a feminine hand, perchance that of a modiste.

"Just as I expected," she said, her eyes, usually so languid, flashing fire; "the knave is trapped by the fool. Now, Gyles; now, mother—if you will let me call you so—I may drop not a corner but the whole of my veil. I AM IRIS A. BOONE."

I caught her hand in mine; yet could but falter, "Why have you concealed this?"

"To try you. To try myself. I would not have you marry me for my dollars. I could not marry you until you had given proof that you loved me more than money. You have been in the crucible; so have I, and—why, what?"

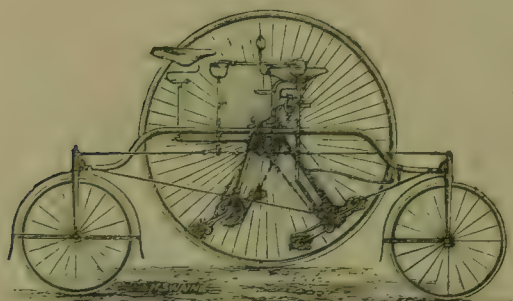
My poor, dear mother had begun to sob.

"There is not a grain of alloy in our hearts," I added, taking the words out of her mouth.

That is all. I have planted my beautiful Iris at Beaumanoir, and the soil suits her even better than that of New York. My mother is supremely happy, though I have never taken my degree and have postponed a white tie till I am older and staidier. As for Madame la Marquise De Bonbol, she has gone dark, and her husband, I can only conclude, is at Timbuctoo, awaiting a cruel awakening.

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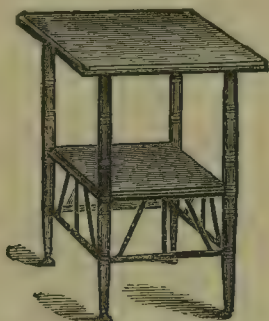
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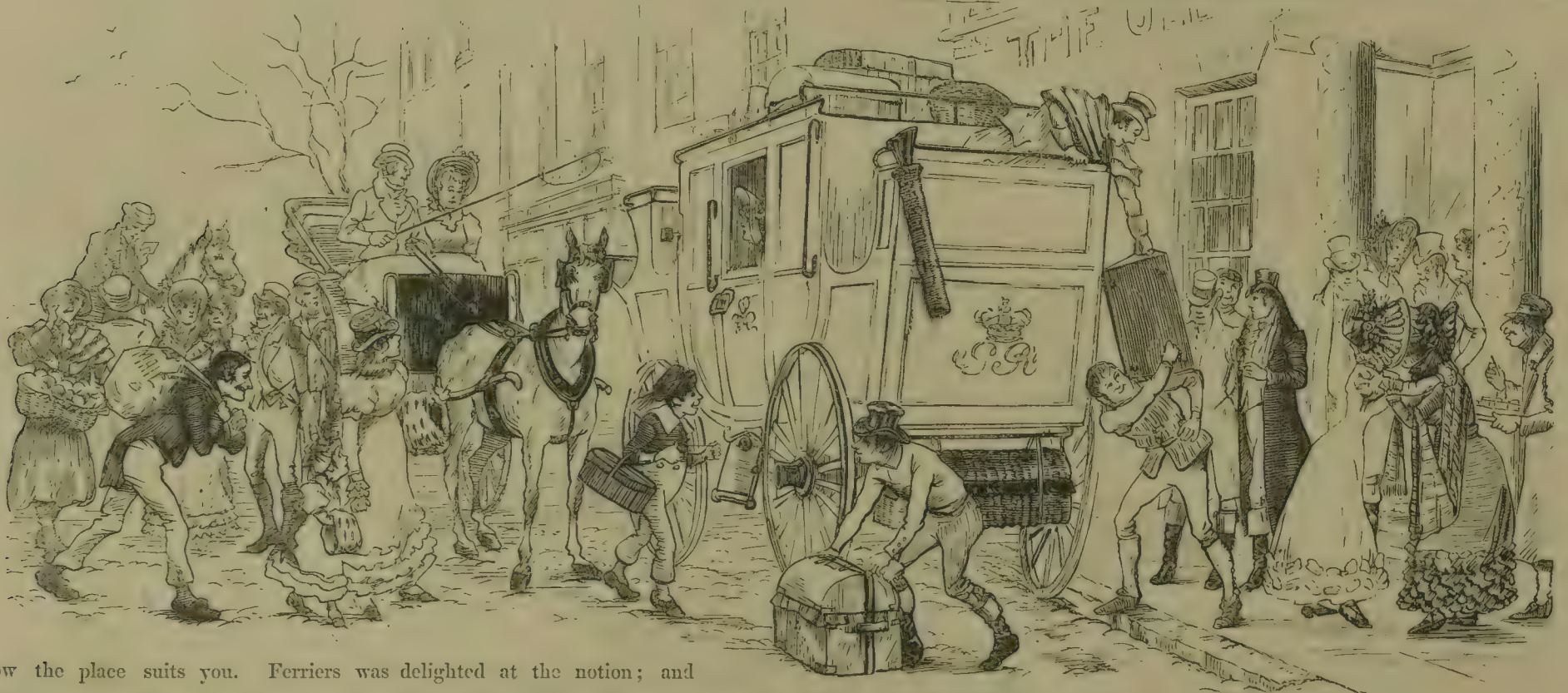
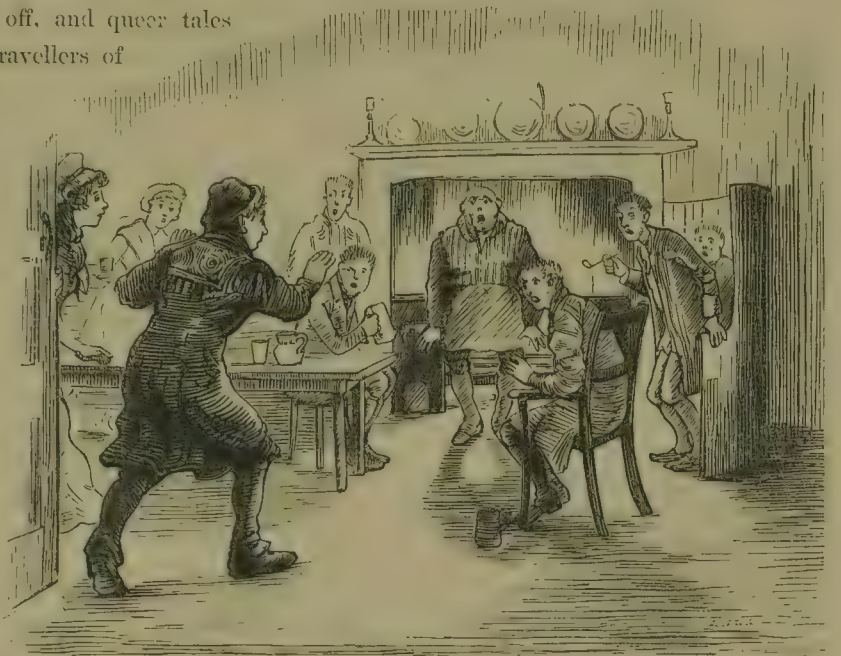
# WALSHAM GRANGE: A REAL GHOST STORY.

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY E. MORANT COX.



ALSHAM GRANGE—I have been requested to alter all the names—stood about six miles from the sea. A lonely, desolate old manor-house, with a bad name among the people round. Some horrible murder had been committed there in days gone by, and the house was haunted. Mudleigh was the nearest village, some three miles off, and queer tales were told by belated travellers of fearful shrieks, and strange lights flitting from room to room.

It was, in fact, a regular haunted house of the old school. Well, my great-uncle married, and wanted to settle down somewhere in the country. "Look here, Ferriers," said his friend Brufton, "here's the very thing for you. Take Walsham Grange off my hands. My wife hates a country life, or I would live there myself. It seems a pity to let the old place go to wreck and ruin for want of a tenant. But no one will stay because of the nonsense about the ghosts. But you are a sensible man; and you shall have the place, grounds and all, for a mere song. And I tell you what, my boy, give a regular good Christmas party, fill the house with friends, invite us down, and we'll find out all about the ghosts, and you can see



how the place suits you. Ferriers was delighted at the notion; and they determined to go down together first, to see if they could discover anything before their wives and the guests arrived. They agreed to say nothing about the ghosts to anyone, especially the servants, who were to follow them as soon as possible. So off they started by the Exeter coach, having sent word to the cart-takers to prepare for them. Evening was just setting in when they reached Walsham Grange. They were delighted to find a capital repast ready for them, and were a good deal amused at the conduct of the old caretaker and his wife, who lived in a cottage hard by, and evidently



creaded staying so late in the great house, and were thankful when the time came to say "Good-night." After the constant rumble of the coaches, the old house seemed painfully quiet. However, they chat away merrily, when "Bang!" goes a door close by. They seize candles, and rush out, pistol in hand. Yes; the drawing-room door is shut. There is no draught. What on earth can

have closed it? Oh! what's that? The door at the other end of the room is suddenly flung open. Ferriers runs up, sees something dark, and fires. "I say, old fellow," says Brufton, trying to laugh, "don't do too much of that. It's bad for the furniture. That was your shadow." Nothing more happened; so they persuaded themselves that it must have been the wind. And so, after a smoke and a glass of grog, they went to bed.







Next morning they thoroughly explored the whole place, but found nothing. In due course their families and guests arrived. Not a word was said about the ghosts; but after dinner, when they were all in the drawing-room, doors were suddenly heard slamming violently. Our friends eye each other askance. And, hark! What's that? A low wail, commencing far away at first, but gradually coming nearer and nearer, and culminating in one awful shriek! What is it? The ladies begin to scream and faint, and all the servants come rushing in, scared out of their wits. This helps to restore the scattered courage of the gentlemen; and, the last unearthly yell having died away, Ferriers proposes that the men should at once institute a search for "the miscreant, Sir, who is trying to frighten us." All the servants are there; and their unmis-

takable alarm shows plainly enough that they know nothing of the mystery. "We must go at once," says Ferriers, "and discover the rascal. Ghosts? Pooh! Nonsense!" But, for all that, the ladies would not be left alone. So it ended in the whole party going over the east wing, where the screams seemed to originate. The gentlemen were continually seizing each other in the gloom; and quite a struggle took place between two old gentlemen before either found out their mistake. However, this served to raise the company's spirits; and, as nothing could be seen or heard, they readily accepted the suggestion of a footman, "Perhaps it's cats, Sir." And so, feeling infinitely relieved, they all went merrily to bed. An hour or so passed away in silence; when suddenly a yell of agony



rang through the house. Shriek follows shriek in close succession. The ladies in their rooms are screaming, and adding to the general uproar: then one last frightful yell, and all is still once more! The rest of the night passes quietly

enough; and at dawn the household gets a little sleep. The servants, however, give warning first thing. Everyone looks scared and shaky at breakfast; and one guest, Mrs. Ross, is quite hysterical, sends at once for a chaise, and declares she shall die if she sleeps

another night in the house. And so goes away, taking the only three unmarried ladies with her. She said she was just dozing off to sleep, when a strange creaking noise aroused her. At first she thought it must be the wood fire, which was still smouldering on the hearth, when, to her awful horror, she saw a panel of the high wainscot slowly sliding down, and behind it the most frightful couple she had ever seen—a masked man and an old woman. The former softly stepped into the room. Then she saw what she had not before observed. Bending lovingly over a cradle just before the fire was a beautiful girl. She was singing a quaint little lullaby as she gently rocked the baby to sleep. Suddenly she looked round and shrieked with terror as she saw the hideous form behind her, with one hand extended towards the cradle. A moment more and they were struggling together—anything to protect her child from the man. Then he drew his dagger; but the poor girl, in her endeavour to keep him from reaching the cradle, had pushed it nearer to the open wainscot. In an instant the old hag threw herself forward, and clutched the still sleeping child, uttering as she did so a loud yell of triumph. Shriek after shriek rang from the wretched girl. Then the man struck her down with his dagger and leaped through the panel, which was closed directly after him! Mrs. Ross rushed to the door in an agony of terror; but, stumbling over a chair, fell senseless to the ground. When she recovered, daylight was streaming into the room; but there was no trace of girl or cradle, nor any sign that a struggle had taken place. After Mrs. Ross had gone, a complete search was made in her room; but no sliding panel could be



found. However, that night the gentlemen sat up, determined to discover the mystery. Well, just about a quarter to twelve up gets Mr. Woodbury, and says, "Look here, Ferriers; you're a sensible man; and you know you don't believe in ghosts; and I think it's not right for us to lend ourselves to such absurd folly; and, in fact, as a father of a family, I shall not consent—to—watch for a ghost. So Good-night!"

And off he goes to bed. After this, first one and then another gets up, glances at the clock, and says, each in more or less the same words, "Yes, you know it's only cats, Ferriers; and Mrs. Ross had nightmare. I agree with Woodbury; so Good-night!" At last Ferriers finds himself left alone. It wants just two minutes to twelve. He hesitates. Presently a dog begins to howl. This is too much—and Ferriers bolts. Well, the shrieks that night were worse than ever; and next day all the guests went

away. Ferriers and his wife, of course, couldn't spend Christmas there alone, so they went too; and the old house was once more left dark and deserted.







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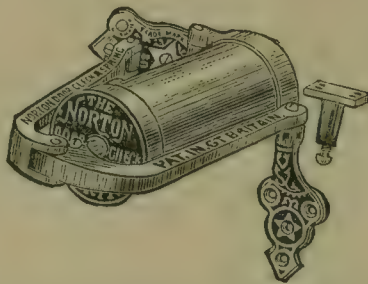
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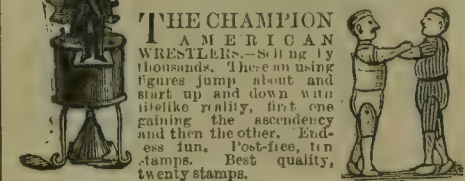
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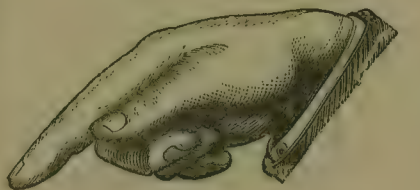
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## Lost and Found.

There was one subject upon which all that portion of mankind (including womankind) then dwelling in Badborough was perfectly agreed: a hundred and fifty years ago. It was the sweetness of Milly Jarvies. Her "face" was not her "fortune," inasmuch as Mr. Bartholomew Jarvies, a widower, having but this child, brought from the West Indies, twenty years before, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which he contrived to double or triple by usurious loans and getting hold of mortgaged houses and lands. It was not Milly's fault, but for the paternal mode of money getting, that her father was generally hated, though she both loved and obeyed him; and she hardly knew that she herself was universally beloved. A time came, indeed, somehow or other, when she was made aware that Charles Nesbitt loved her, but she could never understand why; and in her unconscious humility did not fancy she could be of much importance to anybody in the world except her father.

Charles, for his part, holding like most other young men a very different opinion concerning Milly's value, and being a gentleman by birth and breeding, with a small estate in the neighbourhood, sought an opportunity to ask Mr. Jarvies for regular permission to offer her his hand. He had several times met her in company with his sister, her former school-fellow, who had lately married and left Badborough; but Milly had few visiting acquaintances; and her father, cherishing an old grudge against Charley's family on account of an unjust lawsuit in which he was perjured and defeated, would never return the polite salutation of the youth in the village street.

One day Charles rode in from Oakfield, and boldly called at the house of Mr. Jarvies, the new red-brick house in St. Mary's Place, intending frankly and fairly to prefer his request. The door, as it chanced, in a servant's absence, was opened by Milly herself; and it is a fact that the young man blushed confoundingly, while she did not blush at all. This would not have been the case if he had at once told her his business, of which she had then really no idea; but he thought it would be more honourable first to tell her father. While she was about to answer his inquiry whether he could see Mr. Jarvies, the old usurer, who had been out, returned to his house, accompanied by a fashionably-dressed man of middle age, whom Charles recognised as Sir Fitz Deuce, Bart., of Blackball Manor.

The recognition was mutual, but very unpleasant. The two gentlemen eyed one another silently, with an air of contemptuous defiance. They had last met at a certain haunt of mixed company in London, where the Baronet, a notorious profligate, impudently misbehaved himself, and was checked by Charles with a threat of forcible expulsion. He now fixed upon the young man a glare of hatred which Mr. Jarvies perceived. "Sir Fitz!" said the usurer, "is anything the matter?"

"Only that I did not expect to see this young puppy at your house," was the reply. "I shall not stay now."

Charles Nesbitt's passion rose instantly to the combat. "If this young lady were not here," said he, "I would kick you out and through the street."

The old man, frantic with alarm and vexation, succeeded in parting them, and they sullenly walked off in opposite directions. Milly had fled up-stairs in terror. When her father, in deep anger, and with real or feigned suspicion, closely questioned her about the visit of Charles, she could only say that he had called to see Mr. Jarvies, upon what business she did not know. In answer to further questioning, she admitted having sometimes met him before when she had visited his sister. The manner in which these questions were pressed too soon brought her, innocent as she was, to understand that her father suspected there might be a clandestine acquaintance between them. Indeed, old Jarvies had formed a plan which, if she could ever have been forced to consent to it, would have ensured her lifelong misery. Sir Fitz Deuce, whose fortune was much embarrassed, had borrowed large sums of Jarvies, and, having often been at the house, was attracted by the girl's beauty. The father, observing this, and anticipating that he would before long, as principal creditor, hold the half-ruined Baronet in his power, disregarding the vicious character of the man, and esteeming worldly advancement the sole object of life, thought rank and title, with an estate which he could finally clear of encumbrance, would be worth obtaining for his only child.

It may therefore be well imagined that, if he had before neglected ordinary civility to Charles Nesbitt and ignored his existence at Badborough, the feeling of Jarvies towards that young man was henceforth distinctly hostile. Charles sent him a note, asking for a private interview, and expressing regret for the tumultuous scene which had occurred, to which Jarvies returned no answer. Charles then wrote a long letter, in which he fully explained his purpose to ask for the hand of Miss Jarvies in marriage. This letter was sent back unopened, if Jarvies had read it, some impression might perhaps have been made upon him. After several weeks, Charles was one day riding through the village, when looking in through a shop-window he caught sight of Jarvies's head, with his well-known pig-tail, spectacles, black wig, and cocked hat. The



MR. JARVIES IN THE VILLAGE SHOP.

Baronet treated her with an obtrusive gallantry, which to her was extremely disagreeable.

It was towards the end of November when Sir Fitz one day brought into Badborough, and to Mr. Jarvies's house, a

female personage of much external dignity, no less than Lady Otterton, who was his own sister, but was almost a stranger to the village. Her married life had been chiefly spent at Paris and in Italy; till, being left a widow, with one daughter, and reputed to be rich, she returned to England, and was now staying at Blackball on a visit to her brother. The sojourn of two ladies, attended by the governess and ladies' maids, in that somewhat disorderly mansion of a reckless bachelor was a theme of much local gossip. It was said that Sir Fitz, after all his wild ways, had been compelled by poverty to seek her Ladyship's assistance in keeping up the establishment; that he was fain to put himself at last, under petticoat government; that the household, its servants, customs, habits, and furniture, would be entirely changed and conformed to genteel propriety; finally, that Sir Fitz would marry a lady chosen by his sister. When Milly Jarvies heard such things said in the village she was sincerely glad, thinking it all seemed to be for good; but she had never dreamt of receiving a visit from so high a lady as the Dowager Countess of Otterton. The ostensible purpose of her Ladyship's call was to ask Miss Jarvies to help her in engaging two or three new female servants, and making arrangements with tradesmen at Badborough, for the Blackball household. Milly quietly entertained this visitor for the day, and went about the village on her Ladyship's errands. In the next two or three weeks, they had a little further intercourse, which naturally led to an invitation for Mr. and Miss Jarvies, at Christmas, to pass two days at Blackball Manor.

There was to be no grand company at Blackball on the days for which Mr. and Miss Jarvies were invited. They were to meet nobody. The arrival was to be in the afternoon before dark. The distance from Badborough was seven or eight miles; Mr. Jarvies had hired a one-horse vehicle, which he could drive pretty well. Her Ladyship had sent a message asking Milly to order for her several hampers-full of Christmas provisions and dainties. Milly took charge of the hampers, and they were publicly hoisted into the carriage before starting. The journey, which was to have a most unexpected termination, promised little comfort on the road. The ground was covered with snow, the sky was dark, and the wind blew rough and cold.

It so happened that, in front of the Blazing Sun Inn at Badborough, at the moment when Mr. Jarvies was taking the poulterer's hamper into his trap, a young country gentleman was mounting his horse. He was booted and spurred, clad in a stout great-coat with cape and long skirts. His intention, at that moment, was to ride straight home to Oakfield, which is situated about three miles from Blackball, on a different road. For he was no other than Charles Nesbitt.

He saw Milly, and she probably saw him, but they did not accost each other, and he thought she hardly observed his distant salute. They had not met since last July.

The road from Badborough to the north-west, branching off near the fourth milestone into the Poddington and the Bingsbury roads, had an evil reputation for highway robbers. Many unfortunate travellers had been stopped with the cry, "Your money or your life!" Some had to part with both.

Now, Mr. Jarvies, upon this occasion, had a bag of money, five hundred guineas, to carry to Sir Fitz Deuce. He carried also, beneath the seat of his vehicle, a big pair of pistols, with flint locks and brass barrels, each loaded with powder and ball. It was with no particular sense of danger that he set forth this afternoon. But stopping the carriage at a roadside public-house, he heard the ostler say, "I'll lay a gallon it was the Crusher they saw to-day, on that chestnut mare with the white off foreleg he rode when Mr. Dowson to Bingsbury was



STARTING FOR BLACKBALL MANOR.





CHARLES AND MILLY.



MR. JARVIES ACCEPTS AN ESCORT.



ON THE ROAD TO OAKFIELD.

killed up there by Jawley's Barn!" A few words of inquiry brought the alarming explanation that a highwayman of great local fame, Jack Flinn, alias "The Crusher," had been seen a few hours before on the Bingsbury road.

Mr. Jarvies began to deliberate whether he should turn back homeward, but the advice he got was that, if he still chose to go on to Blackball, having above an hour of daylight, he should take the Poddlington road, to the left, for about two miles, and then turn to the right, by a lane through the woods, so as to reach Blackball without going on the Bingsbury road and meeting "the Crusher." He drove briskly on, turning into the Poddlington road. Some twenty minutes after he left the tavern, Charles Nesbitt rode up there, and was told about Mr. Jarvies with his young lady on their way to Blackball, and by which road they were gone. He galloped forward immediately, but failed to overtake them on the open turnpike road.

The weather had now become distressing; thick snow was falling, or rather flying and whirling about the horse and carriage, and Mr. Jarvies could see but a few yards on any side. When he perceived a lane turning to the right hand, he unhesitatingly took that direction; but he was not aware that, half-blinded by the snow, he had passed another turning. The lane, which was very narrow, overhung with branches of tall trees, presently became rather dark; it wound about the interior recesses of the woods, and was joined or crossed by other lanes of similar appearance. Half-an-hour in this labyrinth completely deprived Mr. Jarvies of any sense of knowing the direction towards different places, and it was now so dark that he lighted his big lantern and hung it in front, which only made it more difficult to see before him.

Milly was not yet frightened; and when he spoke of his perplexity, she said, cheerfully enough, "Well, father, if we are lost in the woods, we have plenty of good Christmas fare to eat and drink in these hampers." But she had overheard the alarming talk about Jack the Crusher. Presently, at an apparent opening in the woods, her father alighted, feeling for the money-bag in his coat-pocket, and said he would just walk up a little way to explore.

The long minutes passed, and the lonely girl heard a horse's feet coming rapidly towards her. Might it not be the terrible robber and murderer who was believed to be lurking somewhere near? She dared not utter a cry to call her father.

A horseman rode up close to the carriage. She was in terror until she saw his friendly face. It was Charles Nesbitt. "Miss Jarvies! Are you here alone? Where is your father? Why did you come here?"

Full of joy and gratitude, trusting in his manly protection, Milly briefly explained their situation. She had one pistol!

"You are safe now," he said, "but I will go and find Mr. Jarvies; he must be very near." Then dismounting, and leading his own horse, Charles went up the woodland path, and presently found the old gentleman.

"Mr. Jarvies," he said, "you have made a terrible mistake.

You have been driving the wrong way. You are now close to the Bingsbury road, and very near the place where the highwayman was seen lurking to-day."

A shot was heard at that moment, fired somewhere perhaps half a mile distant; and the two men looked sternly at each other, but Jarvies was speechless with terror.

"Do you hear that?" said Charles; "We cannot go now to see what it is, or to help at need; I must guide you and your daughter to a place of safety. Come, Sir, lean on my arm, or get on my horse, and I will lead him. I have seen her: thank God, she is safe!"

Mr. Jarvies accepted his escort, and slowly walking to the carriage, the young man said to him, "Sir, I love your daughter. I have never told her so. Will you give her to me? That is, unworthy as I am, if she will have me."

I cannot say that Jarvies said "Yes," but he was moved, and said, "Mr. Nesbitt, we will think about it."

They found the carriage, with Milly and her hampers, all quite safe. Charles, with a smile, relieved her of the pistol. She loved him from that hour.

"I will ride just before you," said the young man; "where do you want to go?"

"We were going to stay at Blackball Manor."

Charles Nesbitt reflected. "Well," he said, "I will show you the road to the park gate."

They went on in silence. At the turning of a lane which leads to Blackball, they were met by another man on horseback, in violent excitement, one of the servants of Sir Fitz Deuce.

"Mr. Nesbitt!" he cried, "God save us!—there is murder—don't you know? My master is killed!"

A few hurried words told the dreadful tale. Sir Fitz, riding with this servant from Badborough, had fallen by the hand of Jack Flinn on the Bingsbury road. It was the distant shot they heard. His dead body was lying at the Hall.

Milly burst into a passion of tears, and fell back trembling, almost in hysterics, but recovered enough to say, "The poor lady—his sister—let us go and comfort her!"

"Not now," said both the men; "you shall go perhaps to-morrow." They spoke apart with each other. "Now," said Charles, "you must go to Oakfield, to my mother and my sister; they will take care of your father and you to-night."

The kindest and most considerate reception awaited Milly and her father in the family of Charles Nesbitt. The heart—for he had one, after all—even of the old usurer was touched by this generous sympathy. Before he went home to Badborough, he gave his full and free consent to the union of his daughter with the only man she could ever have loved.



FAMILY PARTY AT OAKFIELD.





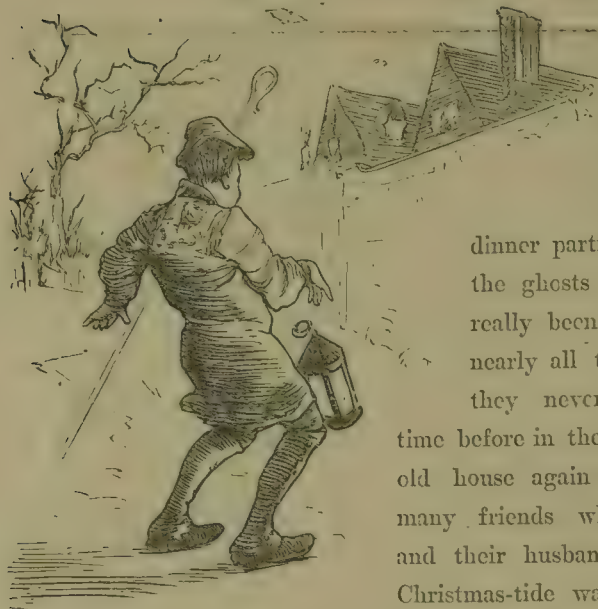
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

ENGRAVED BY G. A. MURKIN.



## WALSHAM GRANGE: A REAL GHOST STORY.

(Continued from page 13.)



So Walsham Grange was simply uninhabitable, much to the disgust of Brufton and my great-uncle Ferriers. Lights were seen burning more brightly than ever in the windows of the old place; and many a shepherd passing after dark was half scared out of his wits by the awful shrieks that echoed through the deserted house. Of course, the story about the ghosts, and the sudden departure of the guests from the Grange, made a great sensation in all the villages round, and kept everybody's tongue wagging for months. In town, too, all the guests were questioned over and over again by their friends, who constantly got up special

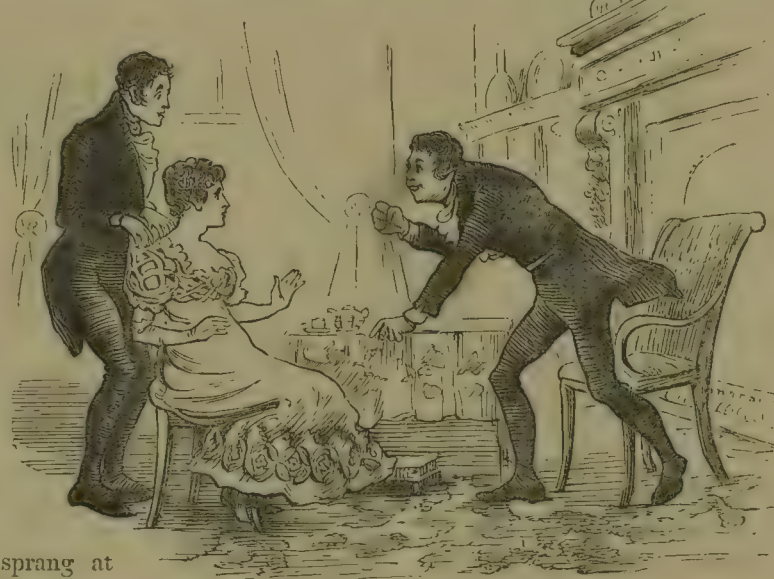
dinner parties on purpose to hear all about the ghosts from the lips of one who had really been in a haunted house. But, while nearly all the visitors to Walsham declared they never had passed such a terrible time before in their lives, and would not enter the old house again for worlds, there were a great many friends who lamented bitterly that they and their husbands had not been invited. Well, Christmas-tide was fast coming round again; and

one day who should turn up but Ferriers' brother Jack, a young Lieutenant, on leave for Christmas, from his Majesty's ship Tackler, lately employed off the south coast endeavouring to put down the smuggling that went on there to an enormous extent. So Master Jack was full of anecdotes of hair-breadth escapes and adventures with smugglers both by land and sea. "Ah, Jack," said Mrs. Ferriers, "that south coast is indeed a dreadful place!" And then she told him all about the ghosts at Walsham Grange. But instead of laughing, as Ferriers half expected, the young fellow took very great interest in the story, got them to tell it again, and then quite frightened them

by jumping up, banging the table, and shouting, "By George! I've got it! Hurrah! Look here, old fellow! You take the place at once from Brufton, and we'll go down together; and I'll warrant I'll clear the old house of its ghosts in a week!"

Now, Ferriers couldn't find a country house that suited him anything like as well as the Grange, and really hankered after it so much that he had been on the point of proposing to make a fresh attempt to oust the ghosts. So, seeing how

much in earnest his brother was, he sprang at



the idea. Brufton was delighted. He, too, had long been contemplating another visit to the Grange, but did not like to ask Ferriers to help him again. Well, the end of it was, they all three settled to go down together. The ladies, however, much to Jack's amusement, would not hear of their going alone. If their husbands went, they must go too. "Well," said Jack, "all the better; and better still if you will give another party, just as you did last year. But there's one thing you must leave to me. You must let me provide you with servants.



Perhaps they won't wait very well at table; but you mustn't mind that. And they'll be rather fond of rum! However, directly the ghosts are laid I'll send them away, and you can get your own domestics down. Of course, the ladies can bring a maid or two; but don't take too many; and, above all things, don't let it be known that I sent the servants." Jack started off at once to engage the attendants, and send them down to the Grange. And a most extraordinary lot they seemed, exciting general attention on their way to the coach.







Jack, "or one of them, at any rate. Here he is; look at him!" and just then up comes a party of the servants, bringing with them the ghost, certainly an awful-looking ruffian, white with rage and mortification at his discovery. He refused positively to say who he was, and how he came



there; loudly regretting that his pistol had missed fire. Then a happy thought struck Jack. "Tie him up tight to the balusters. Then come along to Mrs. Ross's room!" and there, sure enough, the panel by the fire-place stood open just as she had described it. "Follow me, my lads," cries

Jack, snatching a lantern from one of the men, and jumping through the panel. Ferriers and Brufton were after him like lightning, followed by the servants. They found themselves in a narrow passage running inside the walls of several



rooms, and leading to a winding staircase. After descending cautiously for some way, they see a light at the foot of the stairs. "Hullo! Jim," cries a voice, "have you woke 'em up a bit?" "Ay! ay!" says Jack, bounding down the stairs, "that I have; and you, too, Brackenbury!" and before

the man has time to recover himself Jack has thrown him to the ground and snatched his pistols from his belt. Some eight or ten men, sitting round a fire, are as quickly pinioned by Jack's followers. There was but very little resistance made, for they all seemed quite dazed at Jack's sudden onslaught. On examination, they find they are in an old cellar well stocked with casks of spirits, wines, silks,



satins, and all kinds of excisable goods. Then Brufton and Ferriers understood why Jack was so anxious to know about the ghosts, for they prove to be a gang of the most notorious smugglers on the south coast! Several women appeared on the scene, bewailing the capture of their husbands; and Brufton called Ferriers' attention to an old-fashioned cradle, that no doubt played part in the mock tragedy that Mrs. Ross had beheld. Indeed, ultimately Brackenbury confessed they had shammed ghosts to keep the house empty; and some ancient dresses they found in a chest enabled them to act part of an old legend connected with the house, while a subterraneous passage leading from the cellar to a wood at the back of the Grange, the entrance being completely hidden by thick ivy, afforded them a means of coming and going unobserved. Jack got his promotion for capturing

the smugglers; and the servants, who, it is perhaps needless to say, were some of the Tackler's crew, got well rewarded. But, after all, Brackenbury and his gang got off scot-free at the Assizes, for it could not be proved that they had smuggled these particular goods, nor even that the goods were smuggled. And neither Brufton nor Ferriers made any charge against them, feeling a kind of sympathy with their wild life; but the secret door was bricked up, and good care was taken that never again should they play the Ghost at Walsam Grange.



Well, when the guests arrived at the Grange a few days later, they found half-a-dozen strapping damsels and as many men-servants ready to obey them. Their method of waiting at table was decidedly peculiar, and created a great deal of merriment. The first two or three nights passed away without any ghostly visitation, and everybody felt almost disappointed; but one evening a door was heard to bang in the disused wing, then another, then another. Everyone rushed out of the drawing-room, and saw to their astonishment all the servants, instead of being transfixed with terror, rushing wildly one after the other—maids and men—into the haunted wing. Then Jack, who was the first to disappear, came running back. "It's all right," says he, "we've got him." "Got whom?" scream the guests. "Why, the ghosts," laughs







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ENGRAVED BY T. BARRAGE.

UNION IS STRENGTH—



DRAWN BY S. BERKLEY.

ENGRAVED BY T. BARRAGE.

BUT—DISCRETION IS BETTER THAN VALOUR.





DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

ENGRAVED BY R. TAYLOR.



## A Christmas Drawing-Room Concert.

(See Illustrations, page 4.)

"It'll be a regular tip-top thing—swell house, people of title, and all that sort of thing," said Tufton; and that settled it. Tufton had got two tickets for a Chamber Concert, announced to be given by Mr. Tubal Quain, the eminent composer, "by kind permission of Lady Topswell," at 502, Lancaster-gate, and he wanted me to go with him. I don't know much about music, and am not very partial to chamber concerts; but when Tufton told me that the renowned Fidelinski was to perform on the violin, and the no less celebrated Puffenschlager on the pianoforte, that, and the prospect of breathing the same air with People of Title, overcame my scruples, and I agreed to go.

The large drawing-room was well filled when we arrived; and we modestly took possession of two chairs in the background. Tufton immediately pointed out Lady Topswell herself, seated on the couch at the side of the room; and the lady next her, he informed me, was the Dowager Countess de Rouxnez, at whose aristocratic Roman nose and luxuriant *chêvelure* I gazed with awe. The stout old lady in the front row, he told me, was the Duchess of Islington, with her daughters, the Ladies Gwendoline and Euphrosyne Canonbury. Next to her Grace was the Honourable Jack Blazer, Colonel in the Blues, who distinguished himself so greatly in the Soudan; and on his right Sir Scalpel Drybones, the great scientist, who seemed to be enjoying himself vastly. Tufton appeared to know everybody, though, to my surprise, nobody seemed to recognise Tufton. From the way he talked I had rather imagined that he was hand-in-glove with all these great people; but, when I hinted at this, he looked quite offended.

Professor Fidelinski ought to have opened the proceedings, but it was announced that the great man was engaged to play before Royalty, and would appear later in the evening. The concert began with what Tufton called a "snorter" in D major. (Between ourselves I don't believe Tufton knows any more about music than I do) by Herr Puffenschlager, in the course of which the Herr threw himself into a variety of curious and impressive attitudes. I have sketched two of these, and it will be observed that the Herr in his *capriccioso* mood is a very different being from the Herr *maestoso*. In the former he seemed, from his head to his toes, to shrink and grow curly. In the latter, as he dashed his long hair from his brow, his whole frame expanded, and his face assumed the expression of an inspired archangel—at least, that is how I overheard a young lady sitting near me describe it. The Herr galloped up and down the keyboard till he looked all fingers and hair—now tickling the treble with one hand, while he rumbled a thunderous accompaniment on the bass with the other—now rattling away with both hands on the higher keys, detaching his left at intervals in a flying leap to pound viciously at a single unoffending note in the bass. At last, with a lightning run up and down, and a tremendous crash, the piece was finished, and the Maestro rose and bowed amid a storm of applause. It seemed as if we had all gone through a terrible struggle; but I am bound to say nobody—not even the instrument—appeared much the worse.

The next thing on the programme was an aria, "Com' è bello" (from Tubal Quain's well-known opera, "Il Vachero"), by Signor Buffaloni, the great basso-profundo. There was no mistake about the Signor's voice—"Quite a bellow," Tufton, who has no reverence, remarked, *sotto voce*. The song caused the Signor

to perspire freely, and the audience got so warm, out of sympathy, that fans began to wave in every direction.

It was quite a relief when Madame Trillini, with her bird-like soprano, came forward as the next singer. Her charming voice and vivacious manner fairly brought down the house in "Va-t-en de ça!" (words by Polisson; music by Tubal Quain). Tufton made me remark that soprano and contralto have quite a different way of holding their music. The former hold it out at arms' length, as if they were carrying a tea-tray; while the latter don't affect to look at their music at all, but hold it half rolled up in front of them. [Compare sketch of Madame Trillini with that of Miss Bella Voce.]

Mr. Schmidt is a baritone of unknown nationality; but, as he generally sings in English, it may be assumed, notwithstanding his foreign name, that he is a Briton *pur sang*. Baritones are partial to nautical lyrics, and Mr. Schmidt rendered the stirring ballad "Yo, ho! splice the foesle, lads!" (words by T. Bowline; music by Tubal Quain) with inimitable energy and expression. Miss Bella Voce, who is one of our most rising contraltos, then gave "Never again with thee, Robin!" (words by Bobalink; composed by Tubal Quain), and pleased the audience so well that she had to re-appear, and sang Pinchosi's "Ask Mamma!" as an encore, with delightful expression.

Signor Robinsoni next sang a new ballad, "The Bargee's Daughter" (words by Brownjones; composed by Tubal Quain), in his usual excellent cantabile manner. Signor Robinsoni is usually spoken of as "our elegant young tenor"; and though his voice is not much in opera, it is very effective in a drawing-room. It may, perhaps, be indiscreet to whisper it, but I have it on Tufton's authority that Signor Robinsoni is really an Englishman, and his proper name Mr. Robinson. I mention this with all reserve, but I don't see why a member of an honourable profession should take such elaborate pains to disguise his identity. Signor R. is greatly admired by the fair sex, and is a little inclined to put on airs in consequence; but then a man with a tenor voice and an elegant figure has really something to be conceited about, which is not the case with all of us.

After this song, there was a noticeable stir in the room. Necks were stretched, and fans agitated, and a feeling of intense excitement pervaded everybody. Mr. Tubal Quain was seen to rush to the door, and presently reappeared, triumphantly leading by the arm an untidy-looking man with a very bumpy forehead, and rumpled hair and shirt-front. This was Monsieur Fidelinski, the renowned violinist, who had just arrived, with all the adieu of Royalty clinging about his person.

A rapturous burst of applause greeted the appearance of the great man, who shuffled down the room, bowing jerkily to right and left, his violin, raking the audience fore and aft, under his arm. A young lady whose name "did not transpire" (as the reporters say) appeared, unnoticed, from somewhere, to play the accompaniment. A murmur of expectation ran through the audience; and somebody cried "Hush!" in an awe-struck tone. The Professor and the accompanist having gone through the usual preliminary twanging to get the instruments into harmony, there was a pause, and the piano took a short start; while the great violinist stood, in a negligent attitude, glaring at us through his spectacles. Then, suddenly realising that he was being left hopelessly behind, he brought his instrument into position, and with a graceful wave of his bow dashed after the piano, and caught it up, amid breathless excitement, after a sharp burst. A break-neck race followed, which seemed likely to end in "Violin first, and the

rest nowhere." The piece was a Fantasia on Soudanese airs, specially composed by Mr. Tubal Quain for M. Fidelinski, and gave ample scope to the Professor's exceptional powers. I do not pretend to know anything about the technicalities of the piece, but there seemed to be a kind of tune lurking somewhere in it; and after stalking this warily through a long *andante* passage, the Professor saw his opportunity, pounced on the tune with sudden fury, banged it about, turned it inside out and upside down, scraped and scarified it till it seemed as if it could never be quite the same tune again. But presently it reappeared as if nothing had happened, and went ambling smoothly along till the Professor got out of temper with it again; dashed off with it, tore it in pieces, and flung the bits about, smashed and pulverised them, and then brought up suddenly. When, lo! the same old tune came up smiling and indestructible once more.

It was a wonderful and awe-inspiring performance, and the end of the first round was greeted with a hurricane of hand-clapping.

The second part was a sort of firework display, in which violin, bow, fingers, hair, and spectacles all seemed mingled together in a bewildering phantasmagoria, but that wily tune soon began once more to obtrude itself. This time the Professor changed his tactics. He now attacked it with calm determination, sawing deliberately at it till it dropped out bit by bit, and at length, to all appearance, was as dead as Julius Cæsar. Then the Professor celebrated his victory by a delirium of ecstatic manipulation, in which his hair and beard got so inextricably mixed up with the strings and bow that it was a marvel how they ever got sorted again; and finally, with one magnificent sweep of his bow, he stood, pale but triumphant, while the audience burst their gloves with frantic applause.

Mr. Tubal Quain was in great force—here, there, and everywhere. Though himself an excellent pianist, he took no part in the performance, leaving the executive honours to the galaxy of friendly talent which had gathered to support him.

The tall, portly gentleman who has just given him two fingers to shake is Mr. Bompas, the well-known musical critic of the "Posthorn." It was edifying to see how even the great Mr. Quain cringed before his Olympian presence.

On the whole, I enjoyed myself very well; and only the other day, when somebody made a remark about the Duchess of Islington, I found myself languidly murmuring, "Ah! yes—had the pleasure of meeting her Grace at Lady Topswell's the other evening," in a manner which would have done credit to Tufton himself, and which vividly impressed my acquaintance.

J. P. A.

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### SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

- From His Grace the DUKE of RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hunt.  
Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables; I think it very useful.  
RUTLAND.
- From the Royal Hunt, Windsor Great Park.  
Cumberland Lodge, July 4, 1881.  
Sirs,—I feel great pleasure in testifying to the successful application of your Embrocation for green wounds, the removal of strains, and enlargement of horses' legs, &c.—Yours truly,  
CHARLES BRYANT.
- From G. C. CAREW GIBSON, Esq.  
Sandgate, Pulborough, Sussex, Oct. 7, 1878.  
Sirs,—I like your Embrocation very much; we use a great deal of it. All sorts of cuts, bruises, and slight sprains it does well for; capped hocks and sore throats it is almost certain to cure.  
Yours faithfully,  
G. C. CAREW GIBSON.
- From Captain S. G. BUTSON, J.P., Master of the Kilkenny Foxhounds.  
St. Brendon's, Clonfert, Eyrecourt, County Galway, Dec. 16, 1884.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find the results most satisfactory.  
S. G. BUTSON, J.P.
- From REES WILLIAMS, Esq., Master of Breconshire Harriers.  
Aberyskir Court, Brecon, Sept. 25, 1879.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with satisfactory results.  
REES WILLIAMS.
- From R. H. PRICE, Lieut.-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt.  
Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire, Dec., 1878.  
Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in the stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for Lumbago and Rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.  
R. H. PRICE.
- From J. BELLAMY, Esq., Master of the Isle of Wight Hunt.  
Dec., 1878.  
Sirs,—I use Elliman's Royal Embrocation, and have found it most efficacious in many cases of sprains and wounds, but especially for sore throats, and when used with a bandage as a mild blister.  
J. BELLAMY.
- From BURTON R. P. PERSSE, Esq., Master of Galway County Foxhounds.  
Mayode Castle, Athenry, Ireland, April 2, 1884.  
Sir,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it most valuable.  
BURTON R. P. PERSSE.
- From J. SYDNEY DAVEY, Master of Mr. Davey's Harriers.  
Bochym, Helston, Cornwall.  
Gentlemen,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and gives satisfaction.  
J. SYDNEY DAVEY.
- From W. E. OAKLEY, Esq., Master of Atherstone Hounds.  
Cliff House, Atherstone, May 6, 1882.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables with good results.  
WILLIAM E. OAKLEY.
- From Major J. M. BROWNE, Master of South Staffordshire Hounds.  
Fosseway, Lichfield, Oct. 17, 1879.  
Sirs,—I find Elliman's Embrocation exceedingly good for sprains and cuts in horses, and also for cuts in hounds' feet. I shall strongly recommend it to all my friends.  
Yours faithfully,  
J. M. BROWNE.
- From E. R. SWORDER, Esq., Master East Kent Hounds.  
Barham Court, Canterbury, April 1, 1884.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables and kennels, and I consider it a good thing for strains and bruises.  
E. R. SWORDER.
- From Admiral PARKER, Master of the Dartmoor Hounds.  
Delemere, Ivybridge, April 24, 1882.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stable, and with good results; I think it a valuable preparation.  
GEORGE PARKER.
- From T. WALTON KNOLLES, Esq., Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).  
Oatlands, Kinsale, April 2, 1884.  
Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied.  
T. W. KNOLLES.
- From H. ABRAMS, The Horse Repository, Singapore.  
March 30, 1885.  
Dear Sirs,—I have used your Royal Embrocation with the greatest success in cases of sprains and bruises, and for open wounds it is a most valuable application. Please send me twelve dozen more as early as possible.  
H. ABRAMS.
- From Messrs. W. HARDING and CO., Railway Agents and Merchants, Leamington.  
Nov. 2, 1875.  
Sir,—We have used Elliman's Royal Embrocation for many years with satisfactory results.  
Yours truly,  
W. HARDING AND CO.
- From SEDGWICK S. COWPER, Esq.  
Rookwood, Rockhampton, Queensland, Dec. 1, 1864.  
Dear Sir,—When in England recently on Exhibition business, I obtained a case of your Royal Embrocation, which I have since tried, and must give full credit for your having produced the most successful Embrocation with which I ever met.—Yours truly,  
SEDGWICK S. COWPER.
- From Baron Von KEUDELL,  
Riding Master in the 2nd Royal Hussars, Nr. 2.  
Posen, Prussia, Aug. 10, 1882.  
Elliman's Royal Embrocation has been used in my stables for many years. I have found it invaluable for sprains and bruises in the horses. I shall recommend this remedy to all my friends.

## DIRECTIONS FOR USING ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

### TREATMENT FOR SLIGHT SPRAINS, CURBS, SPLINTS WHEN FORMING, SPRUNG SINEWS, WIND GALLS, AND LAMENESS.

Foment with hot water, and then the Embrocation to be WELL RUBBED in with the hand for five or ten minutes, the hair to be left nearly dry, and a dry bandage wound round the part; this treatment to be repeated twice or three times a day for five or six days, or until cured. The bandage may be omitted if it cannot be conveniently applied, as in sprains of the shoulder, elbow or stifle joint; but in such cases the rubbing should be continued for a longer period.

If the sprain is severe, and there is much heat, use a cold water bandage, and let a stream of cold water play on the limb for ten minutes three or more times a day till the inflammatory symptoms have subsided, when the Embrocation should be rubbed in with the hand, for ten minutes, three times a day, and the limb bound with cold water bandage. The water bandage will cause the Embrocation to act as a very mild blister, which will reduce the thickening or enlargement; after a day or two, when a slight scurf is raised, substitute a dry bandage for the wet one; when cured, apply lard or neatsfoot oil to remove the scurf.

In case of a severe sprain, where the horse shows a disposition to walk on the toe of the lame limb, a high-heeled shoe should be put on so as to remove all tension from the ligaments and tendons.

### FOR BRUISES, CAPPED HOCKS AND ELBOWS, OVER-REACHES.

Foment with hot water, and then the Embrocation to be WELL RUBBED in with the hand twice a day for five or six days.

### FOR BROKEN KNEES.

When the skin is not cut but bruised, the hair shaved off with coozing of blood, tie up the horse's head so that it cannot lie down, then wash the wound clean, sop it with Embrocation, and rub it in at the back of the knee; repeat twice daily.

When the skin is cut, wash the wound clean, all foreign bodies to be removed, sop it with a mixture of one part of Embrocation to two parts of water to the bottom of the wound.

The edges of the skin should be brought together as well as possible, and so kept by plaster (not pinned or stitched), rub in the Embrocation at the back of the knee; a light calico bandage applied, and the dressing not interfered with for three or four days if the case progresses favourably; but if the leg swells and shows signs of inflammation, examine the wound, and, if suppurating, wash lightly and dress with a dilute mixture of Embrocation (one part of Embrocation to ten parts of water).

### FOR CUTS, WOUNDS, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS, CHAPPED HEELS.

The wound to be washed with lukewarm water, then dip a piece of linen rag into the Embrocation, and apply it to the part affected; repeat twice daily.

### FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.

To be well rubbed in, all down the throat and over the chest, with the hand, night and morning.

### FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.

To be well rubbed in with the hand two or three times a day.

### THE BITES OF THE GADFLY AND OTHER INSECTS

are immediately relieved by a prompt application of the Embrocation.

### FOR BLISTERING HORSES.

To be well rubbed in with the hand, a rag sopped in the Embrocation to be then applied, and the part bandaged with a cold wet bandage; this operation to be repeated, if necessary, night and morning, until a scurf is raised. It will not take off the hair. Neatsfoot oil or lard to be applied to remove the scurf.

### FOR PREVENTING MUD FEVER.

In wet muddy weather, on returning to the stable, wash off the dirt, wipe dry, and let the legs be well rubbed till dry with Embrocation; it is great comfort to the horse, and keeps the legs sound.

In many stables it has entirely superseded the bandage. After severe labour or exercise, it is only necessary at night to well rub it in with the hand, and the horse will be fresh for his work in the morning.

### FOR SORE MOUTHS IN SHEEP AND LAMBS, SORE UDDERS, AND FLY GALLS.

Cleanse the parts and apply the Embrocation.

### FOR FOOT ROT.

Pare the feet well down, clean them thoroughly, and dress twice daily with Embrocation by means of a brush.

### FOR RHEUMATISM, ETC., IN DOGS.

To be well rubbed in with the hand for rheumatism. For Strains, Sprains, Cuts, and Bruises, first foment with hot water, then apply the Embrocation; rub in until dry.

### FOR CUTS AND WOUNDS IN DOGS.

The wounds to be washed in lukewarm water, then dip a piece of linen rag into the Embrocation, and apply it to the parts affected; repeat twice daily.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION Sold by all Chemists and Saddlers in the United Kingdom; MOCO, 62, Avenue des Champs Elysees and Rue Castiglione; ROBERTS, 73, Place Vendôme; L. MILY, 113, Faubourg St. Honoré; P. ACARD, 213, Rue St. Honoré; LINGRAND, 116, Boulevard Hausmann, Paris; ROBERTS, Via Tornabuoni, Florence; C. H. DELACRE, Brussels; H. W. SCHOLDER, 7, Korte Poten, the Hague; F. RIEDEL, Friedrichstrasse, 173, Berlin; H. V. SCHUTZ, Munstrasse, Hanover; W. G. NORRIS, Elsinore; G. P. RONNIER, 61, Vestergade, Copenhagen; C. M. MOFFMAN & BROTHER, 128, Chambers'-street, New York; T. WOODBRIDGE and Co., 23, Church-street, Toronto; G. DE LAET, Saddler, Antwerp; G. STELSBERG, Saddlers' Ironmonger, Frankfurt; and also at the Stores in INDIA and the COLONIES. Sold in Bottles at 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. each.

PREPARED BY ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.





DRAWN BY E. D. KING.

ENGRAVED BY R. TAYLOR.

## HOW THE BATTLE WAS WON.

"What is the picture all about?" said little Mary Gray.  
 "I wonder what its meaning is, and whether you can say;  
 What are the men all doing there, and why is all the smoke?"  
 And little Mary raised her eyes, which sparkled as she spoke.

The good old soldier turned and smiled on little Mary Gray:  
 "That is the famous battle where the English won the day;  
 The battle that began the war a long, long time ago,  
 Which caused old England's heart to throb and set it all aglow."

"Were you among them—did you fight—and was my father there?  
 Before you went to battle did you always say a prayer?  
 I want to hear about the war and why they made you fight,  
 And tell me what the people said, and who was in the right."

"Ah! Well, my dear, I greatly fear, you cannot understand  
 The ways of Kings and Governors—the rulers of the land.  
 'Tis they who know the reason why, for they see clear and far,  
 But soldiers never think about the meaning of the war."

I served throughout the whole campaign and fought in every fight,  
 I never tried to comprehend which side was in the right;  
 It mattered not—we cared no jot—we only fought to win,  
 And when we heard the trumpet sound were ready to begin.

The enemy was on the hill and we were down below,  
 I fancy I can see them still—the proud defiant foe:  
 Ours was the post of honour when the battle first began,  
 And when we drove them from the ground, we still were in the van.

Our colours waved above their guns—we forced the gunners back,  
 They vainly tried to hold their own and stem the fierce attack;  
 Our gallant Basing reeled and fell—your father seized the flag,  
 And when he lifted it aloft 'twas riddled like a rag.

We cheered him as we rallied round—he bravely led us on—  
 We very quickly cleared the ground and then the fight was won;  
 That night your father's name was heard with many a word of praise,  
 Around the camp fire as we lay and watched the fitful blaze.

Next day we buried all our dead, and laid them side by side,  
 And as we stood around the graves, our sorrow touched with pride,  
 We thought of dear old England, and the battle we had fought;  
 And every throbbing heart and pulse beat quicker at the thought.

We fired the funeral volley then, and as we left the grave  
 The smoky cloud hung like a shroud above the fallen brave;  
 But soon the morning sun rose high and rolled the cloud away,  
 An omen that the happy dead had found a brighter day.

The war went on—the winter came—'mid ice and snow we lay;  
 But neither cold, disease, nor death could force us to give way.  
 We fought again—again we won—and then they closed the war;  
 And when we all came home again we bore full many a scar.

But when we reached old England, and friends came crowding round,  
 We thought no more of dangers past—each man forgot his wound—  
 We felt that we could do again whatever we had done;  
 And that, my dear, is all I know about the fight we won."

MASON JACKSON.





DRAWN BY H. P. DOLLMAN.

ENGRAVED BY H. WADE AND R. LOUDAN.

CIVIL WAR: ATTACK AND RETREAT.



**HEALTH RESTORED WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXPENSE**  
**BY DU BARRY'S FOOD** CURING  
**DELICIOUS EFFECTUALLY**  
 DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHŒA,  
 PHTHISIS, DYSENTERY, COUGH, ASTHMA, NERVOUS,  
 BILIOUS & LIVER DISORDERS, SLEEPLESSNESS,  
 FEVERS, DEBILITY, WASTING IN OLD OR YOUNG.

wasting away, and feverish breath. IT CONTAINS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH NOURISHMENT AS MEAT, RENEWS THE BLOOD RAPIDLY, AND SAVES FIFTY TIMES ITS COST IN MEDICINE. It is, likewise, the only recognised food to rear infants and delicate children successfully, and to overcome all infantile difficulties in teething, measles, fevers, restlessness, dysentery, diarrhoea, eruptions on the skin, atrophy, wasting. They thrive admirably upon it, and sleep soundly for twelve hours during the night.

To avoid the danger of being cheated by worthless substitutes, insist upon DU BARRY'S health-restoring REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, and accept no others. THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS' INVARIABLE SUCCESS.—100,000 ANNUAL CURES OF CASES WHICH HAD RESISTED ALL OTHER TREATMENT, including those of H.M. the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, Dr. Livingstone and Mr. H. W. Stanley, the African Explorer, who saved 220 of his men from inanition; Lord Stuart de Decies; Edward Wood, Esq., West Bank, Bolton; of Drs. Ure, Wurzer, Elmslie, Shorland, Routh, Physician of the Samaritan Hospital for Women and Children, London, &c.

#### CURE No. 58,614, of the MARCHIONESS DE BREHAN.

"Paris, April 16, 1862.  
 "In consequence of a liver complaint, I was wasting away for seven years, and so debilitated and nervous that I was unable to read, write, or in fact attend to anything, with a nervous palpitation all over, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, and the most intolerable nervous agitation, which prevented even my sitting down for hours together. I felt dreadfully low-spirited, and all intercourse with the world had become painful to me. Many medical men, English as well as French, had prescribed for me in vain. In perfect despair, I took DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA, and lived on this delicious Food for three months. The good God be praised! it has completely revived me; I am myself again, and able to make and receive visits, and resume my social position.—MARCHIONESS DE BREHAN."

#### CURE of DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.

From the Right Honourable the Lord Stuart de Decies, Dromani, Cappoquin, Lord Lieutenant of the county Waterford.—  
 "I have derived much benefit from the use of the REVALENTA FOOD. It is only due to yourselves and to the public to state that you are at liberty to make any use of this communication which you may think proper."

"I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,  
 "STUART DE DECIES."

Grantham, Feb. 3, 1851.

GOUT.—"I am happy to say I have found your incomparable REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD an infallible remedy for the gout. I can now eat things with impunity, and take my pint of port-wine, if necessary, the same as other people.—Colonel H. WATKINS."

#### NERVOUSNESS and DEBILITY.

Cure No. 94,618.

"Upper Park, Dedham, March 9, 1850.  
 "With gratitude I testify to the great efficacy of DU BARRY'S FOOD in restoring and sustaining health, having taken it for nervousness and weakness."

"I gave it also to a poor workman who was totally incapacitated to gain his livelihood by a gastric disorder, but who is now once more able to go to his work. (Mrs.) E. GRETTON."

#### CURE No. 100,516.—RESCUE OF AN EBBING LIFE.

"A dangerous illness having left my digestive organs too weak to assimilate ordinary food of any kind sufficient to keep me alive, I owe my preservation to DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA and BISCUITS, on which I subsisted for months, recovering a healthy action of the stomach, and strength and muscle, to the astonishment of myself, my medical adviser, and friends.  
 "EDWARD WOOD.  
 "Bolton, West Bank, June 14, 1883."

#### CURE of TWENTY-THREE YEARS' MISERY.

"Montevideo, Oct. 25, 1850.  
 "It affords me great pleasure to testify to the invaluable virtue of your divine Food. It has perfectly cured me in six weeks of dyspepsia, oppression, and general debility, which, during twenty-three years, had prevented my making the slightest effort, all medicines having failed to do me any good. You are quite at liberty to publish my experience, and I sincerely hope DU BARRY'S FOOD may prove of equal benefit to all other sufferers.—Believe me, &c.,  
 "ARTHUR BARLOW."

#### CURE of a LADY 116 YEARS OF AGE.

"Altona, near Hamburg, March 3, 1862.  
 "Dear Sir,—My mother-in-law, now 116 years of age, having been suffering from bad digestion these sixty years, has recovered her health by living on DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD; and now eats and digests her food most comfortably, and enjoys refreshing sleep, which she had been a stranger to for many years.  
 "With many thanks for this blessing, she wishes gratefully to be remembered to you.  
 "MARY SCHERBOUR."

[This old lady I saw myself, and found her well preserved, in fleshy condition, and with few wrinkles.—Ed.]

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.—CONSUMPTION.

Bern, Aug. 2<sup>d</sup>, 1852.—Madame H. de B., in a hopeless state of pulmonary consumption, took the REVALENTA ARABICA by advice of her physician. So rapid and favourable was the change it produced in her health, that the dangerous period of her confinement, which her physician had predicted would be fatal, passed over without danger or difficulty; and her husband cannot speak too highly of this excellent Food, upon which both his wife and child are now living, without a trace of consumption. The child weighed 16 lb. at its birth.

DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Constipation, Asthma, &c.  
 Cure No. 49,832, of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting, by DU BARRY'S FOOD.—MABIA JOLLY.

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.—DIABETES.

Cure No. 70,018.  
 "I am happy to be able to send you a certificate such as you never had before. The husband of one of my former pupils was dying of diabetes. I recommended DU BARRY'S FOOD, and in six weeks' time the patient was perfectly restored.—Faithfully, Sister S. LAMBERT, Crosne, France."

DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured my daughter of general debility, nervous irritability, sleeplessness, and a total exhaustion, and given her health, sleep, and strength, with hard muscle and cheerfulness.—A. DE MONTLOUIS, Paris.

NO MORE MEDICINE OR EXPENSE.  
 Any Invalid can cure himself, without medicine, inconvenience, or expense, by living on  
 DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS

## REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,

which restores the mucous membrane of stomach and bowels, and cures constipation, indigestion (dyspepsia), consumption, dysentery, diarrhoea, hæmorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, all fevers, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, poverty and impurities of the blood, dropsy, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, low spirits, spleen, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, diabetes, kidney diseases, epilepsy, palsy, paralysis, cramps, spasms, nausea, and vomiting after eating, even in pregnancy or at sea; sinking fits, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, exhaustion, and RENEWS THE BLOOD RAPIDLY, AND SAVES FIFTY TIMES ITS

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.—FEVERS, DYSENTERY, EXHAUSTION, SCURVY AT SEA.

"During a long voyage, just terminated, DU BARRY'S valuable FOOD has been of the greatest service to us in keeping us free from the fearful disorders resulting from the prolonged use of salt meat, peas, and beans.—L. MAURETTE, C. MALCOLM, L. DELONGLE, J. VALLERY, E. CANVY, G. BOURDON, E. YTIER, J. MONDOR, SOURRIEU, Officers on board the Jean Bart, of the French Government Navy, in the roads of Hyères."

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.—EIGHT YEARS' AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

"During eight years' inflammation of the bladder, I had exhausted all that medical science, by means of physicians, could suggest, without obtaining the least relief. My confidence in DU BARRY'S FOOD has been amply confirmed. I made use of it, and I owe it to truth to state that it has perfectly cured me.  
 DEDE, Professor of Chemistry, Paris."

DU BARRY'S FOOD is a remedy which I could almost call divine. It has perfectly cured my dear sister, Julia, of four years' neuralgia in the head, which caused her cruel agony, and left her almost without rest.—Rev. J. MONASSIER, Valgeorge, France.

#### CURE No. 98,614.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.

"Many years' bad digestion, disease of the heart, kidneys, and bladder, with nervous irritation and melancholia, have disappeared under the happy influence of DU BARRY'S FOOD.—LEON PEYLET, School-master at Eynacq, Haute Vienne, France, May 8, 1878."



#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.—BABY SAVED.

Dr. F. W. Beneke, Professor of Medicine in Ordinary to the University, writes in the "Berlin Clinical Weekly," of April 8, 1873:—"I shall never forget that I owe the preservation of one of my children to the Revalenta Arabica. The child (not four months old) suffered from complete emaciation, with constant vomiting, which resisted all medical skill, and even the greatest care of two wet-nurses. I tried DU BARRY'S REVALENTA with the most astonishing success. The vomiting ceased immediately; and, after living on this Food six weeks, the baby was restored to the most flourishing health. Similar success has attended all my experiments since with this Food."

#### BABY SAVED by DU BARRY'S FOOD.

"My little girl was so seriously ill that doctors did not think she could have lived, and no food or medicine remained on her stomach. DU BARRY'S FOOD, under God, has restored her to health.—D. J. HEARN, Rector of Kilmorey, Co. Cork, Dec. 29, 1880."

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.

#### INFANTS' PROSPERITY AND SLEEP.

"York, Dec. 9, 1876.—Ever since I fed my baby on DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD he develops wonderfully, being as strong as a child of twice his age. He sleeps soundly all night, from eight p.m. to eight a.m., without once waking, and he never cries during the day. He lives on this food simply boiled in water and salt, and likes it warm or cold equally well.—ROSE BEESLEY, 39, Vinor-street."

"Adra, Province of Almeria, Spain, Oct. 21, 1867.

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to tell you that DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA has restored my daughter to perfect health, and cured her of a cutaneous eruption, which gave her no rest night or day from its fearful irritation. She is now perfectly well. Please send me, against inclosed cheque, 60 lb. more of this excellent Food.—PERRIN DE LA HITOLES, Vice-Consulate of France."

#### NINE YEARS' CONSTIPATION.

"Zifte, Alexandria, Egypt, March 22, 1863.  
 "I have taken DU BARRY'S excellent FOOD for the last three months. It has given me new life, and I thank you sincerely. I had suffered during nine years from a most obstinate constipation, which resisted all medical treatment, and the best medical practitioners had declared it impossible to save me.—A. SPADARO, Merchant."

#### ASTHMA.—CURE No. 62,843.

"I suffered during thirty-six years with asthma, which obliged me to get up four or five times every night to relieve my chest from a pressure which threatened to take away my breath. I have taken DU BARRY'S FOOD for the last eight days, and I am delighted with it. I sleep very well now, and breathe freely.—Rev. D. BOULET, Ecirainville, Seine-Inférieure, France."

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured me of

kidney disease, from which I had suffered fearfully for many years, and which had resisted the most careful medical treatment, and now, at the age of ninety-three, I am perfectly free from disease.—Rev. G. LEROY, Orvaux, France, April 26, 1875.

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured my wife of

twenty years' most fearful suffering from nervous and bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, and swelling all over, sleeplessness, and asthma.  
 ATANASIO LE BARBERA, Mayor of Trapani, Sicily.

DU BARRY'S FOOD restored 23 lb. of good muscle to a gentleman from Dover, aged twenty-four, whose stomach and nerves had been ruined by intense study, and his body reduced to a mere skeleton, suffering from constant sleeplessness and debility, as of extreme old age.

#### CURE No. 59,924.—DYSPEPSIA and CANCER OF THE STOMACH.

"Château Vauxbuin, Soissons (Aisne), France, Jan. 10, 1868.  
 "In the village I inhabit part of the year lives a poor woman, attacked, so the doctors say, by a cancer in the stomach; for the last two years she has been suffering intolerable pains; she could not digest anything, and her debility was such that she could not make use of her limbs. In short, everyone expected a rapid termination of all these sufferings by death, when last March I recommended her to try DU BARRY'S excellent FOOD. Her strength improves daily, her digestion is perfect, and her pains have ceased.—DE CHASELLES, COUNTESS DE GOURGUE."

#### CURE No. 75,124.—SIXTEEN YEARS' LIVER COMPLAINT, DIARRHŒA, and VOMITING.

"Paris, June 1, 1872.  
 "Mr. and Mrs. Leger, both of a fearful liver complaint, which, during sixteen years, had rendered their life a burden—the one vomiting twenty to twenty-five times a day, and the other suffering from constant diarrhoea. The husband had an ulcer on the liver, and the wife an enlargement of that organ. In both cases all medical treatment had proved unavailing. These people are now (1881) living in perfect health."

#### CURE of SIXTEEN MONTHS'

uninterrupted SLEEPLESSNESS, congestion of the brain, dyspepsia, debility, and exhaustion—the consequences of excessive labour—and which had resisted the treatment of many medical men, has been effected by DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD.—TREILHARD DU BARTY, Barrister-at-Law, and twenty years Mayor of Nérac, Château de Manotte, near Nérac, Lot-et-Garonne, France, 8 Mai, 1881.

#### CURE of DEBILITY, BAD DIGESTION, and IRRITABILITY.

"DU BARRY'S FOOD has produced an extraordinary effect on me. Heaven be blessed, it has cured me of nightly sweats, terrible irritation of the stomach, and bad digestion, which had lasted eighteen years. I have never felt so comfortable as I do now.—Rev. J. COMPARET, St. Romaine-des-Il's, France."

#### DECAY ARRESTED.

"I am happy to be able to assure you that these last two years, since I eat DU BARRY'S admirable FOOD, I have not felt the weight of my eighty-four years. My legs have acquired strength and nimbleness, my sight has improved so much as to dispense with spectacles, my stomach reminds me of what I was at the age of thirty—in short, I feel myself quite young and hearty; I preach, attend confessions, visit the sick, I make long journeys on foot, my head is clear, and my memory strengthened.—Abbé PETER CASTELLI, Bachelor of Theology and Priest of Frunetto, Mondovì."

#### CURE of SIXTY YEARS' PARALYSIS.

"King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 10, 1849.  
 "I am happy to inform you that Du Barry's incomparable REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD has completely cured me of the various ills which have afflicted me these sixty years, during which lengthy period of time I have lived in my armchair with left leg and arm paralysed, as also my left eyelid; this sedentary life had brought on many disorders of the stomach and bowels, with obstinate constipation, hæmorrhoids, and a large green crust on my chin—all of which my medical men told me it was useless to attempt to cure at my age—eighty-five. But, thanks to your Food, which I have taken these two years, I am perfectly free from all these disorders, and able to walk about, and use my arms and eyelids with perfect ease. This cure may well be considered miraculous; but it appears to me to interest my fellow-creatures to a degree that I deem it my duty to place the details of it at your disposal for publication.—Yours truly, WILLIAM HUNT, Barrister-at-Law."

#### DU BARRY'S FOOD.—CONSUMPTION, DIARRHŒA, CRAMP, KIDNEY, and BLADDER DISORDERS.

Dr. WURZER'S Testimonial:—"Bonn, July 10, 1852.—DU BARRY'S FOOD is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative absorbents, and supercedes, in many cases, all kinds of medicines. It is particularly effective in indigestion (dyspepsia), a confined habit of body, as also in diarrhoea, bowel complaints, inflammatory irritation, and cramp of the urethra, the kidneys and bladder, and hæmorrhoids.—Dr. RUD. WURZER, Professor of Medicine and Practical M.D."

#### IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Thirty-seven years'

well-deserved reputation of DU BARRY'S FOOD has led speculators to puff up all kinds of cheap, unsavoury, and more than sloppy Foods. However, Dr. B. F. ROUTH, after analysing sixteen of these, declares:—"Among the vegetable substances, DU BARRY'S FOOD is the Best." "Naturally rich in the elements of blood, brain, bone, and muscle, it has cured many women and children afflicted with atrophy and marked debility.—B. F. ROUTH, Physician to the Samaritan Hospital for Women and Children, London." Dr. WILLIAM WALLACE ELMESLIE, late Surgeon of the Imperial Ottoman Army, writes from the Hospital at Sofia:—"In dysentery, typhoid, and ague, DU BARRY'S FOOD is worth its weight in gold; and, from personal experience, I don't think anyone should go into Camp without it."—See "Lancet."

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